THE LITERARY DIGEST

(Title registered in U. S. Patent Office and in Foreign Countries)

PUBLIC OPINION, *New York*, and CURRENT OPINION, *New York*, combined with THE LITERARY DIGEST
(Titles registered in U. S. Patent Office)

Vol. XCVI, No. 3 New York, January 21, 1928 Whole Number 1970

TOPICS ▾ OF ▾ THE ▾ DAY

(This title registered in U. S. Patent Office)

LINDBERGH UNITING THE AMERICAS

OUR "PEACE PILOT OF THE SKIES," as some one calls Lindbergh, is being credited by our newspapers with doing more to create unity between the United States and the Latin-American nations to the south than any one has ever done before. And here the spokesmen for the nations he has been visiting thoroughly agree. For instance, there is President Ricardo Jimenez of Costa Rica greeting Lindbergh and declaring that that flyer "exalts the airplane and consecrates it anew; his flights are for peace and not for war; his flight here is the holy dove that carries in its bill from country to country the olive branch." Lindbergh's good-will flight, taken together with President Coolidge's presence at the Pan-American conference in Havana, is heralded as the sign of a new Latin-American policy. It is intended now, as one editor puts it, to transform "Pan-America from a mere name to a body having a heart and soul, as well as form and substance."

Lindbergh thus becomes, in the words of the New York *Times*, "a messenger of good-will from what the Spanish Americans call the Colossus of the North." Lindbergh, declares the Richmond *Times-Dispatch*, is the one man in the United States who can really help us to establish good relations with the Latin-American nations. The American people, observes the St. Paul *Pioneer Press*, "have come to feel, and quite justly, that sending Colonel Lindbergh abroad is something like putting the best foot forward." Lindbergh, so the New York *American* puts it, "has done more to make the United States known and liked than has been done by all our diplomats since the nation was formed." What we need more and more, suggests the Brooklyn *Eagle*, "is to have the sky-writing of our Ambassador of good-will translated and perpetuated by our diplomats on the ground." And the Philadelphia *Evening Public Ledger* is led to ask:

> "Would it be a good thing to give all professional diplomatists a long vacation and turn the direction of our foreign affairs over to the Air Service? Are flying men miraculously gifted in such matters, or do they merely seem so because many Ambassadors and Ministers of the great Powers are really dull fellows?"

Imprest by the significance of Lindbergh's good-will flight from city to city in Central America, the New York *World* points out that, according to historical authorities, our Government has between 1898 and 1927 intervened with military force on thirty-one occasions in the regions about the Caribbean. Moreover—

> "This activity is not the full measure of American entanglement. By treaties and agreements the United States exercises various kinds of control over the foreign and domestic affairs of many of these countries. It not only asserts a general control over their foreign affairs under the Monroe Doctrine, but special controls on several of them through such arrangements as the Platt Amendment as to Cuba, and the treaties with Panama, Haiti, and the Dominican Republic. We have special rights to build a canal through Nicaragua. We have naval bases at all the important strategic points. We exercise financial supervision in several of these countries. We are supervising an election in Nicaragua. By the use of our power to recognize or to refuse to recognize governments, by the use of embargoes on arms and on loans, we determine the stability of governments."

There has been a certain amount of financial and political imperialism, but the real causes, explains *The World*, are more far-reaching, and are of three kinds. In the first place, the Panama Canal is overwhelmingly important from a military standpoint. It must be defended, and there is "a sound conviction" that in the countries around the Caribbean "there should be orderly political government, friendly to the interests of the United States." "The second great cause of the American entanglement is the political immaturity and weakness of many of the peoples in this region"—"it is weakness which invites aggression or compels intervention." Closely related to this, we read, is the situation created by the export of capital to these regions:

> "Weakness and corruption have often attracted the more adventurous and speculative kinds of capital. This, in its turn, has created powerful interests in the United States which sometimes demand legitimate security for their investment and sometimes demand the protection of highly speculative concessions obtained from corrupt governments by indefensible methods."

After thirty years of drifting along, the United States, continues *The World*, "has come into collision with a growing sense of nationalism, not only in the Caribbean region, but in the greater countries of South America." And the Lindbergh flight is, in fact "a gesture to indicate the end of thirty years of drift and imperialism, and the beginning of a new era in which the interests and the responsibilities of the United States are to be candidly adjusted to the national interest and the national pride of the Caribbean peoples."

At the very least, "a beginning has been made toward a new relationship between us and the Southern Republics," observes the Providence *Journal*. What Lindbergh's tour is doing, it continues, "is to show the peoples of these sensitive Republics that we have at heart their prosperity and happiness as well as our own."

It is an unfortunate circumstance, reflects the Brooklyn *Eagle*, "that the bodies of dead United States marines should be brought into the Nicaraguan capital at the same time with Colonel Lindbergh's message of good-will." The McCutcheon cartoon in the Chicago *Tribune* showing "a crowd of Nicaraguan insurgents requesting their general to call off the war so they can go to Managua to see Lindbergh" may be fanciful exaggeration, but it emphasizes one fact for the Louisville *Courier-Journal*—"that admiration for the young American aviator is an entirely different thing from acceptance of the edicts of the American State Department." To the mind of the Baltimore *Evening Sun*, "nothing could better illustrate the muddled policy of the State Department."

"Lindbergh's Central American tour will do more than establish good relations; it will make people study maps that haven't studied anything but golf scores and menu cards in

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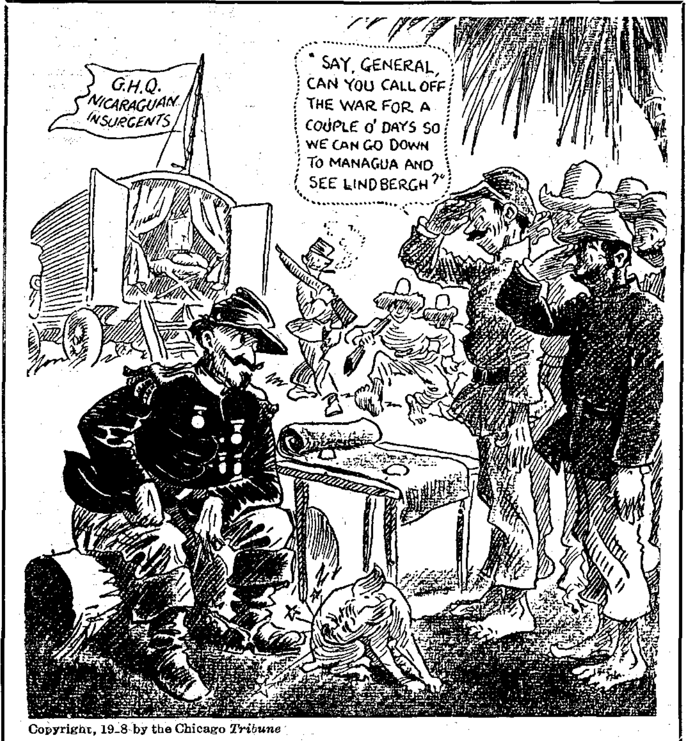
Springfield, Missouri

twenty years." So writes Will Rogers in the New York *Times*, and the same point is made in one way or another by dozens of newspapers. Exclaims the Providence *Journal:*

> "What a pleasant way of learning about the world it is! Many a boy, no doubt, who has scowled and grumbled over his lesson in a school geography, reads with eagerness the reports of Lindbergh's Central American progress, finding an interest, not merely in the flight itself, but in the interlarded descriptions of mountain, seashore, jungle, volcano, flora and fauna; city, town, and plain."


G.H.Q. NICARAGUAN INSURGENTS
"SAY, GENERAL, CAN YOU CALL OFF THE WAR FOR A COUPLE O' DAYS SO WE CAN GO DOWN TO MANAGUA AND SEE LINDBERGH?"

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ARMISTICE DAY IN NICARAGUA

—McCutcheon in the Chicago *Tribune*.

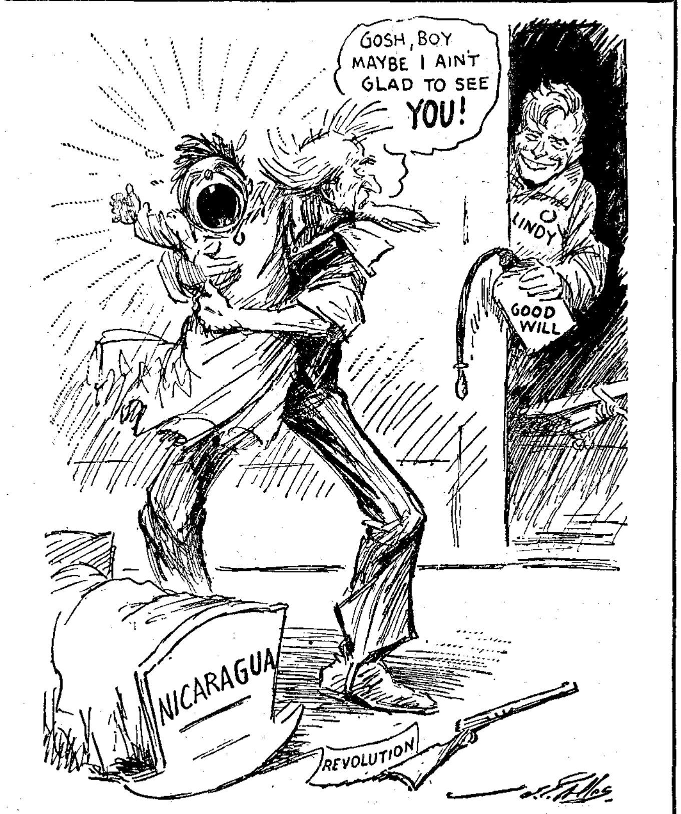
Lindbergh, it may interest us to recall, after spending Christmas with his mother, who had flown to Mexico City from Detroit, left the Mexican capital early in the morning of December 28, to make the first and longest hop of his entire trip—675 miles to Guatemala City, where he arrived at 1.40 P. M. At the Guatemalan capital, Lindbergh was welcomed by the President and the American Minister. He told of flying 7,000 feet high through clouds and fogs, within sight of many volcanoes. He exprest appreciation of his welcome by a city of 125,000 people which had been first established by the Conquistador, Alvarado, and of the two speeches in eloquent English with which he was greeted. Typical of much of the Central American eloquence was a sentence in a memorial submitted in the name of the city government:

> "When you straightened up from the United States map on which you had drawn an endless zigzag line, you, of course, did not dream that in the midst of the American continent there was a small dot, beautiful, enchanting, everlastingly sunny and everlastingly green, called Guatemala, founded four centuries ago, and which sooner or later you would come to know after having crossed the wavy and desolate waters of the Atlantic, where you floated 'like the Spirit of God at the Genesis of the world.'"

Our papers reminded their readers that this largest Central American country is about the size of New York State, with a population of 2,500,000, and has had domestic peace for twenty-two years. The New York *World* pointed out that "at one end of its civilization stand the old monoliths of the Quirigua ruins, whose inscriptions archeologists have not yet succeeded in deciphering," while in sharp contrast with these relics stand a modern school system, rapidly growing trade, and progressive government.

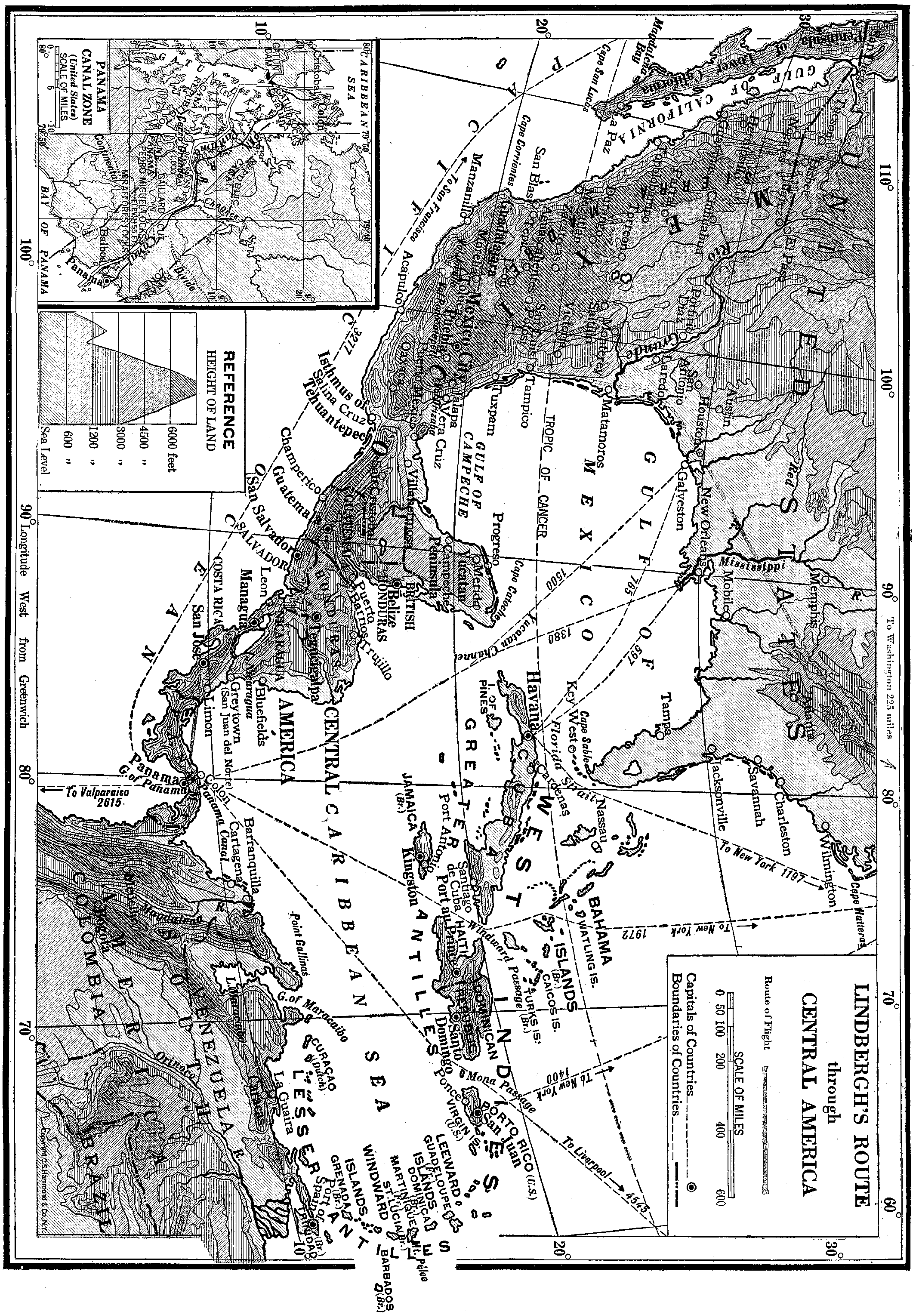
On the morning of December 30 Lindbergh flew 250 miles to Belize, in British Honduras, to make a difficult landing on the long and narrow polo field. Here representatives of the British Government and leading citizens exprest their delight that the famous aviator had "put the little colony on the map." On New Year's Day, Lindbergh flew 260 miles to the city of San Salvador, landing on Ilopango military aviation field, to be greeted by President Romero Bosque, who said that his countrymen "will never forget the most glorious of the conquistadors of the air who crossed the blue heavens to be our guest of honor." Lindbergh found the capital of Salvador "a very attractive modern city," after flying over country which from the air looked "like corrugated iron." Around noon on January 3d he flew to Tegucigalpa, encountering the roughest air currents since leaving the United States, and landing in the rain. Honduras is roughly the geographical center of Central America, and Tegucigalpa is one of the few capitals without a railroad. Honduras, as the Philadelphia *Inquirer* has noted, has for generations been a hot-bed of revolution.

Lindbergh now went out of his way to avoid the Nicaraguan area where Sandino is defying the marines, and exceeded somewhat the 160-mile airline distance to Managua, where he arrived on the afternoon of January 5. He was decorated by President Diaz in the Nicaraguan capital, and was hailed by the newspaper, *La Noticia*, as "the eagle without claws or talons." He left Managua on the 7th to arrive at San José, capital of Costa Rica. Costa Rica is spoken of in our papers as the most advanced of all the Central American Republics, and has been called the Banana Republic—it sent us 7,660,000 bunches last year. Here Lindbergh was entertained by the less serious Costa Rican form of bull-fighting, in which the bull's horns are blunted and the toreadors are weaponless. On the morning of the 9th the aviator flew to Panama City, to land on the newly made and newly named Campo Lindbergh. Here he was given high honor by President Chiari, and reciprocated by taking that Executive for his first airplane ride. At Panama Lindbergh completed his good-will tour of the Central American republics and remained a few days before going on to Havana to make part of the celebration at the Pan-American conference.



"WELCOME, LINDBERGH!"

—Alley in the Memphis *Commercial Appeal*.


LINDBERGH'S ROUTE
through
CENTRAL AMERICA
Route of Flight
SCALE OF MILES
0 50 100 200 400 600
Capitals of Countries
Boundaries of Countries
REFERENCE
HEIGHT OF LAND
6000 feet
4500 "
3000 "
1200 "
600 "
Sea Level
PANAMA
CANAL ZONE
(United States)
SCALE OF MILES
CARIBBEAN SEA
BAY OF PANAMA
Colon
Cristobal
Gatun Dam
Gatun Lake
Culebra Cut
Gaillard Cut
Pedro Miguel Locks
Miraflores Locks
Balboa
Panama
Continental Divide
R. Chagres
UNITED STATES
MEXICO
GULF OF MEXICO
GULF OF CALIFORNIA
Peninsula of Lower California
GULF OF CAMPECHE
TROPIC OF CANCER
Yucatan Channel
Florida Strait
WEST INDIES
GREATER ANTILLES
LESSER ANTILLES
BAHAMA ISLANDS (Br.)
CARIBBEAN SEA
CENTRAL AMERICA
SOUTH AMERICA
PACIFIC OCEAN
Washington
To Washington 225 miles
To New York 1197
To New York 1972
To New York 1400
To Liverpool 4545
To San Francisco 3277
To Valparaiso 2615
765
597
1500
1380
Memphis
Atlanta
Wilmington
Cape Hatteras
Charleston
Savannah
Jacksonville
Tampa
Key West
Cape Sable
Mobile
New Orleans
Mississippi R.
Red R.
Houston
Galveston
Austin
San Antonio
Laredo
Rio Grande
El Paso
Tucson
San Diego
Porfirio Diaz
Monterey
Saltillo
Matamoros
Tampico
Victoria
Chihuahua
Torreon
Durango
Mazatlan
Hermosillo
Guaymas
La Paz
Cape San Lucas
Magdalena Bay
Cape Corrientes
San Blas
Tepic
Guadalajara
Aguascalientes
Zacatecas
San Luis Potosi
Leon
Morelia
Manzanillo
Acapulco
Mexico City
Puebla
Jalapa
Vera Cruz
Tuxpam
Oaxaca
Salina Cruz
Isthmus of Tehuantepec
Villahermosa
Campeche
Progreso
Merida
Yucatan Peninsula
Cape Catoche
Champerico
Guatemala
San Salvador
SALVADOR
BRITISH HONDURAS
Belize
HONDURAS
Tegucigalpa
Puerto Barrios
Trujillo
NICARAGUA
Managua
Leon
Bluefields
Greytown (San Juan del Norte)
COSTA RICA
San José
Limon
Panama Canal
G. of Panama
Colon
Cartagena
Barranquilla
Magdalena R.
Bogota
COLOMBIA
VENEZUELA
Caracas
La Guaira
L. Maracaibo
G. of Maracaibo
Point Gallinas
Orinoco R.
BRAZIL
CURAÇAO (Dutch)
Havana
Cardenas
I. of Pines
CUBA
Santiago de Cuba
Nassau
Watling Is.
Caicos Is.
Turks Is. (Br.)
Windward Passage
HAITI
Port au Prince
DOMINICAN REPUBLIC
Santo Domingo
Mona Passage
Ponce
San Juan
PORTO RICO (U.S.)
VIRGIN IS. (U.S.)
JAMAICA (Br.)
Kingston
Port Antonio
LEEWARD ISLANDS
GUADELOUPE (Fr.)
DOMINICA (Br.)
MARTINIQUE (Fr.)
Mt. Pelée
ST. LUCIA (Br.)
BARBADOS (Br.)
WINDWARD ISLANDS
GRENADA (Br.)
Port of Spain
TRINIDAD (Br.)
Longitude West from Greenwich
110° 100° 90° 80° 70° 60°
10° 20° 30°
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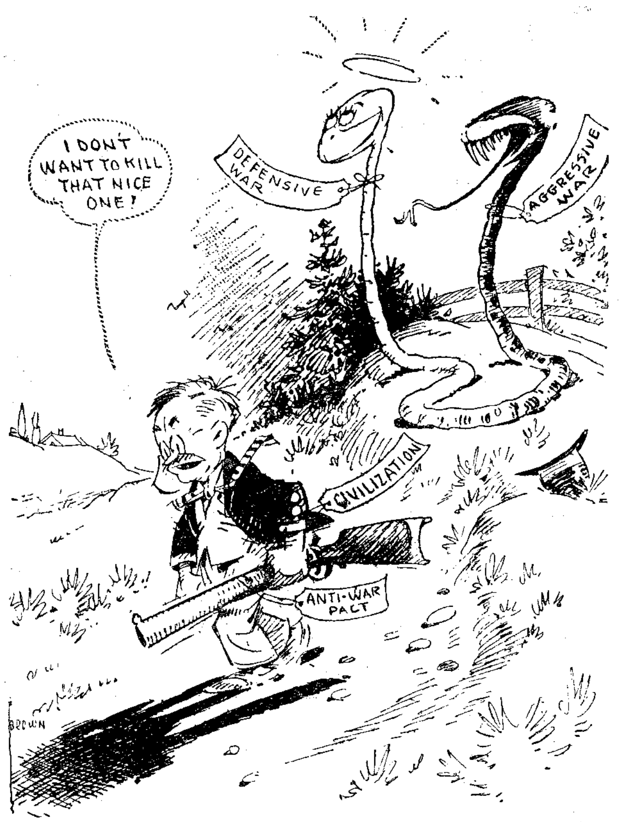
DIFFICULTIES OF OUTLAWING WAR

DO THE NATIONS OF THE WORLD genuinely desire peace? Are they really unanimous in their profest hatred of war and in the determination to banish it from the earth, or do they still cherish the belief that its use is permissible under some circumstances in the settlement of international differences? These questions have been brought forcibly to the world's attention of late by the exchange of notes between Washington and Paris upon the subject of outlawing war. As the new year dawned darkly a few days ago upon an armed and anxious world, our State Department announced that Secretary of State Kellogg had asked France to join the United States in the effort to commit "all the principal Powers of the world to the condemnation and renunciation of war as a national policy in favor of the pacific settlement of international disputes." This historic declaration in favor of the outlawry of war came as a step in the negotiations between this country and the French Republic relative to a pact between the two nations originally proposed on April 6, 1927, by Mr. Aristide Briand, French Foreign Minister, in a message sent through the Associated Press directly to the American people instead of privately through the usual diplomatic channels. In this message, given out on the tenth anniversary of America's entrance into the World War, Mr. Briand said, "France is willing publicly to subscribe with the United States to an engagement tending to outlaw war between the two nations." "Then," as Prof. James T. Shotwell tells us in the Baltimore *Sun*—

> "To make his thought precise and to show that this was no verbal gesture, M. Briand described exactly what the 'outlawry of war' means in terms of practical and responsible statesmanship. France, according to M. Briand, is ready to make a treaty with the United States which will 'renounce war as an instrument of policy,' leaving as legitimate only those measures for defense which every nation, as well as every individual, must be prepared to take as a condition of its continuing existence."



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ANOTHER SIAMESE TWINS PROBLEM

—Brown in the New York *Herald Tribune*.

Mr. Briand did not ask for a reply to this invitation, and none was made at the time. In both the House and the Senate, however, resolutions were introduced calling for action upon the proposal on the part of our Government, and it was soon admitted that negotiations had begun. It should be noted that our arbitration treaty with France—the so-called "Root Convention," concluded February 10, 1908—expires on February 27 of this year, and that a move had to be made toward a new arbitration treaty to replace it. One of its provisions is that every time we have anything to arbitrate with France the matter must be made the subject of a special treaty, which must be approved by the Senate. The Bryan treaty between the two countries is also still in force. This calls for a halt of nine months for the submission of all disagreements to a specially appointed commission before either nation can resort to war, and is designed to allow national hot-headedness to cool off.

Secretary Kellogg's reply to France has been cited earlier in this article. As the Philadelphia *Inquirer* puts it, the Secretary said in effect, "Let us not stop at an agreement between France and the United States. Let us extend it to every one." In addition to this proposal our Government at the same time transmitted to France the draft for a new arbitration treaty to replace the "Root Convention," thus definitely separating the two questions. On January 6, Mr. Briand's response to Secretary Kellogg's suggestion was handed in to the State Department by French Ambassador Paul Claudel. The new French note, while accepting the American idea of a multilateral treaty, proposed that the United States and France confine its scope to wars of aggression only. The immediate reaction at the State Department was unfavorable, so we learn from the New York *Times*, for, "despite Parisian press dispatches that through his reply the French Foreign Minister had accepted Kellogg's proposal 'in principle,' officials in Washington saw in the communication a rejection by Mr. Briand of the Secretary's proposal and the abandonment of his own original proposition for a treaty between the two countries to outlaw war."

A Washington dispatch to *The Times*, dated January 11, gives the latest development in the Franco-American exchange of views in these words:

> "France will be invited to give further consideration to the proposal for a multilateral treaty renouncing war as an instrument of national policy, in a note decided upon to-day after a conference between Secretary Kellogg and Paul Claudel, the French Ambassador.
>
> "It informs the French Government that the United States can not enter into the treaty for peace without adequate assurances from many other countries that they, too, are prepared to become signatories, and that it does not view with favor the position of Aristide Briand, the French Foreign Minister, for its scope to be restricted to wars of aggression. It nevertheless acquaints France with the hope of this Government that, altho the two Governments stand apart on these two propositions, from the basis already laid down negotiations can proceed out of which some mutually satisfactory arrangement may emanate."

As a background to this exchange of notes we may remind our readers that Senator Borah, Chairman of the Committee on Foreign Relations, has reintroduced in Congress his resolution of last year calling for the outlawing of war as an institution, and urging the drawing up of a new international code based on this attitude, and the formation of an international court to administer this code. Mr. Borah, however, would retain the right of waging a defensive war. Senator Capper, of Kansas, has offered a resolution that in concert with "France and other

CAN YOU ANSWER THESE?

Test your knowledge by the questions below. If you can not answer them, turn to the pages indicated. Each one counts 4.

1. What is meant by "The White Night of Asia"? (p. 32).
2. Who are called "The Royal Family in the American Theater?" (p. 26).
3. How many aerolites strike the earth's atmosphere daily? (p. 23).
4. What is "the best form of capital" we receive from Europe? (p. 14).
5. What ruler made George Washington a present of a fine jackass? (p. 56).
6. What basis is there for the tradition that a business reaction is likely to occur in a Presidential year? (p. 68).
7. Where did we get the slang word "chow" for food? (p. 62).
8. Who is the greatest painter of religious subjects produced by America? (p. 29).
9. How many immigrants into the United States were recorded in 1927? (p. 14).
10. Do all Prohibitionists think all wets are wicked? (p. 30).
11. What was the American reply to Mr. Briand's suggestion that the proposed pact between the United States and France shall outlaw only aggressive war? (p. 8).
12. Is medicine a science or an art? (p. 24).
13. What manner of military punishment is the "plut"? (p. 50).
14. Why are hens awakened by electric light? (p. 65).
15. In what country has pidgin English been adopted as the official language? (p. 60).
16. What country gave us most immigrants in 1927? (p. 14).
17. Where is an extinct volcano being used as a radio base? (p. 67).
18. How does a tree record its own life story? (p. 21).
19. Can a mule laugh? (p. 58).
20. What French decorations did Bennett J. Doty win, before his desertion from the Foreign Legion? (p. 48).
21. In what month are "shooting stars" most numerous? (p. 23).
22. In what tropical jungle does the story persist of a race of men with tails? (p. 44).
23. How does a sun-spot act as a refrigerator? (p. 36).
24. To whom does Count Keyserling charge companionate marriage? (p. 13).
25. What may be regarded as the most important single piece of legislation ever enacted by Congress? (p. 14).

like-minded Powers" we shall "formally renounce war as an instrument of public policy." The Senator admits the necessity of war against an "aggressor nation," that is, one which goes to war without first having submitted its difficulties to an arbitration court. The weak point about both these proposals, as pointed out in the press, would seem to be the impossibility of defining an "aggressor."

The attitude of the press of the country is in the main heartily sympathetic to the abstract idea of outlawing war, but there is some difference of opinion as to the best concrete means for attaining that much-to-be-desired end. Not a few papers fear that we may be drawn into foreign entanglements by such a treaty as that under consideration. Some feel that the result aimed at would be attained by our joining the League of Nations, which is practically committed to an anti-war policy. Some are worried over the question of what constitutes aggression. Others see all such declarations as futile without the threat of force behind them. The New York *Sun* thus voices the opinion of a large number of our periodicals:

> "The chief American objection to the French suggestion is that it would amount in fact to a defensive alliance between the United States and France by which each country would be bound not to take part in any act of war, not even a blockade, against the other. France has certain commitments under the Covenant of the League of Nations; such an agreement would bind the United States to the passive support of France, even if France should be declared an aggressor State by the League, and that body attempted to invoke against France the punitive measures with which the Covenant arms it."

As to the idea underlying the proposal, the Chicago *Daily News* opines that "whatever the result of Mr. Kellogg's arresting offer, the fact that it has been made at this time is most encouraging." In the opinion of the Chicago *Evening Post* "the Administration has gone to the heart of the matter. It has made more than a gesture. It has issued a challenge. We shall see where the love of war still lingers as a menace to the world in the answers which are made to this challenge."

The practical value of declarations against war is doubted in many quarters. Thus the Des Moines *Register* remarks that "it is not entering into agreements that keeps order. It is having a method of interpreting and enforcing them;" and the Brooklyn *Eagle* declares that "our plan is nothing more than a pious declaration of the kind that has been made and forgotten since governments were organized." In the view of the Memphis *Commercial Appeal*, "war can not be outlawed by words of condemnation," and in that of the Washington *Evening Star*, "the outlawing of aggressive war by treaty would be an empty gesture and a backward step in that it would, by indirection, endorse a war of another type." The New York *Sun* ably sums up this point of view when it says: "It is easy to overestimate the importance of formal agreements as actual preventives. Real hope lies in the ideals of a nation."

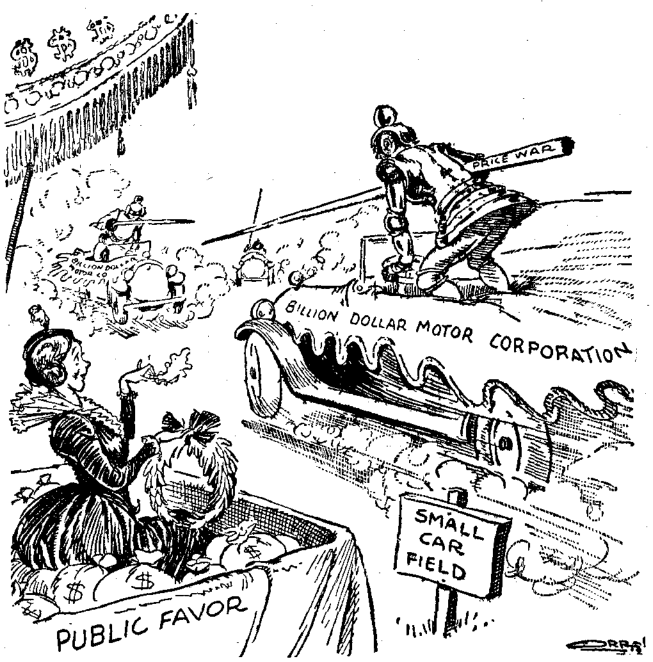
We are reminded by the Springfield *Republican* that "if a multilateral treaty does not interest the French so much as a special treaty of eternal peace, it must be considered that they already have such a treaty in the Covenant of the League of Nations." The Louisville *Courier-Journal* agrees with this view-point when it says that "the Kellogg project would merely commit the signatory Powers to what, in principle, they are already committed to," and the Baltimore *Sun* declares that "nothing could be more absurd than to maintain that there is anything hostile to the League of Nations in our acceptance of, and improvement upon, the original suggestion of the French Foreign Minister for a 'mutual engagement tending to outlaw war.'" The St. Louis *Globe-Democrat* feels, however, that while "Secretary Kellogg's proposal seems to be entirely unobjectionable from the standpoint of the United States, there is reason to believe that it will present some difficulties from that of the nations signatory to the Covenant of the League."

Referring to the type of warfare that it is proposed to outlaw, the New York *Herald Tribune* asks "who is to determine what constitutes aggression and decide which combatant committed it," and the New York *Evening Post* states flatly that "the United States has no desire to become involved in the problem of differentiating between various categories of war."

The Baltimore *Evening Sun* states that "there seems to be only one conclusion. That is, when statesmen, in response to public appeal, go on record as favoring the outlawry of war, they are careful to leave loopholes in their treaties wide enough to permit the passage of conscript armies or navies big enough for any war they may want to stage." Similarly, the St. Paul *Pioneer Press* holds that "when Europe has outlawed war where wars are a real and continued menace, it will be time enough to consider the outlawing of wars where there is no danger of them."

THE PRICE WAR IN THE MOTOR WORLD

IN A SURE-ENOUGH WAR the public, like the woman in the play, pays and pays and pays. But in the so-called trade war among the manufacturers of low-priced automobiles, which seems, despite repeated denials from the generals in command, to be under way, the public appears to be the gainer.



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THE JOUSTING MATCH
—Orr in the Chicago *Tribune.*

Nobody, one gathers from Detroit and New York newspapers, is going to dominate the small-car market without knowing that he has been in a fight. Under the spur of competition, begun by the announcement of the new Ford, the makers of automobiles, particularly those in the low-price field, have extended themselves as never before. "And so," remarks the Brooklyn *Eagle*, "with the opening of automobile shows in New York, Chicago, and Detroit in the first three weeks of the New Year, the long-heralded automobile war gets under way. And what a grand war it is for the public!" The reentry of the Ford organization, observes the New York *American*, "has forced cuts in the price and improvement in the product of all low- and medium-priced cars. Moreover, the competition has spread to the highest range of cars, for each make is in competition with the grade next above it."

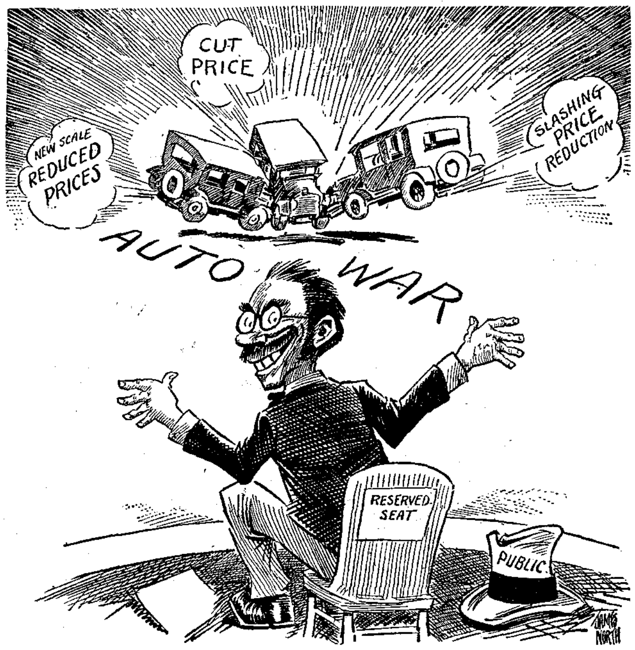
It is, however, in the better known makes of low-priced cars that the competition is keenest. The new Ford models, at prices ranging from $385 to $570, were put on the market in December. A month later the General Motors Corporation, a combination of seven automobile-producing companies, slashed Chevrolet prices from $10 to $50 a model—for an improved Chevrolet. Following that came a challenge from the Willys-Overland Company, makers of the Whippet car, in the form of price cuts ranging from $90 to $200 per model, thus for the first time in the history of the industry meeting Henry Ford on his own ground. Two or three days later William C. Durant made the battle for leadership in the small-car field a four-sided affair by announcing a new model Star and reducing prices so that, with one exception, all models will sell for the same price as the corresponding Ford types.

General Motors, makers of the Chevrolet, and Henry Ford have disclaimed any intention of entering into a trade war, but these statements, says an automobile writer in the New York *World*, "are regarded as polite gestures of business." The prices of the Star, Whippet, and Chevrolet cars, we are reminded, speak for themselves. According to the Philadelphia *Record:*

> "Not since our foremost industry sprang into being a quarte of a century ago and began its amazing revolution of our existenc has there been in it a more momentous situation than now presents itself. Just as its meteoric development was due largely to that master industrialist, Henry Ford, so the current expansion results to a great degree from his initiative.
>
> "When, a year ago, perceiving that his 15,000,000 cars had about exhausted their market, Mr. Ford turned his vast resource to the creation of a more modern type, the challenge was unmistakable.
>
> "The whole industry was profoundly stirred; but it was stimulated, not deprest. Engineering skill and business vision se themselves to achieve a readjustment, not by wage cuts o luxurious refinements of product, but by radical improvement in design, lowered production costs and reduced prices. Th result is the contest of huge forces now under way, exemplified in an array of cars of surpassing merit.
>
> "Assurance is given that the contest does not imply a disorganizing price war. Rather it is a reflection of sound betterment of industrial processes, resulting in economies and efficiencies in the benefits of which the consumer shares. At any rate, it looks as tho the buying public is going to face temptation more seductive than ever before."

"The effect of this four-sided war on other low-priced cars," explains the Chicago *Journal of Commerce*, "can not be predicted. But this can be prophesied: The automobile buyer will get mor for his money than ever before." As the New York *World* recalls, in an editorial headed "The Auto Show":

> "There was a time when the man of modest means, on learnin that this exhibition had opened, peeped at his bank balance sighed and decided that it was no place for him. This year however, things are a little different.
>
> "It is an ill price war that does not have silver reparations fo somebody."



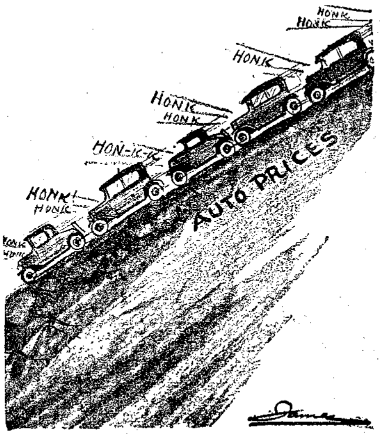
THE PUBLIC IS NOT READY TO RENOUNCE ALL WARS
—North in the Washington *Post.*

General Motors, says a United Press dispatch from Detroit, "claims to have made one car in every four built in the Unite States in 1926; one in every three in 1927, and its 1928 progra calls for maintaining—or even exceeding—the 1927 proportion." On the other hand, the New York *World* announced on Janua 10 that in the five weeks following the announcement of the ne

Ford models, the Ford Company booked retail orders for 727,000 cars. In a Chicago *Journal of Commerce* article, Glenn Griswold makes the point that "Mr. Ford may sell all the cars he can manufacture at his Dearborn plant this year, and still leave General Motors the opportunity to sell more Chevrolets than it ever sold before."

Almost without exception, the automobile companies have laid out programs to increase their output, notes Walter Boynton in a New York *Times* article. They have rearranged old buildings and erected new ones, scrapped old tools and equipment, and bought new and improved machinery. According to this writer:

> "Principal expenditures by manufacturers at the home plants or at important additional assembly plants are, conservatively speaking, estimated at between $300,000,000 and $325,000,000. Of this amount, the report is that $18,000,000 was put into getting the Ford plants ready, and the bulk of this sum was spent in 1927. Retooling for the new line resulted, according to a Ford official, in the expenditure of $50,000,000.
>
> "A minimum of $37,000,000 was spent by the General Motors corporation in 1927. This went for the expansion and improvement of manufacturing properties in Detroit and the neighboring cities of Pontiac, Flint, and Lansing. Every vehicle division of the corporation begins the new year with increased production facilities."



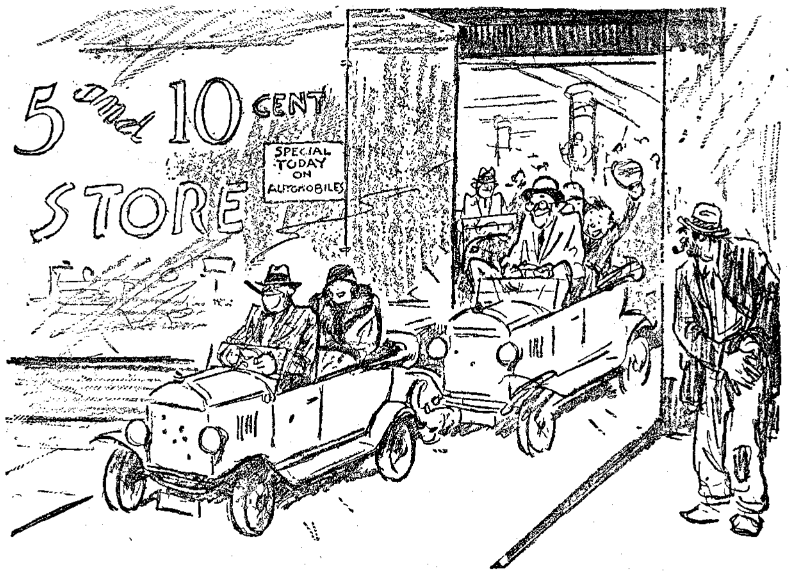
RETURNING FROM THE HILL-CLIMBING CONTEST
—James in the St. Louis *Star*.

In a New York *Journal of Commerce* article we learn that—

> "In terms of value, the automobile is now probably the lowest priced commodity in the American market. The automobile dollar in terms of 1914 values is now worth around $1.15, while the cost-of-living dollar of to-day in terms of values in 1914 is worth around sixty cents. Cars manufactured to-day have infinitely more value in them than they had a few years ago, because of savings effected through more economic production methods and improved machinery.
>
> "In the last twenty years more than thirty million passenger-cars have been produced for domestic consumption in the United States. Of the total more than twenty million are still in use. Never has the American public been more interested in individual transportation facilities. No less than one-tenth of the entire national income is expended for automotive transportation. The annual wholesale value of motor-vehicles and parts alone amounts to around $4,000,000,000."

W. W. Jermane, Washington correspondent of the Seattle *Times*, observes that "experts in the Department of Commerce look for a big revival of the automobile business in 1928." And he goes on:

> "These men believe the early months of 1928 will find the number of unfilled orders for motor-vehicles far greater than ever before in automobile history. It is predicted that they will be large enough to offset the decline of production in 1927. And, too, 1928, it is said, will witness the largest replacement demand thus far recorded.
>
> "If that should prove to be the case, they foresee the profitable employment of the resources of the iron and steel, plate-glass, upholstery leather, aluminum, nickel, and other industries, a large part of whose products go into the production of automobiles. Moreover, there is promised full employment for the 3,300,000 workers directly employed in turning out motor-cars and trucks, and the 400,000 who produce accessories and tires.
>
> "It may not be generally known that the automobile factories, when operating, as was the case from 1923 to 1927, consume 14 per cent. of all the iron and steel turned out in the country, 50 per cent. of the plate-glass, 63 per cent. of upholstery leather, 11 per cent. of hardwood lumber, 25 per cent. of aluminum, 13 per cent. of copper and lead, 21 per cent. of tin, 28 per cent. of nickel, and 85 per cent. of rubber. Anything which keeps the automobile business going helps bring prosperity to numerous other branches of industry.
>
> "Judging by the experience of recent years, there will be spent during 1928 for motor-cars and their operation something like $10,000,000,000, which was the average value of the country's farm crops for each of the last four years. Of that amount, $2,175,000,000 will go for gasoline and lubrication, $1,500,000,000 for repairs, labor and garage charges, $810,000,000 for tires and replacements, and $155,000,000 for repair parts and supplies.
>
> "The new year, therefore, will continue the automobile industry as the leader of American industries in the value of its output."



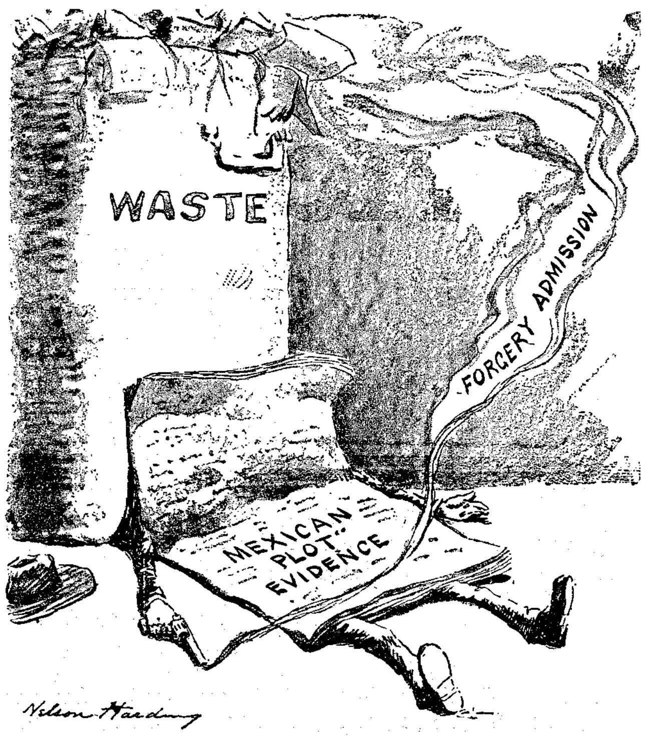
THE MOTORIST'S DREAM AFTER READING OF THE PRICE WAR
—Kirby in the New York *World*.

H. I. Phillips, who conducts a humorous column in the New York *Sun*, apparently was inspired to write the following one-act "play" after reading some of the announcements of the leading low-price-car manufacturers:

> "*The Time is about 1935. (The action, or whatever you call it, takes place in the office of a maker of one of America's most popular automobiles.)*
>
> "MAGNATE—Well, what's the latest from the Ford Company? Have you been able to get any information on the new 1937 model?
>
> "SCOUT—Yes. It will be a twelve-cylinder 500-horse-power car, and will sell for $11.75 at the factory.
>
> "MAGNATE—Good heavens! That's $2.34 under last year's car.
>
> "SCOUT—It's $2.35, to be exact, sir.
>
> "MAGNATE—Are you sure this price is accurate?
>
> "SCOUT—The list price of all the closed models will be $11.75, beyond question, excepting the De Luxe Suburban Brougham, which I understand will sell for 30 cents more.
>
> "MAGNATE (resolutely)—Well, as long as Ford keeps turning out cheaper cars, we will have to meet him at his own game. We will turn out a fully equipped closed car to sell for $9.98, delivered!
>
> "SCOUT—Can we do it?
>
> "MAGNATE—We may have to make it $9.99 if we put on balloon tires and hydraulic brakes, but I think it can be done for $9.98. And do you know what we'll do with our open models?
>
> "SCOUT—No.
>
> "MAGNATE — We'll produce a nine-colored runabout to sell for $6, or three for $15. The day when one car was enough for a family is over. Every member of a family should have not only a separate car, but a car for every day in the week."

A GREAT "EXPOSURE" EXPOSED

THE GREAT HEARST EXPOSURE of Mexican propaganda in this country has itself been exposed, many editors are now remarking; or, as others put it, the Mexican bomb has burst in the hands of the thrower and left nothing but a bad odor in the air and a black eye for sensational journalism. A careful examination of the American press finds a good deal of indignation, indeed, in most of the comments on the subject since the Senate Committee made its report on the authenticity of the documents, supposed to have been stolen from Mexican government offices, and exploited for months in the Hearst newspapers. The most sensational of these documents, it will be remembered, purported to show that a slush fund of $1,250,000 had been sent to this country for the purpose of bribing four prominent United States Senators.



SLAIN BY ITS OWN HAND

—Harding in the Brooklyn *Eagle*.

"These papers without exception are fraudulent, spurious, and, in so far as they purport to bear the signature of either President Calles or the Secretary of the Mexican Treasury, they are forgeries," declares the Senate committee's report, made public on January 11, after handwriting- and other experts had proved every signature false and every document a fake. Mr. Hearst's own handwriting experts, appointed after the Senate got busy, say the same. Apparently thirty-three of the thirty-five documents were forged by the same person, according to Senator Reed of Pennsylvania, chairman of the investigating committee.

Admitting that he was swindled when he paid $20,000 for these faked papers, and that he made no attempt to determine their genuineness before using them to blacken the name of a neighbor nation, Mr. Hearst in two signed statements reiterates the sincerity of his intentions, and adds:

> "I will not dispute the decision of the handwriting experts further than to maintain persistently, and I believe patriotically, that the logic of events gives every evidence that the essential facts contained in the documents were not fabricated, and that the facts—the political facts, the international facts—are the things which are of vital importance to the American people, and to the loyal representatives of the interests of the American people.
>
> "The Senate is confronted by a bigger and broader question than is involved in the authenticity of any particular group of documents. The real question is not whether all or any particular documents are genuine, but whether the general state of facts which the documents allege to exist does in fact exist."

To this the San Francisco *Argonaut* retorts:

> "Here is true moron logic. And, since Mr. Hearst is no moron, it is to be presumed that he reasoned in this fashion because his passion for embroiling this nation and Mexico is exerting a tyrannous sway over his mind. He says in effect that if every element that makes up an indictment is false, the indictment itself may be true. He goes further; he declares that even if every bit of evidence upon which his charges were based had been discredited, those charges must stand, and that the American Government must act toward Mexico as if they were true."

The Senate committee's report refrained from explicit criticism of Mr. Hearst, but editors all over the country are less reticent. Their criticisms range all the way from laughter at his expense to biting censure of his motives. The Minneapolis *Tribune* is content to smile at his poor investment. The New York *Herald Tribune*, however, thinks that "nobody but a fool or a mischief-maker could have handled these fake documents as they were presented to the readers of the Hearst papers." "One of the most preposterous and mischievous hoaxes which the American public has witnessed in some time," is the verdict of the New York *World*, while the Brooklyn *Eagle* declares:

> "Mr. Hearst and his newspaper associates are thus revealed as the dupes of clever swindlers who sold for cash what the Hearst press marketed as a sensation of international import with the apparent purpose of stirring up trouble between this country and Mexico. He may plead that he was swindled. He was. But through his newspapers he has swindled millions of readers who were credulous enough to accept these alleged evidences of Mexican treachery at their face value, and he did that without recourse to the one conclusive test which he found available only when driven into a corner by the Senate investigation.
>
> "Sensational journalism never made a more sorry exhibition of itself than it has in this instance."

"Mr. Hearst, as the individual ultimately responsible for the exploitation of this set of fakes," remarks the Norfolk *Virginian-Pilot*, "stands arraigned for an unclean act—as irresponsible and unethical a piece of journalism as has come to public notice in a generation." The St. Louis *Post-Dispatch* charges Mr. Hearst with deliberately trying to arouse public hostility to our southern neighbor, and calls it "one of the most disreputable incidents in American journalism." And the Dallas *Morning News*, after enumerating the countries and persons who were injured by the publication of these forgeries, concludes: "But, most of all, it injured William Randolph Hearst, and the damning summary of his own admission admits of no exoneration for himself."

Equally severe is the judgment of Mr. Hearst's Pacific coast neighbors, as exemplified in the Los Angeles *Times*, which says:

> "The annals of yellow journalism will be searched in vain for anything remotely approaching a parallel to this performance by Hearst. That he did not want an investigation made in advance of publication, which would have proved the falsity of the documents and prevented their publication, is obvious to the most simple-minded. That he would never have had it made save as a final and desperate gesture of 'good faith' in his extremity is equally apparent. That he deliberately imperiled the friendly relations of the United States with other nations means nothing to him. It is a black record, the blackest in American journalism, the most gross abuse of the right of a free press in this or any other country's history."

If Mr. Hearst's motives had been purely patriotic, remarks the San Francisco *Bulletin*, the documents would have been turned over to the State Department at Washington immediately after photographing them. It adds: "Instead, they were held back solely for the purpose of preparing the necessary padding and propaganda for a newspaper splurge and a systematic campaign against a country with which we are at peace, and with which we are seeking friendlier relations."

OUR AMERICAN MATRIARCHS

SINCE RUDYARD KIPLING delivered himself of his much-quoted witticism anent the "female of the species" a good deal of water has run under the bridge. But here in the United States, at least in the view of many foreign observers, we are to-day demonstrating the truth of his assertion. To judge from such of the comments of these visitors to our shores as have drifted back to us across the Atlantic, we are regarded as being dominated by our womenfolk, for whose pleasure and in whose service the American male delights to labor prodigiously at piling up money.

Now arrives no less a personage than the well-known German thinker and writer, Count Hermann Keyserling, author of "The Travel Diary of a Philosopher," who, shortly after landing in New York preparatory to a lecture tour of the country in which he proposes to explain to us the teachings of his "School of Wisdom," made some pertinent remarks on our subjection to the gentler sex. As quoted by the New York *World*, he said:

> "This is an age marked by the sudden emergence of the feminine.
>
> "This present age has shown the gradual rise and predominance of women—all over the world and in all walks of life. Woman's cry for 'equality' is a false one. They are really striving for supremacy.
>
> "This has always been true of America, where women began to predominate from pioneer times, due to their scarcity and great demand. They developed a matriarchal civilization, where ostensibly the men rule but where the power behind—the real living power—is in the hands of women.
>
> "Women make the rules and men break them. They are the conventional sex and impose the rules and barriers.
>
> "Companionate marriage—which really means nothing at all—is a more or less new formula set up by women to produce the same, age-old conventional results. Instead of greater freedom, it will merely make for more conventional marriages. People will marry earlier—and oftener.
>
> "If men really made the rules they would not have invented companionate marriages. They would say, 'Let's enjoy the world first and marry afterward.' "

Commenting on the Count's remarks, the New York *Evening Post* hints that the men may yet have to organize to stem the tide of sumptuary legislation that, swollen by feminist influences, threatens to engulf us as a nation. It points out that—

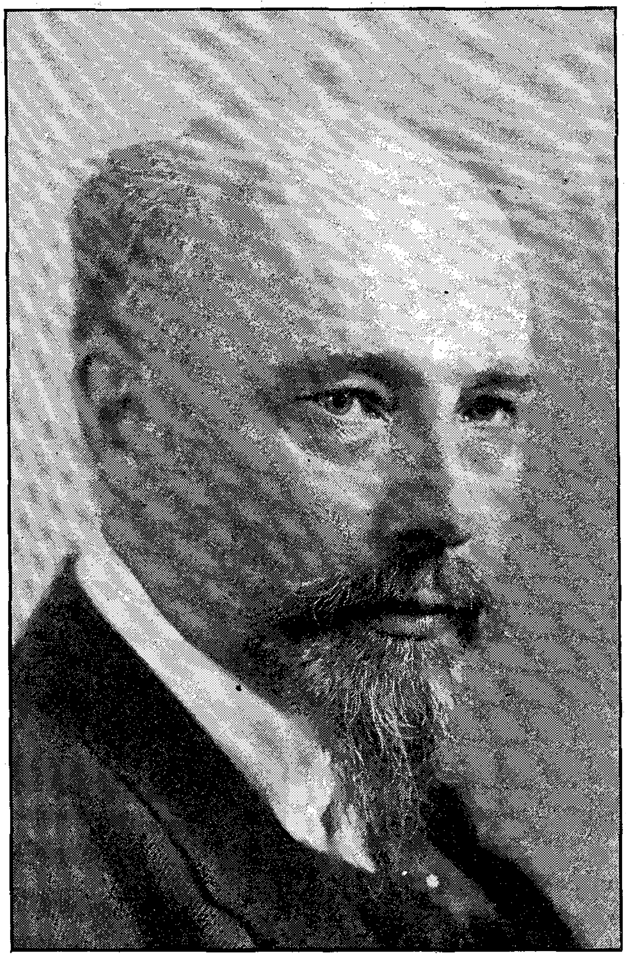
> "The American propensity to solve all possible problems by the simple expedient of passing laws has been explained by Count Keyserling. It is because our social system is purely matriarchal. We are ruled by women. And it is their natural instinct to meet every emergency with legislation.
>
> "To substantiate this theory the German philosopher cites our sumptuary laws, such as Prohibition, for which he believes women may be held responsible. As Americans lack the stability of the English, despite our Anglo-Saxon tradition, Count Keyserling feels that the new missionary movement of feminism may change America profoundly. He frankly does not know what will become of us."

A letter written to the New York *Times* by Canon Ernest Dimnet, another foreign observer, relative to Count Keyserling's opinions on our "matriarchate," moves the Brooklyn *Eagle* to say editorially, apropos of the Canon's suggestion that "the present status of woman among us has survived from the day when women in America were pearls of a certain rarity"—

> "Even to fairly recent times, for instance, in the rougher and newer parts of the West, women enjoyed all the advantages of scarcity. The social attitude formed in the day of that scarcity, the attitude of cherishing women more than other communities oversupplied with members of the fair sex can afford to cherish them, might last for generations. To what extent it does last depends in part on the mental attitude of women themselves."

The New York *Evening World*, after stating the Count's views on our woman-dominated state, thus gallantly doffs the editorial hat to the ladies:

> "Our people are more prosperous and happy than any other. We have often wondered why and wherein we differed from other peoples, and the Count explains—we are the wonders of the world because of the dictatorship of women.
>
> "If this be true, and the Count says so, why worry? A tree is known by its fruits, a dictatorship by its results, and thus the supremacy of woman has much to recommend it. Let 'em rule! They will, whether we let 'em or not."



Wide World photograph

"AMERICA IS RUN BY WOMEN"

Says Count Hermann A. Keyserling, German philosopher and author.

Gertrude Atherton, writing in *College Humor* on the question of woman's dominance, points out that, despite man's tendency to stress her physical inferiority, woman is really his equal—

> "Dominance is not the natural condition of the male, that is to say, deliberately ordained by nature when compounding the sexes in her laboratory. More than once since the earth began to revolve about the sun man has suffered an ignominious eclipse. During those periods he was the inferior of woman both physically and mentally: mentally, because with his liberties curtailed and confined to the domestic routine, his mind deteriorated even as a woman's does when she has almost forgotten the meaning of the word ambition."

Mrs. Atherton then points out that periods of sex equality usually follow those of dominance by either sex. She argues that man has very nearly had his day, and that the pendulum is now commencing to swing back—

> "In many of the most highly civilized States to-day woman is the political equal of man, and, in portentously increasing numbers, his physical and mental equal.
>
> "Once more the world is entering upon a period of sex equality, and altho man is still aloft, the slow evolution of history is heading him once more toward the position he occupied in Egypt B. C.
>
> "Will history repeat itself, and women get the upper hand once more and become as tyrannical and oppressive as of old, and as man has ever been? Perhaps not, now that they have history to guide them, for one condition is as bad as the other."

IMMIGRATION IN THE 1928 CAMPAIGN

A BID FOR RECOGNITION as a Presidential candidate is seen by the Washington correspondent of the Baltimore *Sun* in the recent discussion by Governor Ritchie, Democrat, of Maryland, of the highly controversial question of immigration. The present session of Congress, says the Cincinnati *Times-Star*, is certain to see a renewal of the attack on the restrictions of the present law, and while Governor Ritchie's observations can not be said to open that attack, political observers in the nation's capital, we are told, attach considerable significance to them because of the prominence of the Maryland Executive among Democratic Presidential possibilities.

Governor Ritchie's address was made on December 29, before the American Historical Association and the American Political Science Association at a joint dinner in Washington, and it has been engaging editorial attention ever since. Briefly, the Governor questioned the wisdom of the rigid restriction of immigration. According to the Baltimore *Sun's* correspondent, "he did not commit himself as to how far the Government should go in lifting the bars against the entry of foreigners, but his method of handling the subject left little doubt in the minds of his hearers that he favored liberalization of the existing laws." Continues this unnamed political writer:

> "The speech was regarded as an indirect bid for the support of the foreign born in the great industrial centers, whose backing both in the Presidential primary and in the general election would be of material assistance to any candidate. Others suggested that the Governor's stand would win the endorsement of big employers, and perhaps of the farming class, who have been advocating a lowering of the immigration bars to obtain a supply of workers. Governor Ritchie's handling of the subject did not commit him definitely to either side, but was regarded in many quarters as being sufficiently explicit to bring upon his head the condemnation of organized labor, which has fought for years to bar foreign workers."

Governor Ritchie pointed out in his address that, while European nations are now receiving loans from the United States for reconstruction purposes, the United States has been receiving from Europe over a period of two centuries the best form of capital—adult workers. He attributed the phenomenal growth of this country in wealth and population to this migration, and referred to the enrichment of our cultural and scientific thought from the contributions of immigrants and their descendants. Said the Governor, in part:

> "We have been receiving full-grown or, at least, nearly adult workers, and so have escaped in considerable measure the heavy cost of raising, educating and feeding them through infancy and childhood, and the economic loss of infant mortality.
>
> "Is it wise to raise the barriers against human capital just in the years when we have begun to export material and monetary capital on a colossal scale, with very great bearing upon the future of our whole political structure?
>
> "The United States could not have grown as it has, from the establishment of its sovereign independence to our own time, had not the adult man-power of Europe—Continental Europe as well as insular Europe—crossed the Atlantic, become animated with patriotism for its new-found home and loyalty to our flag, and helped develop the resources of this Continent.
>
> "I take it, of course, that no one would want to see a degree of immigration that our country could not assimilate, but if we are confronted by a demand to restrict immigration or to discriminate between different national sources of immigration, the only way to meet it is by the light of history and by the consideration of such questions as these:
>
> "Is such demand more than an ill-informed gesture against the most recent comers, on the part of those who preceded them by the briefest interval, as the lives of nations go?
>
> "Is there really basis for the allegation that our institutions will be menaced by the newcomers or that our system of government will not be safe in their hands?
>
> "Do American workmen really need a restricted labor market, or will high-wage levels and high standards of living be more surely maintained by expanding the domestic market so as to meet accelerating production and develop our resources?"

So far as the editorial sanctum of the Baltimore paper is aware, "there has been almost no honest discussion of the immigration problem by politicians who could legitimately claim to have studied the question from the point of view of the whole country." Of the questions which Governor Ritchie propounded, it explains:

> "He made no attempt to answer these questions, but he did plead that they be studied in an atmosphere free of bigotry and with full appreciation of the teaching of history and economics
>
> "Whether it was good politics for Governor Ritchie thus to speak freely concerning a subject on which there is a kind of national tabu, we have no means of knowing. But we do know that the discussion was wise and temperate. And we are certain that by bringing it up, Governor Ritchie will receive the admiration of decent and intelligent men.
>
> "There may not be enough decent and intelligent men in the country to carry a single State nor to increase by a single delegate the vote which Governor Ritchie will get before the Democratic convention. But Marylanders will be happy that their candidate still adheres, in the thick of a campaign, to the principles which have come to cluster around the word Marylandism."

What weakens Governor Ritchie's position on immigration, however, maintains the Little Rock *Arkansas Gazette*, "is that the immigration now restricted does not, for the most part, represent the class of the adult man-power of Europe which unquestionably did contribute much to the development of the United States during the period of most rapid expansion and settlement:"

> "Those immigrants were predominantly from the north of Europe. What we have cut off chiefly by our more rigid laws are immigrants from Southern and Eastern Europe, who began about twenty years ago to come in heavy volume, and who established in American cities what amounted to permanent foreign colonies.
>
> "America still offers welcome and opportunity to 'adult European man-power' of the type America deems desirable. But we were not ready to receive innumerable hordes from other areas which experience has taught us do not send a large proportion of assimilable material. Between being a melting-pot and a dumping-ground, there is a vast difference."

The present restrictive regulations, we are told, are operative under an extension which expires on April 1. Something will have to be done before then, either in the form of further extension or a permanent immigration law. In the opinion of the Cincinnati *Times-Star:*

> "The immigration law is too strongly entrenched in public favor to make an attempt at its repeal a promising venture. The effort will be to weaken the law and eventually to break it down by the adoption of 'relative' amendments and the like. The foreign blocs opposed to any restriction of immigration are always more or less active. They are well organized, and their campaigns are always well financed. While Congress is in session, doubtless, the newspapers will be filled with sob stories telling of the ruthless cruelty of the Immigration Law and its unfairness in preventing the opprest of foreign lands from coming in unlimited numbers to the United States.
>
> "As a matter of fact, the United States is now receiving a large number of immigrants each year. During the fiscal year ending June 30, 1927, the total amounted to 442,297. Of this number, 81,506 came from Canada, 67,721 from Mexico, 48,513 from Germany, 28,054 from the Irish Free State, 24,160 from Great Britain, 17,297 from Italy, 9,211 from Poland, 8,287 from Sweden, 6,068 from Norway, and 4,405 from France.
>
> "The figures given above are for legally admitted immigrants. In addition a great number of aliens are smuggled into the country. In his latest annual report, the Commissioner General of Immigration states that 'between one and three millions of aliens are illegally in the United States.' He adds that 'last year 173,000 illegally entered aliens were registered in prisons and asylums in the country.'
>
> "The immigration law of 1924 is about the most important single piece of legislation ever enacted by Congress. It saved the United States from an alien flood of such overwhelming proportions that it would have changed the whole aspect of the country in a decade. The law was passed just in time. It is working well, without unfairness or cruelty to any one. It should not be weakened in any direction."

TOPICS IN BRIEF

(*An extension of this department appears weekly on the screen as "Fun from the Press"*)

No pedestrian has to be told that this is Leap Year.—*Wichita Eagle.*

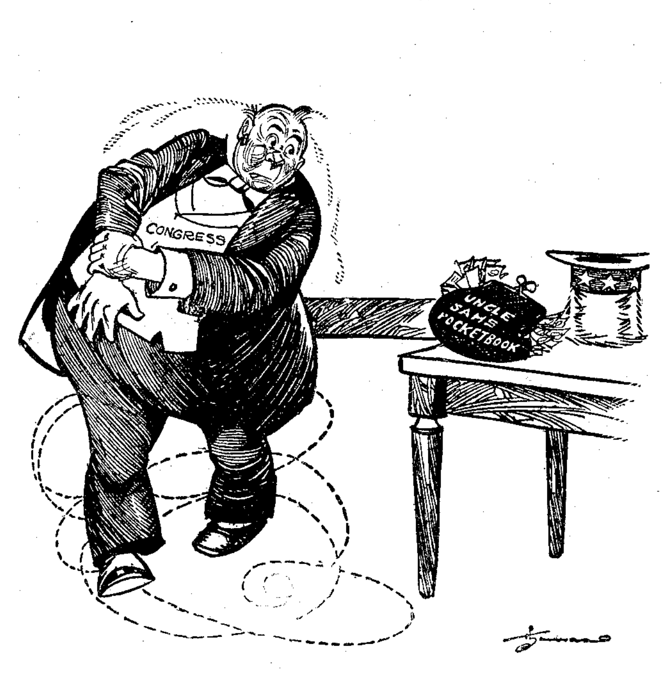
While Prohibition is reigning, rum is pouring.—*Wall Street Journal.*

Here's a good slogan for the new year, "Again, a gain!"—*Savannah News.*

Marriage is the only life sentence that is suspended by bad behavior.—*Louisville Times.*

If the expected automobile war becomes fierce enough, beggars may yet ride.—*Brunswick (Ga.) Pilot.*

An air line to Monte Carlo has been proposed. This would give money its wings en route without having to wait till it got there.—*Arkansas Gazette.*



THE GREAT MORAL STRUGGLE

—Thomas in the Detroit *News.*

Dry cleaners will agree that all wealth comes from the soil. — *Thomas E. Pickerill Service.*

This may go down as the year of the great war—between low-priced cars.—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

What this country needs is more real Presidential timber and a few less congressional blocs.—*Helena Independent.*

The pen is mightier than the sword because it is used to sign contracts for building armaments.—*Brunswick (Ga.) Pilot.*

Few middle-aged men take up the bareheaded fad because they realize it is easier to check a hat than a cold.—*Louisville Times.*

Prohibition may have removed one rail from the old-time saloon, but it placed one more on the political fence.—*Detroit News.*

When will warfare end? Well, consider this: It's only in hick communities that men still settle arguments with their fists.—*Publishers Syndicate.*

We think it's time for some expert to give publicity to a team of "All Literary Digest paragraphers."—*Brunswick (Ga.) Pilot.*

Horticulturist is trying to produce a combined lemon and apple. Isn't that the fruit Eve handed Adam?—*Arkansas Gazette.*

Somebody suggests that the Army could enforce Prohibition. Always figuring out some scheme to stimulate recruiting.—*Detroit News.*

One thing at a time is our motto, and as soon as we learn how to pronounce Hrdlicka we are going to take up Skjellerup.—*Ohio State Journal.*

After 1928 there should be enough left-over G. O. P. Presidential timber to keep Mr. Coolidge in whittling material for the rest of his life.—*Arkansas Gazette.*

A scientist says the vocal cords of a woman use less energy in talking than a man's. It would seem that talk also follows the line of least resistance.—*Norfolk Virginian-Pilot.*

Every time we hear of another inquiry, probe, investigation, etc., we think, well, if half the world doesn't know how the other half lives, they can't say it doesn't try.—*Detroit News.*

When one reads in the paper that Miss Sonia Ivanoff and Miss Gabrielle de Montmorency are visiting their parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Smith, one knows that a couple of movie girls are home for the holidays.—*Arkansas Gazette.*

Mussolini is the "I lid" of Italy.—*Louisville Times.*

Any flyer who has 110,000,000 with him is justified in saying "We."—*Boston Post.*

According to history, Oklahoma was settled in 1889, but rarely thereafter.—*Detroit News.*

When a party splits it goes several ways, none of which leads to Washington.—*Norfolk Virginian-Pilot.*

The earliest ancestors of both the donkey and the elephant were amphibians, and present politics indicates a gradual reversion to type.—*Little Rock Arkansas Gazette.*

Double jeopardy is when the wearer suddenly realizes that both pairs belonging to the two-pants suit have seen better days.—*Detroit News.*

Big Bill's show seems to have flopped as soon as he began charging admission—*Brunswick (Ga.) Pilot.*

Miss Maude Royden rides triumphant on the fag end of her new publicity. — *Philadelphia Evening Public Ledger.*

Candidacy for Chief Magistracy in Mexico apparently partakes of Presidential race suicide—*Wall Street Journal.*

Teapot Dome is back in the hands of the Navy, but the courts have not yet replaced the lid.—*Albany Knickerbocker Press.*

As we understand the purpose of Democracy's Jackson Day dinner, it is to be another of those good-will fights.—*Norfolk Virginian-Pilot.*

Here and there are tiny signs that the world moves impalpably toward peace: Hereafter the French Army will wear olive.—*Detroit News.*

America has sent to Latin America Colonel Lindbergh and the United States Marines.—*Louisville Times.*

War hatreds are almost forgotten now, and every once in a while you see a former doughboy buying canned beef.—*Pasadena Post.*

England is sending us $92,575,000, part payment on her debt. If that's British propaganda, let Big Bill Thompson make the most of it!—*Arkansas Gazette.*

If we adults are a sample of what spanking will do in forming character, perhaps it's just as well that parents no longer do it. —*Springfield (Ill.) State Register.*

Too bad Colonel Lindbergh couldn't have hopped over to Europe in 1914 and converted that World War into a fraternal get-together celebration.—*Arkansas Gazette.*

Objects fade about twenty times as fast in sunlight as they do under electric lights. It would be well to explain, however, that the reverse is true of young men and women.—*Detroit News.*

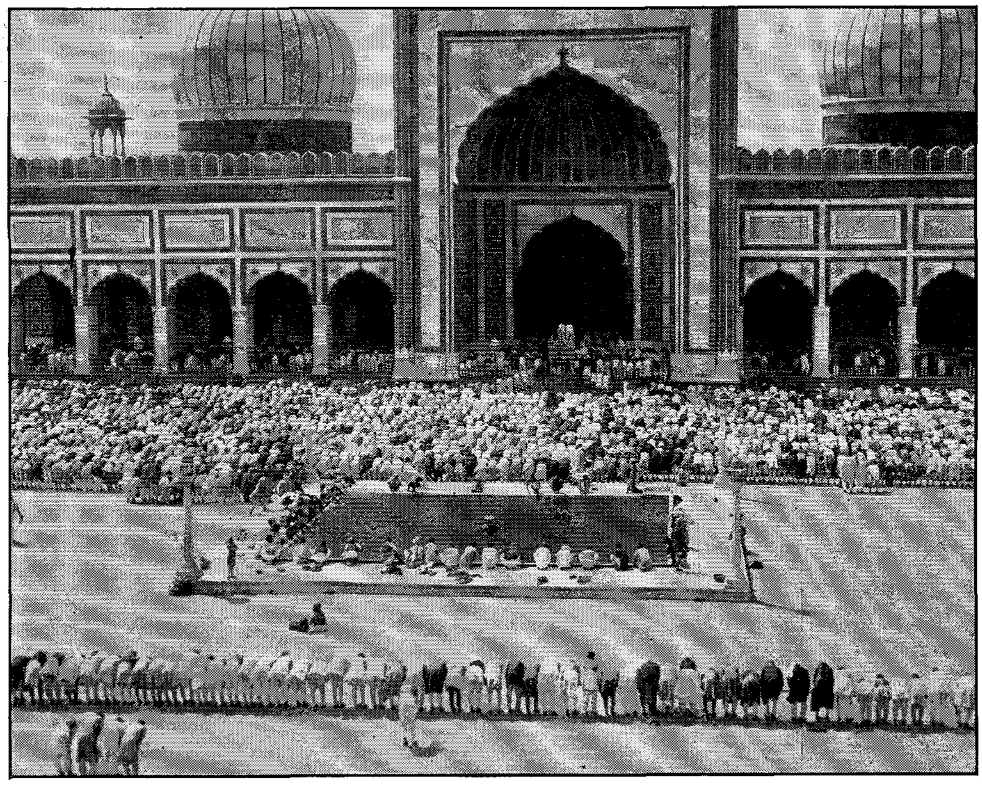
We'd like to see the multilateral treaty under which our enlightened State Department proposes to renounce war as an instrument of national policy made multilateral enough to include Nicaragua.—*Columbus Ohio State Journal.*

A bill was introduced yesterday in Washington to place a microphone on the desk of every Senator so that their addresses may be heard from every loud-speaker in the country. A bitter enemy of the radio is believed to have suggested the plan.—*Chicago Tribune.*

FOREIGN - COMMENT

HINDU-MOSLEM ANTAGONISM IN INDIA

Tense, revolutionary and violently hostile to British rule is the atmosphere of the Indian National Congress at Madras, so we are told by observers on the spot, and one grievance is Britain's alleged responsibility for the recent riots between Hindus and Moslems. According to Sir John Maynard, former member of the Punjab Executive Council, in an article contributed to *Foreign Affairs* (London), "the Indian case is that the presence of the British as the dominant power in India is itself the cause of the quarrel between Moslem and Hindu. Sometimes this takes the crude form of asserting deliberate encouragement of disputes by authority. Sometimes it is merely the suggestion that an impartial arbiter is a standing invitation to rival claims." Of late, so Sir John informs us, "a distinguished Moslem has put it thus: that, by following the line of least resistance, and allowing Hindus largely to control the administration, the British Government has awakened apprehensions in the Moslem community and compelled it to efforts detrimental to Hindus." At all events, rioting has spread over "a huge population and area," and the situation is rendered especially difficult by the fact that, geographically, the warring religious parties "are more intimately intermixed than the rival nationalities in Macedonia." True, the Moslems might appear to be a somewhat manageable element, outnumbered three to one by the Hindus, but "the one community is predominant in some areas, the other in others," and they "can not be kept apart by any territorial readjustment."



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INDIAN MOSLEMS BOW AT THE SHRINE OF ALLAH

Scene at the Friday-morning service of prayer in the Great Mosque at Delhi.

Sir John tells us further that—

"To a large extent they even constitute complementary economic classes; in the Northeast, Hindu landowners and Moslem tenants and workers; in the Northwest, Hindu capitalists and Moslem peasants; in many towns, Hindu professional men, shopkeepers and employers, and Moslem craftsmen and manual laborers. Generally speaking, there is a tendency for the Hindu to be a lender, where the Moslem, prohibited by his religion from taking interest, is a borrower; and for the Hindu to be richer, and some distance ahead in the advantage taken of modern opportunities, such as English education, which is the passport to the professional careers and to Government service. In the Northwest the line of economic demarcation is so marked that a law adopted for the purpose of saving the peasant proprietors, not less Hindu than Moslem, from the loss of their lands to mortgagee money-lenders, has come to be commonly regarded as a crucial issue between Hindu and Moslem; and that a further bill for requiring money-lenders to keep regular accounts divided the two communities almost (tho not quite) integrally into two camps. Under happier conditions this economic interdependence might have produced a mutual tolerance, of which, indeed, locally there are traces, but the general result is the contrary."

Primarily, doubtless, "the lines are drawn by religion, the occasions for outbreak are generally religious, and religion adds its fanaticism to the rivalry," but—

"The rivalry itself is partly economic, partly political, concerned with the grievances of landlord and tenant, creditor and debtor, employer and employed, with the distribution of social and educational opportunities, of the loaves and fishes of office, and of municipal and political power as a means to the same. The parallel of Jew and Christian may assist in the understanding of an unfamiliar subject; but neither party in India is a small minority, and one of the two parties has coreligionist brethren in the Near East, who have in the past invaded India and established great and long-continuing kingdoms there. From time to time Moslems have seemed to turn their eyes, not without intention, to fellow-Moslems westward; and the gesture has reminded Hindus of painful episodes in their history."

Sometimes the hostility subsides for a while. Sir John informs us that "on two occasions in recent years" it has "been suspended not by solution of the religious and economic differences, but by agreement upon political objects." Thus—

"In 1916 the desire for a united front in the prosecution of the demand for self-government produced an agreement upon the principles of representation in the legislatures. The so-called Lucknow pact accepted separate electorates, Moslem and non-Moslem, for the election of Moslem and non-Moslem candidates, respectively, in proportions varying according to the conditions of each province, but devised generally to protect Moslem interests. This is the system known variously as that of separate electorates or of communal representation, which has been charged with perpetuating divisions, and is ordinarily disliked by Hindus, but regarded by most Moslems as the palladium of their rights. Before the Commission which investigated questions of franchise for the purposes of the Montagu-Chelmsford reforms, an official witness pointed out the dangers of a system which tends to the election of the most vigorous communal partizan and stereotypes in each province a majority on one side or the other; but the Hindu members themselves argued the impossibility of upsetting the Lucknow pact. A movement, once full of promise for substituting joint electorates, which should elect Moslem and non-Moslem candidates in a stated proportion, is understood to be in abeyance."

The other instance of Hindu-Moslem harmony arising from a common political purpose occurred, we are told, during "the outburst of anti-Government feeling which followed upon the conclusion of the Peace Treaties and the events associated with the name of Amritsar." It was then that—

"Mahatma Gandhi, by his championship of the Moslem demand for more generous treatment of the Turkish Empire as the seat of the Islamic Caliphate, united Moslem with Hindu; and India seemed to speak for a time with one voice. The Moplah revolt, beginning as an expression of nationalist feeling, in the sense which a fanatical Moslem tribe attaches to it, soon revealed itself as an anti-Hindu movement, with outrage and forcible conversion, and began the process of disillusionment. Moslems stood for a time with Hindus for a policy of non-cooperation with government, and a common political opposition gave some of the results of a union of hearts. With the amelioration of Anglo-Turkish relations by the Treaty of Lausanne, and the abandonment by the new Government of Turkey of the cherished institution of the Caliphate, the Indian Moslems lost their concrete external grievances against the British Government (tho not their suspicions of its imperialistic policy in the Near East). The internal rivalry reasserted itself with a new activity, for the partial self-government given by the Montagu-Chelmsford reforms has been accompanied by symptoms of increased animosity between the two religious communities, giving plausibility to the argument that maneuvers for the succession to the abandoned authority of Britain have intensified the quarrel."

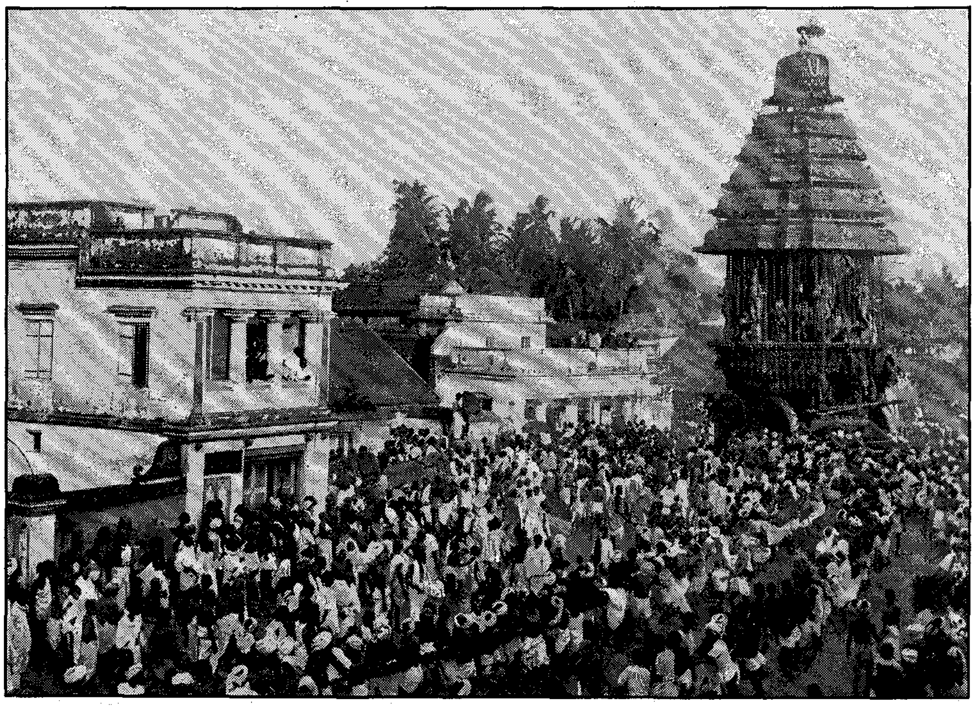
It is a threefold quarrel—religious, economic, political—and, as we are reminded, it—

"coexists with a more widely awakened sense of Indian nationality, viewing the British element in India no longer as one caste out of many in a graduated hierarchy, but as something external to all of them, and suspected of aims incompatible with their welfare. It is no longer merely for justice between man and man, dispensed by an indifferent, and therefore impartial, arbiter, that Indians look, but for equality between people and people.

"The suspicion that Indian economic interests have been sacrificed to Britain—the interests of non-voters to the interests of voters—the disabilities imposed upon Indians in some other countries, including parts of the Empire; the contrast which the traveled Indian discerns between his own position and that of others who are not ruled by foreigners; the sneers leveled by other nationals at Indians (including, upon occasion, Indian soldiers), have implanted the conviction that equality would be better asserted under a system of home rule. That conscientious and effective efforts have been made to improve the Indian status abroad, that Indians have been extensively introduced into the ruling class in their own country, that their representatives have a large authority over the Indian budgets, and (by a convention) also over India's fiscal policy, and that Indian ministers control important branches of administration—all these things are true. But, inasmuch as they leave India with something less than equality of political status, they fail to salve the national pride, or even to give solid guaranties of justice between people and people. There will be no general contentment, tho there will be temporary lulls in discontent, without a national government in some form; and no settling down to the task of internal reform, social and economic, while it continues possible to put the blame for Indian failings, including religious divisions, upon the shoulders of outsiders."

Writing in the London *Outlook*, Sirdar Ikbal Ali Shah tells us that the Hindus, who want a joint electorate, "think of India as one body politic, and regard Western forms of government as their ideals." The Moslems, desiring a separate electorate, "believe that unless the future constitution of India is established in consonance with native feeling it will wither and die." However, the Sirdar declares:

"The real reason for the clamor against separate electorates is that in the Punjab, as in most of the provinces of India, the voting strength of the Moslems is considerably less than their population strength, that, indeed, it is not in ratio with the latter, and that, therefore, in joint electorates there will naturally be a number of constituencies nominally set apart for Moslems in which non-Moslem voters preponderate. This means that the Hindu caucus would be enabled to oust Moslems from these seats, even altho Moslems preponderate in these constituencies."



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HINDU DEVOTEES DRAW THE CAR OF THE GODS

Crowds at one of the great religious festivals dragging the float dedicated to native divinities.

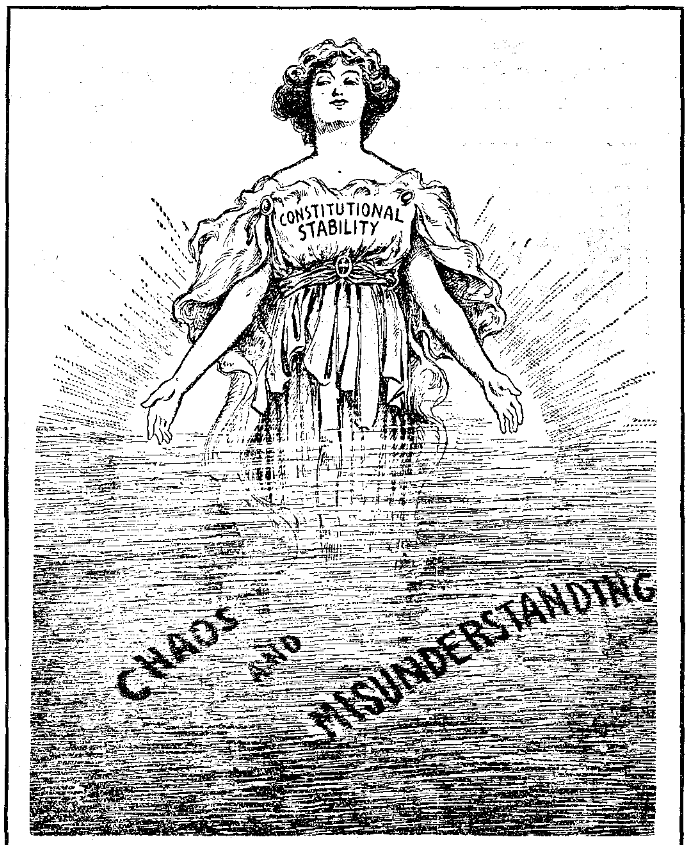
Shafaat Ahmed Khan, Litt.D., member of the United Provinces Legislative Council, takes a fairly hopeful view of Hindu-Moslem relations. Writing in *The Asiatic Review* (London), he states that:

"Both the great communities of India regard toleration as the cardinal tenet of their faith. Religious toleration is of the essence of Hinduism. It combines the loftiest moral precepts and the grandest conceptions with the most wonderful adaptation that has ever been seen in any religion. It is nothing if not tolerant, and it has succeeded by a process of peaceful penetration in absorbing ideas and assimilating doctrines that seemed at first utterly inconsistent.

"It is plastic, dynamic, and adaptable, and in order that it may mold and absorb alien institutions, alien races, alien clans, and alien civilization, it has to be receptive, assimilative, and tolerant. Hinduism has succeeded, therefore, by the practise of a doctrine which postulates social harmony, communal concord, and religious reconciliation. The other great community, Islam, is no less remarkable for it than Hinduism."

THE NEW IRELAND

"WHAT IS IRELAND LIKE NOW?" asks the typical Briton when a citizen of the Irish Free State visits England, so we are told by a Dublin correspondent of the London *Sunday Times*, who opines that "often behind the question lies a belief that Ireland is a country of organized disorder, where laws are largely set at naught, where no debts are paid, and where, as the pessimists prophesied, all is happy confusion." This greatly amuses the Irishman, tho he can understand readily enough why so general an ignorance regarding conditions in the Irish Free State should prevail among Englishmen, seeing that, "the removal of Ireland from party politics and strife in England has led to a severance of intercourse between the two countries. Formerly, largely on account of the large British garrison and a common Civil Service and Parliament, socially England and Ireland were one. Friendships were formed, families intermarried, and the bonds were close and intimate." To-day, all this is changed, but, as the correspondent points out, "in point of fact, any visitor, whose memories are those of pre-war days, would find much that was familiar and would have to probe well below the surface to discover the changes that recent years have wrought." Says this Irish writer:



RISING OUT OF THE FOG OF IRELAND'S PAST

—A. G. Racey in *The Star* (Montreal).

"With the exception of the customs examination, he would not notice any appreciable administrative change, altho before long he will experience the more obvious annoyance of separate coinage. The Irish language, of which he had heard so much, will obtrude very little, and if he is a motorist, almost his only inconvenience will be the bilingual signposts, which are unnecessarily large and hard to decipher. He may remark that the pillar-boxes are painted green, and the postman wears a kind of kepi.

"In the Army, despite the green uniform, he will note—if he has had any military experience—the unmistakable influence of British Army methods in armament, equipment, drill, and smartness of parade, and even in the dress and social aspirations of the commissioned ranks. He will find the policemen on point duty regulating the Dublin traffic on the London model, but with more gesture and gesticulation; while the country police, in appearance, good temper, and civility, will appear very similar to the old R. I. C. If he is unfortunate enough to be in the clutches of the income-tax authorities, he will notice, if observant, a unique absence of any bilingual phraseology."

So much for the points of resemblance. Turning now to the points of difference, which it "will take a little more penetration to see," this Irishman tells us:

"A visit to the Houses of Parliament may prove disappointing. Expecting, perhaps, a traditional exuberance of wit and humor, he will find the debate and proceedings orderly and respectable to the verge of dulness—indeed, far less exciting than Westminster. He will listen in vain for the rich brogue and originality of expression such as that with which our present Governor-General in days past so much amused the House of Commons. In spite of occasional speeches in Irish, which few present understand, and which are obvious artificial gestures, he will note a close resemblance to British Parliamentary methods, especially in such essentials as financial procedure and the Standing Orders that govern debate. Tho he may be disappointed, he can not fail to be impress by the dignity of the proceedings and the well-appointed physical fittings of the Chamber. Should he wish to penetrate to the Senate, he might be more impress by the artistic charm of the Chamber, which is a unique example of Dublin's best plaster work, than by the utility of a Second Chamber, which—tho elected on a wide basis of franchise—enjoys so little power.

It is in rural Ireland and in country society that the most striking changes are to be found. There, as we read,—

"The visitor will certainly be impress by the large number of empty or even derelict country houses, some of them burnt and not rebuilt; many of them spoilt by a wholesale massacre of ornamental timber. This social denudation is, however, uneven in operation. The western counties beyond the Pale have suffered most. At the same time, he will not fail to admire the cheerful courage of those who remain; their common friendliness and dependence, and the great sacrifices they make to maintain their Church, the district nurse, and the local pack of hounds.

"Among the masses he will find it more difficult to detect any change. They still remain happy in their discontents. They always looked in the past to Government for aid, and they do so still. He will find it hard to discover what they think about Home Rule. To please him they would probably refer longingly to the good old days, and yet they will cheer and vote for those who wish to drive out the last vistage of foreign influence. After he has well pondered on his experiences, he will probably come back to his former belief that, with all our charm, we are an inscrutable and puzzling race."

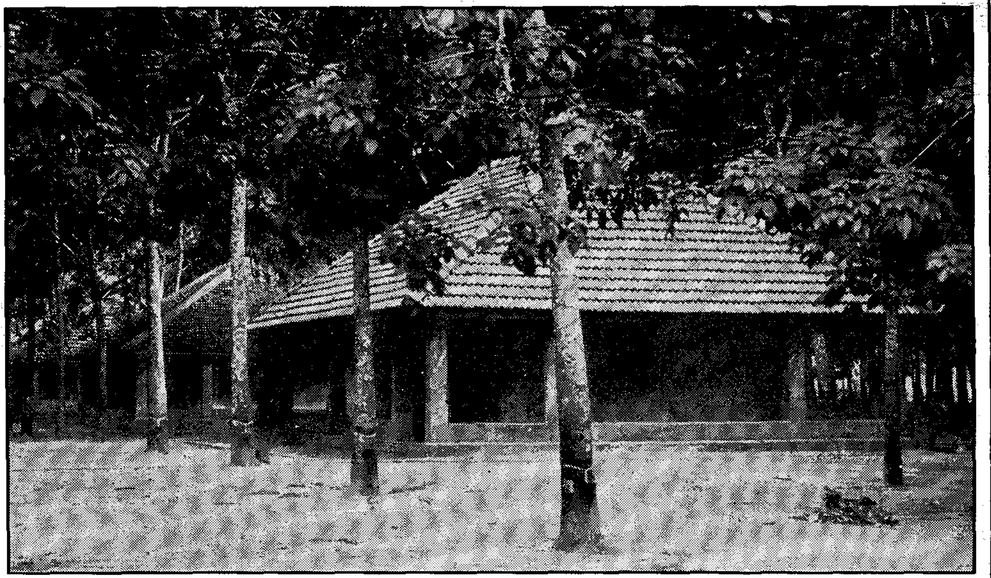
A British observer, Lieut-Com. J. M. Kenworthy, R. N., the well-known Liberal member of Parliament, writing in *The Review of Reviews* (London), thus states his impressions:

"Ireland presents an extraordinary kaleidoscope. There is much poverty and unemployment, the congested districts are as congested and as poor as ever, taxation is heavy, and the cost of living high; yet on revisiting districts which I knew before the war in the rich agricultural areas there is much evidence of the improved prosperity of the farmers.

"The Civic Guard, as the police are now called, are excellent, and non-political. They are unarmed, have the confidence of the people, are recruited from the same class as the old Royal Irish Constabulary, and are functioning splendidly. The Irishman makes a good policeman, and domestic law and order is of the highest. The Civic Guard have actually succeeded in putting down poaching, for the first time within living memory in Ireland. There is more game on the mountains and on the land and more salmon in the rivers than there has been for a hundred years. Ireland could, and probably will in the future, develop a great sporting industry like the sporting industry of Scotland which carries so much wealth to the Highlands. The Government is taking vigorous steps to develop the sporting and tourist industries, and both are reviving. As regards the tourists, Ireland suffers from the same defects as England, namely the lack of good hotels, only to a worse degree. But the people, both in the towns and the country, are extremely friendly to strangers, hospitable and likable, and if the hotel difficulty could be got over, Ireland might reap a rich harvest from visitors."

ANOTHER STRETCH IN THE PRICE OF RUBBER

THE LIVELY PRICE-CUTTING now taking place in the automobile industry bids fair to increase the army of American motorists and hence to develop in all of us a personal interest in the price of rubber—the raw material of our balloon tires. It will be something of a shock, therefore, to most of us to learn that periodicals published in Ceylon and other sections of the Orient are jubilantly celebrating the rise of rubber prices at the source, a rise that is bound in time to be handed along to ourselves as the ultimate consumers. For example, a writer in the Ceylon *Observer*, of Colombo, a paper owned by a wide-awake Singhalese and edited by an English journalist, points with pride to the fact that within two months the price of crude rubber has advanced one-third and confidently predicts "that next year will see rubber touch three shillings (roughly 75 cents) again." In this connection it may be stated that, in the view of international experts, as reported by the press, 35 cents, or less than half the sum mentioned by this writer, has been considered as a reasonable price.



WHERE RUBBER PRICES ARE MADE

Worker's cottages on a British rubber estate in the Kelani Valley, Ceylon. Note the well-grown trees and the bands on their trunks to facilitate tapping.

The author of the article in question sees as one reason for the soaring of rubber prices the fact that America has again become a heavy buyer of this commodity. As he puts it: "American consumers, who have for eight months been living from hand to mouth, are awakening to the fact that the days of cheap rubber are numbered and are beginning to enter the market with a view to building up reserves which have fallen dangerously low."

Another reason assigned by this writer for the advancing price is that the policy of restricting the output which has been in force for years both in the British colonies of Ceylon and the Straits Settlements, and which, in the estimation of competent critics, has artificially kept up prices, is being intensified in the latter country. He writes: "Only five weeks have elapsed since Malaya (Straits Settlements) announced her intention of immediately revising assessments on the basis of tapping trees every third day instead of on alternate days, as heretofore, and buyers were slow to realize that this was tantamount to a reduction of 33 per cent. in the Malayan exportable allowance."

This writer would also have us believe that the Government of the Straits Settlements is becoming more and more successful in stopping the smuggling of rubber from that British colony, which in itself would tend to maintain a high standard of price.

With regard to this question of smuggling *The Times of Ceylon*, which also is published in Colombo, and is owned and edited by Englishmen, cites certain statements which were made at a meeting of the Federal Council of the Straits Settlements, held on November 17, to the effect that something like 2,000 tons a month of rubber "was at that time being smuggled out of the Straits Settlements." This paper, it should be remarked, is by no means an uncritical upholder of the policy of restricting the output of rubber. After analyzing the figures relating to the export of rubber from areas in which production is restricted, and also from areas in which no such policy is in force, it asserts that:

> "Whereas the exports from British restricted areas in 1922 were nearly double those of the Dutch East Indies and native districts combined, in 1927 the situation is so far reversed that the combined output of the Dutch East Indies and native rubber districts aggregates in round figures 400,000 tons against 315,000 tons from the British restricted territory. Such figures speak for themselves. Moreover, it must not be forgotten that the output of rubber from Latin America has increased, as has also the cultivation of the Guayule shrub in various parts of the United States. Add to this the fillip given to reclaimed rubber by the 1925 boom, and it is easy to understand the growing disapproval of the continuance of restriction.
>
> "As for the much-talked-of cooperation of the Dutch, the idea is ridiculous, according to a well-known Ceylon planter who has just returned from Java. Our informant made careful inquiries regarding the possibility of cooperation and has come back frankly disappointed."

From this statement it seems clear that there are Britishers in Ceylon who feel that under present conditions the policy of restricting the output of rubber is helping the Dutch, who flatly refuse to conform to this policy, a good deal more than it is helping the British.

So steadily is this opinion gaining ground that, as an editorial in *The Times of Ceylon* points out, advocates of the abolition of rubber restriction are now no longer accused of being subsidized by American interests. This editorial says in part:

> "Advocates of the abolition of rubber restriction were, until quite recently, liable to the accusation of being in the pay of American rubber manufacturers. Protagonists of restriction, however, are gradually ridding themselves of that 'sacrosanct supersensitiveness'—to borrow a phrase from Lord Oxford—which has characterized them for so long, and it is now possible to criticize the restriction policy of the Colonial Office without exposing oneself to the charge of pro-American bias."

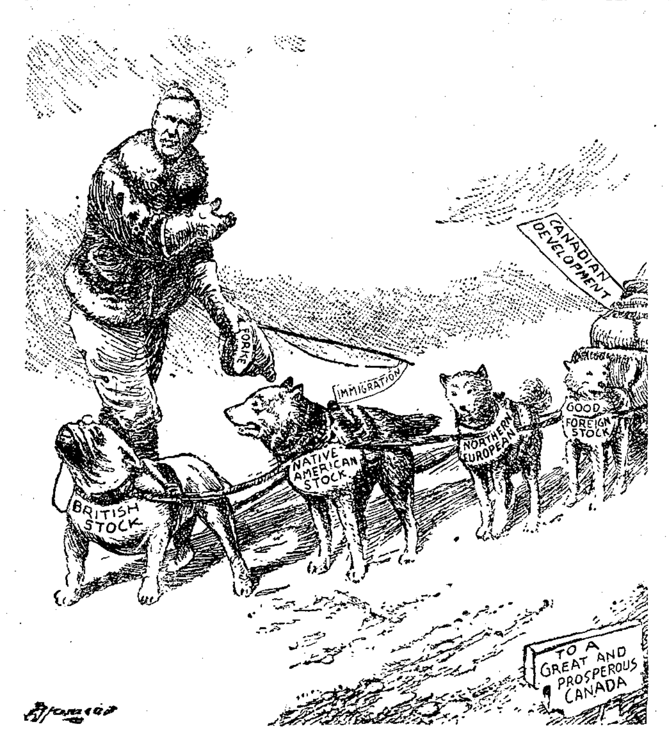
In spite, however, of the change in the view-point of the man in the street, as indicated by this quotation, there seems to be no evidence in the press of British Asia that the men at the helm either in Ceylon or in the Straits Settlements are in the least disposed to abandon or even to relax the system of restricting output which is forcing up the price of rubber. Indeed, the Colonial Office in London recently affirmed its decision to continue that policy indefinitely.

According to a recent London dispatch to the New York *Times* in the rubber market, "plantation grades were quietly steady," and prices were reported as varying from 1s. 7d. (38 cents) to 1s. 8d. (40 cents).

CANADA'S TROUBLESOME MELTING-POT

A DOZEN DIFFERENT LANGUAGES may be heard any morning in the magistrates' courts in Montreal, Toronto, or Winnipeg, according to a correspondent of the London *Times*, who tells us that "even the most casual visitor will be struck at once with the cosmopolitan character of the large cities," where "he can not move about without noticing strange names over the shop windows." In the rural districts, he informs us, "there will be found a similar variety of races. Whole communities will be met there, set down in their new surroundings with few neighbors close at hand save those of their own kindred and nationality," so that "the place soon takes on all the character and appearance of the former homes from which the immigrants have arrived." 143,991 immigrants entered Canada during the year 1926-27. Of these, 73,000 were Ruthenians, Poles, Finns, Magyars, Jews, Germans, Norwegians, Swedes, Italians, Jugoslavs, Dutch, Russians, and Croats. Of the remainder, 21,025 came from the United States. Only 49,784 came from the British Isles, a condition that causes this writer to note that "in many quarters in Canada there is much alarm to-day about the excess of immigrants from other countries over those from Great Britain."

Canada, it seems, is particularly troubled about the influx of newcomers from southern Europe, who "suffer from the extremes of the climate" and "often regard their stay as merely temporary till they have amassed a fortune sufficient to sustain them in their former homes." Meanwhile, we are told, Canadians are disturbed about the "peaceful penetration" of Canada by Americans. As the correspondent puts it:



ON THE GREAT CANADIAN TRAIL

DRIVER FORKE: "We simply choose the best we can get, and they're not necessarily all bulldogs."

—*The Manitoba Free Press* (Winnipeg).

"It would be useless and absurd to think that Americans could be prevented from taking a share in the development of Canada, and a very large share, too, as long as they have the money. Nevertheless, it may be asked whether the loyalty of Canada toward the Empire and her love of Britain can last in the face of the reality of American penetration. While the loyal sentiment in Canada was probably never greater than it is to-day, as the visit of the Prince of Wales and the Prime Minister during the summer proved, it is not all of a kind. A great many of those who live there have no ties which bind them to Great Britain, and tho the sense of liberty and opportunity afforded to newcomers from other countries makes them loyal, we must mean generally by the loyalty of Canada not a universal love of Great Britain on the part of Canadians, but rather the devotion to a common ideal and purpose, the maintenance of a high and noble conception of life, and the preservation of peace and freedom. Canadian loyalty must have as its complement the devotion of the Motherland to the same common ideals and purposes. To preserve the loyalty of Canada there is necessary above all else to-day a more thorough demonstration on the part of Great Britain that she has not lost interest, that she is with Canada in all her endeavors to grow and advance, and that she is willing to help all she can and not leave to others entirely the task of building up a great and strong Canada."

Canada urgently needs more immigrants, we are told, but "the aim should be to raise the totals of British settlers above those from other countries for the reasons already referred to." To this end—

"The question is asked, and asked repeatedly: Why are there not more British emigrants to Canada at the present time? With a million and more men out of work in the mother country, and apparently to be continuously and permanently out of work, why are not more men encouraged and assisted to seek their fortunes in Canada, where there are such vast opportunities, and where there is a constant demand for more and more men? One of the reasons given is that there is no longer carried on in Great Britain that extensive campaign for settlers which carried off men by the thousands in every ship that left the country in the spring of the year for Canada at the beginning of the century. Another is that people at home have apparently lost a great deal of that independence of spirit on which the Empire was built, and which drove men abroad in the search for work when it was lacking at home. People in Canada feel that British emigration has been retarded by the system of unemployment relief which has been adopted in the country. They ask how long Great Britain can continue indefinitely carrying such a burden as it has to bear in the maintenance and relief of over a million people who are out of work, and who evidently have little hope of getting work at home. One of the best investments which the country could make, it is said, would be to set aside a part of the money appropriated for relief to the purpose of enabling a certain number of unemployed to proceed overseas to lands like Canada, where there are greater possibilities and opportunities for the willing worker."

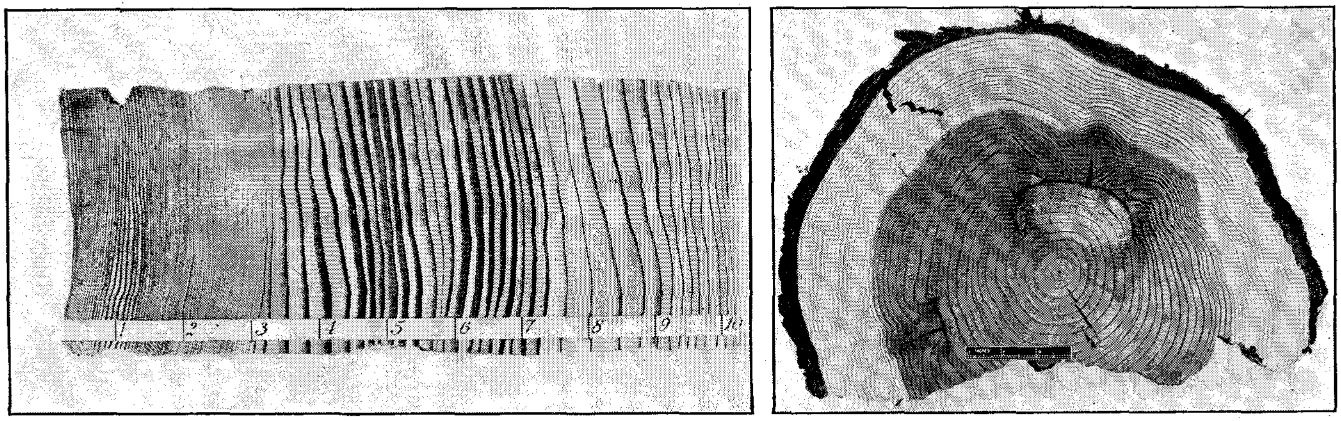
Discussing Canada's immigration problems, the Manitoba *Free Press*, has this to say editorially on the race question in this particular connection:

"The Hon Robert Forke, Federal Minister of Immigration, has pointed out that he does not take much stock in the talk of a 'red' menace from the continental element of Canada's population. In the main, these people are honest and industrious and anxious to get along in this country. National characteristics can not be wiped out in one generation; two or three may be required to produce a new type. What this new type will be rests in the hands of the Canadian people. More good might be accomplished by tackling the job of promoting the Canadianization of these new settlers than by adopting an attitude of suspicion toward them after they have come here on Canada's invitation.

"It is fortunate for Canada to-day that the people generally are showing such an active interest in the problems of immigration. This is a matter that is solely in the hands of the Canadian people, and they will have to make the decision as to what the future policy is to be. The fundamentals seem to be that Canada wants all the British population that can be placed on an economic basis in this country. The capacity of the country to assimilate other racial strains without danger to the general Canadian structure should be studied closely. At the present time it looks as if the alien 'menace' would have to become much more imminent than it is to-day before any drastic action need be taken.

"As regards language, customs and traditions, the British settler is Canada's best bet. People of British stock have made a success of Canada and undoubtedly there are many, many persons in the British Isles to-day who would do well in Canada just as it is true that there are many persons there who might not be able to adapt themselves to Canadian conditions."

SCIENCE AND INVENTION



Illustrations by courtesy of *The American Lumberman* (Chicago)

HOW A TREE TELLS THE STORY OF ITS LIFE

The section of wood in the first cut records how an aged redwood tree "staged a comeback." The crowded lines show a growth of only three inches in radius in 100 years. At that point, competing neighbors being cut down, the redwood's growth was accelerated, seven inches being gained in only forty years. The second cut shows how a tree's wounds are healed and hidden by the annual growth-rings.

THE GROWTH-RINGS OF A TREE

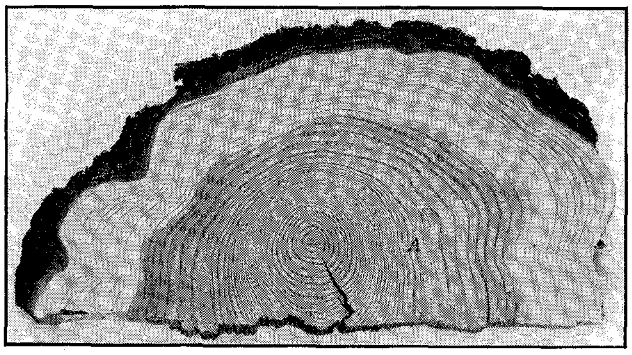
THE CHARACTER OF THE SUCCESSIVE growth-layers in the trunk or branch of a tree, their various kinds, how they affect the beauty of the grain or the strength of the wood, and what they may reveal of the tree's history, is told by Prof. Emanuel Fritz, of the University of California, in an article issued as a reprint from *The American Lumberman* (Chicago). Trees, he reminds us, increase their girth by the addition, during each growing period, of a layer or ring of wood, on the outside of the core formed previously. This growth arises from division and consequent multiplication of the thin-walled cells just between the wood and the bark. As the cells divide, they produce bark on the outside and wood on the side toward the center of the tree. Whenever the factors which influence the activity of the cells are favorable, a new ring of wood is formed, and this continues until they become again unfavorable. He goes on:

"These factors include warmth, light, moisture and food supply, and in our latitudes, these may vary so much throughout the year as to be favorable for growth in one season and distinctly unfavorable in another. These concentric rings of wood have come to be known as 'annual rings,' and the age of a tree can be determined by counting the number of rings on the cross-section. It is quite possible, however, that during the course of a growing season there occur such interruptions in the favorableness of moisture and food supply as to cause growth to cease temporarily. If such a period is followed by a resumption of proper conditions, growth is restimulated and a supplementary layer of wood is added. These intra-season or 'false' rings may sometimes be quite distinct, but as a rule they are less pronounced than the main ring. There may be times, also, when an insect infestation so defoliates a tree as to reduce the food supply and thus restrict wood production. Entomologists claim they can sometimes determine the dates of epidemic infestations by examining cross-sections of trees. Rings, of course, may also indicate years of exceptional drought or other unusually unfavorable growing conditions. Some scientists have even tried to determine climatic cycles from the rings on very old trees.

"The cross-sections of branches and of leaning trees exhibit an interesting eccentricity of growth. The rings may be very narrow and sometimes lacking on one side and very broad on the other. In the case of branches, the widest portions would be found on their lower sides and in the case of leaning trees on the side 'toward the lean.' In these cases, the tree evidently is called upon to furnish greater mechanical support for the outreaching branches or for the leaning tree.

"Each kind of wood has its own arrangement of cells, and the cells themselves vary. The woods of conifers, such as pines, spruces, firs and cedars, have a comparatively simple arrangement of cells, and these are largely of one type, called by the botanist, 'tracheids.' They are the elements or conducting tissues. Conifers have another type of cell known as 'parenchyma,' functioning in the storage and distribution of food materials.

"In the so-called 'broad-leaved' woods or 'hardwoods,' such as oaks, birches, elms and willows, the tracheids may be absent or of very minor importance. In such woods, parenchyma cells are more numerous and play an important part in the make-up of the annual rings. More conspicuous than either of these, there are in the hardwoods two other types of cells, 'vessels' (often referred to as 'pores') and 'fibers,' The vessels may be of great length but in cross-section they vary from microscopic to such a size as to admit a fine pin into their cavities. Vessels control to a large extent the figure and even the utility of the wood. The fibers are usually smaller and thicker walled, and function principally as mechanical supporting elements. The paper-maker may refer to all the cells in both softwoods and hardwoods as 'fibers.' If all



CROSS-SECTION OF A YOUNG REDWOOD

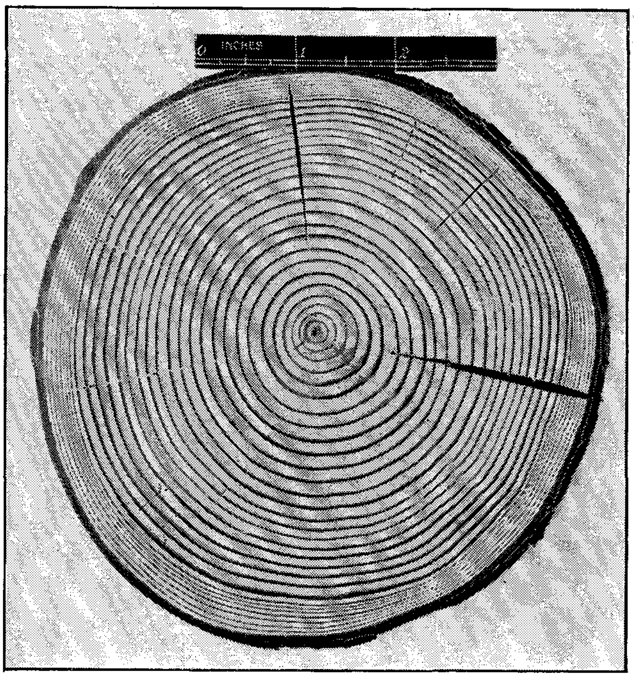
Evidently its growth was retarded during each growing season and then recovered, causing a minor or false ring to be formed within each annual ring. This tree was crowded until year "A" was reached. In that year, the competing neighbors were cut and this tree responded with more rapid growth, indicated by the distance between the rings.

the minute cells were of the same shape, size and arrangement throughout a ring there would be little or no line of demarcation, and it would be impossible to determine the age of a tree. Fortunately, such is not the case in woods of the temperate regions. In Douglas fir, Southern yellow pine, larch and some others, each growth-ring has two distinct zones or bands, the springwood, made up of soft, light-colored weak wood, and the summerwood, made up of deeply colored, hard, very dense and strong wood.

"The writer has known each of these bands to be taken as separate and complete growth-rings, a procedure which would make a tree appear twice as old as it actually is.

"In the oak, chestnut, ash, elm, and some others, the springwood consists principally of large pores. In the summerwood, the pores are much smaller and less numerous. The pores are thus arranged in a distinct band or ring, causing such woods to be described as 'ring-porous.' These pores play an important rôle in the 'figure' of such woods as chestnut, oak and ash. Contrasted to the ring-porous woods are the so-called 'diffuse-porous' woods. Examples of these are poplar, basswood, Southern red gum, birch, maple and many others. In these, the pores are rather uniformly tho loosely distributed over the entire width of the growth-ring. The 'grain' or figure of such woods is much less pronounced.

"Were it not for the fact that in the diffuse-porous woods of temperate latitudes there is still a sufficient tho small decrease in the size or number of the pores from the spring to the summer wood, or were it not for the formation at the end of the season of a thin line of cells of a different order, it would be extremely difficult to distinguish between adjoining rings."

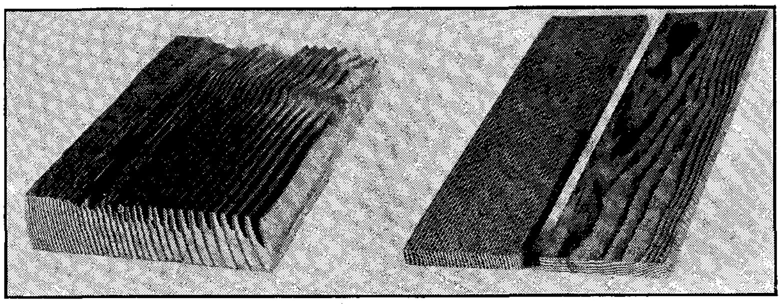


THE RECORD OF A TRAGEDY

The top of this tree was broken off eight years before it was felled. The reduced foliage, the food laboratory of the tree, is reflected in the narrowed rings in the outer portion.

Since summerwood is denser than springwood, it ought to be the stronger of the two. And Professor Fritz tells us that it is. Architects and engineers recognize this, especially in the cases of long-leaf pine and Douglas fir. If they want maximum strength in such woods they will require their timbers to be selected from material having a large percentage of summerwood. Thirty-three per cent. of summerwood would be considered a desirable type for structural timbers. He proceeds:

"In the case of ring-porous hardwoods, as for example hickory, pieces of greatest strength, barring other defects, would be selected from rather wide-ringed stock, for here there is a maximum number of the strong wood fibers. A narrow-ringed piece of hickory or ash would be made up principally of large weak vessels and is likely to be brittle or 'brash.' Diffuse porous hardwoods, being more homogeneous than the ring-porous hardwoods, do not exhibit the same interesting strength relations between different portions of their growth-rings.



GROWTH-RINGS VIEWED FROM DIFFERENT ANGLES

The first cut shows a remarkable example of erosion, the soft springwood having been worn away, leaving the hornlike summerwood in relief. The second cut shows two specimens of Douglas fir. The one on the left was sawed parallel to the radius or at right-angles to the rings. The one at the right was sawed parallel to a tangent to the rings. The former is known as edge-grain or vertical lumber, the latter, flat or slash-grain lumber.

"Summerwood being stronger, one would also expect it to resist wear much better than the springwood. That it does is shown by the eroded surfaces common on old unpainted edge-grain shingles. Summerwood is also more durable when exposed to wood-destroying fungi.

"Annual rings, as before noted, play an important rôle in determining the 'figure' or 'grain' of a piece of wood. If the rings are of smooth round design, the grain of the boards will be much simpler than if they are undulating or 'crinkled.' Douglas fir, for example, usually has rather smooth rings toward the inner and more rapidly grown portion of the tree, while in the outer, more slowly grown portion, they may be conspicuously corrugated. Lumber sawed tangentially to the rings from the latter portion will exhibit a very intricate figure. In such a log, the beauty of this figure will be greatly enhanced if the log is reduced to veneer by the rotary cut process, by which a thin sheet is 'peeled' by rotating the log against a long, heavy knife, much as an apple is peeled. The springwood takes stain better than the summerwood, the latter standing out boldly as high lights.

"Diffuse-porous hardwoods exhibit the least figure as far as this is determined by the annual rings, but ring-porous hardwoods have bold figures much like the conifer woods. Sometimes the vessels in the springwood are so large, as in chestnut and oak, that they leave long but very narrow depressions on the surface of boards. In order to obtain a smooth polish on such a wood, these 'pores' must be 'filled' to the level of the surrounding wood.

"The method of sawing also influences the figure. In the two similar pieces of Douglas fir shown in the illustration, one is sawed at right-angles to the rings, while the other is sawed tangent to the rings.

"The piece on the left is said to be 'edge grain' or 'vertical grain,' and if it were oak, it would be called 'quarter sawn' or 'quartered' oak. The piece on the right is said to be 'flat grain,' 'slash grain,' or 'plain sawn.'

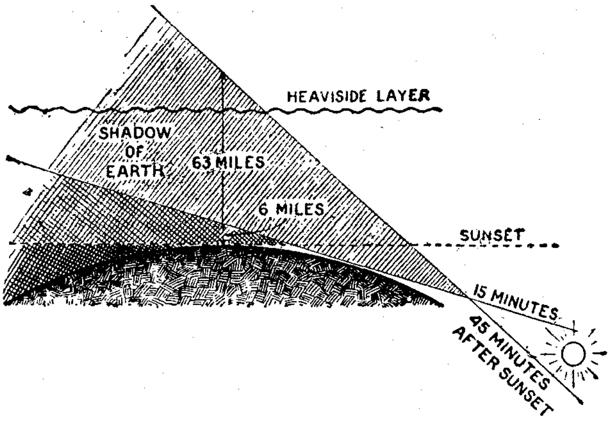
"Not the least interesting attribute of annual rings is the historical data they reveal. In the heart of a tree may be held many a secret, the stories of lean and fat years, of fires, of injuries, in short, the story of every vicissitude. The annual rings make it possible to obtain very definitely the dates of these events. For example, the tree, half of whose cross-section is shown in one of the illustrations, was cut during an experiment to determine the quality of second-growth redwood lumber. Before cutting, it was evident that the tree should produce better lumber than many others near by, but why? When it had been felled, it was noted that there was a marked change in the rate of growth beginning at 'A.' A few old stumps surrounded the tree at short distances. Its slow growth indicates that it was crowded by the other trees. The surrounding trees were cut and this competition for growing space being eliminated, our tree spurted on with greatly enlarged annual layers of growth."

MORE ABOUT RADIO FADING

THE WAXING AND WANING of radio signals is now better understood as the result of findings of the U. S. Bureau of Standards and twenty-three cooperating laboratories, of telephone, telegraph and radio companies, universities and individuals. While no cure is offered, the additional information is inspiring to the scientist and interesting to the layman. Writes S. R. Winters in a discussion of the Bureau's report, contributed to *Radio News* (New York, January):

"If you live in a zone between 60 to 125 miles from a broadcast station, the fluctuation of signals will be observed in its most aggravating form. If you are listening to an address by the President, his remarks will be intermittently punctuated with silence. Or, if you are listening to a musical program, the variation from maximum to minimum may cause you to wonder whether the position of the microphone is being changed or the strings of the musical instruments have been broken.

"The Bureau of Standards and its cooperators found corroborating evidence to support the theory that fading is due to irregular absorption of the radio waves in the ionized upper atmosphere, and is therefore a condition beyond the control of the transmitting and receiving stations. These continent-wide observations discovered nothing that would disturb the previously accepted facts as disclosed by a similar investigation in 1920 and 1921; namely: that the fluctuations of signals are erratic, varying from one second to several minutes; that fading is independent of weather conditions; and that the waxing and waning are not simultaneous, or similar, at two near-by receiving points.



HOW SUNSET AFFECTS RADIO FADING

After sunset, singular effects are produced during the transition from daylight to darkness, below the ionized layer.

"The conclusions are based upon a hundred and fifty records, and the geographical distribution of the observing stations embraced an area extending from Ottawa, Canada, to Hamilton in Bermuda, and from East Lansing, Michigan, to Newton Centre, Massachusetts.

"This investigation confirms certain beliefs about fading which had heretofore been surmised. For instance: The waning of the signal over several minutes is due to the variable absorption of the radio waves in the atmosphere, and the fading of very short duration—only a few seconds—at distances less than 125 miles from the transmitting station, is attributable to interference between the ground-transmitted wave and the wave which has traveled to the Kennelly-Heaviside layer and undergone variable changes of intensity, phase, and polarization. There is a degree of regularity in the average intensity during conditions of fading which has not hitherto been suspected—the ratio of average night to day intensity indicates that the absorption of radio waves by the earth which is effective in the daytime disappears at times during the night.

"That high power is a cure for fading is a plausible supposition, but finds no support in this investigation; for the two broadcasting stations using the greatest amounts of power suffer most from waxing and waning of signals. 'The very large fluctuations of intensity averaged the same on high and low power,' reports the Bureau of Standards, 'altho, for any one place or time, the average fluctuation might be greater for either the low or the high power.'

"Fading seems to possess certain peculiarities that would identify it as the foster father of vagaries. For example, there is sometimes a special type of fading of great regularity, beginning about fifteen to twenty minutes after sunset, evidently due to an interference phenomenon. 'This phenomenon,' states the Bureau of Standards, 'is the only instance known in which fading suggests wave interference of a type similar to optical interference. This is apparently associated with the passing of the sunset shadow-plane, for it appears at no other time on any of the records. It begins about fifteen minutes after sunset and ends at about forty-five minutes after sunset.'

"In conclusion, 'The results of 150 graphic records made by the cooperating observers established definitely a number of facts about fading that had been only surmised or guessed previously. In addition, a number of new facts about fading and other vagaries of radio waves were brought to light. Fading is at its worst about 60 to 125 miles from a broadcasting station; for greater distances it diminishes, but then increases again with distance, and has repeated maxima and minima for greater distances. There are two readily distinguishable kinds of fading—a fairly slow and a relatively rapid fluctuation.'"

BOMBARDING THE EARTH

OUR WORLD IS BEING BOMBARDED day and night—three hundred and sixty-five days in a year, avers Charles Nevers Holmes, in *The Guide to Nature* (Sound Beach, Conn.). It is not a difficult object to hit, he goes on; its surface contains one hundred and ninety-seven million square miles, and the attraction of gravity draws projectiles to it. Our earth speeds through space, on its revolution around the sun, about eighteen and one-half miles per second and, if a projectile comes close enough to us, that projectile will certainly strike our world. Proceeds Mr. Holmes:

"Our planet revolves around and around the sun on an orbit five hundred and eighty-four million miles in length. Everywhere along this terrestrial orbit there are innumerable projectiles called aerolites. Most of these aerolites are tiny, and some of them are large. However, each of them is a projectile which may bombard our world. They consist usually of stone, but sometimes of nearly pure iron alloyed with nickel. An enormous number of aerolites strike our earth's atmosphere daily, between ten and twenty millions. They bombard the terrestrial atmosphere with a velocity of ten to thirty miles per second, with an average speed of twenty-five miles."

But if the thought of these millions of mysterious projectiles constantly rushing at us from outer space arouses a feeling of alarm, Mr. Holmes's next words tend to reassure us:

"Why do so few aerolites reach our world's surface? Around that surface, protecting it, there is an atmosphere approximately three hundred miles in height. The higher part of this atmosphere is very thin, but the lower part becomes denser and denser. Accordingly, when an aerolite bombards our earth with a velocity of twenty-five miles per second, the terrestrial atmosphere offers more and more resistance. Therefore heat results and the aerolite burns up. We happen to be watching the darkened heavens and see a sudden, bright flash. That flash is caused by a burning aerolite. And we often exclaim, 'Oh, there's a shooting-star!'

"When such a 'shooting-star' passes through the atmosphere and reaches the ground, it is sometimes called a 'meteorite.' This meteorite is sometimes a single piece, but usually it is broken into fragments. These fragments weigh from a few grains to several hundred pounds. Most museums and universities possess collections of fallen aerolites. In external appearance, such aerolites exhibit, as a rule, a thin black crust formed by the fusion of its surface. As we should expect, the initial high velocity of a meteorite would be decreased by the atmospheric resistance. It would strike the ground with comparatively low speed. However, were an aerolite, weighing only a hundred pounds, to hit our home, there is no doubt that we should know that 'something had happened.'

"Occasionally our world is bombarded by what is called a 'meteoric shower.' That is, we see, around certain dates, a greater number of 'shooting-stars.' These meteoric showers are given certain names; for example, the *Perseids*, in August, and the *Leonids* and *Andromedes*, in November. In fact, one of the most remarkable 'showers' which ever occurred was that of the

Leonids on November 12, 1883. This meteoric exhibition was described thus:

"'The sky was as full of them as it ever is of snowflakes in a storm.'

"Such heavier bombardments of our earth are caused by its meeting with a 'swarm' of aerolites and, inasmuch as this 'swarm' follows an orbit around the sun, our world passes through it at a certain time in the year. However, the time may vary somewhat, and the meteoric exhibition may be more conspicuous one year than it is the next year.

"It is indeed fortunate that our world is surrounded by an atmosphere. Otherwise, we would be startled or injured continually by meteoric projectiles. We should have to dwell, like cavemen, underground, or else to build our homes protected beneath coverings strong enough to resist the incessant bombardment of our earth."

THE CHANGED OUTLOOK IN MEDICINE

IS MEDICINE A SCIENCE or an art? Both, replied Dr. William Allen Pusey, of Chicago, in his presidential address before the Institute of Medicine, printed as a leading article in *The Journal of the American Medical Association* (Chicago). Those who would emphasize either phase at the other's expense are making a mistake, Dr. Pusey thinks. He gives it as his opinion that it is difficult to achieve success in both at once; the great research man is rarely a good practitioner, and vice versa. But that is no reason why the practising expert should look down on the laboratory worker, or why the latter should believe that in investigation lies the whole value of modern medicine. Both medical science and medical practise have made huge strides in the past forty years, Dr. Pusey points out. They should continue to advance side by side. He says:

"Forty years ago was the time of great transition in medicine. The knowledge of the microbic origin of infectious diseases had worked its revolution; the older generation in medicine was trying to square itself with these new ideas; the newer generation was laying the foundation, through its knowledge of bacteriology, for the magnificent developments that we have seen. Of course, we have appropriated to our uses the great increase in knowledge in all sciences, and all of this goes into the reckoning; but the new knowledge of bacteriology was the great stimulus. The change it produced represented an actual revolution in our concepts of disease, quite like that, I imagine, which has occurred in physics and chemistry in the last thirty years from the new knowledge of radiant energy. With our new knowledge of medicine we have gone far in the last forty years. It would have been a disgrace to us if we had not, for medicine, as every profession worthy of the name, must be capable of utilizing all advancements in knowledge.

"The dominant conception forty years ago, I should say, was the importance of the practise of medicine. That was regarded as the reason for our existence. If my memory serves me right, there was not the same persistent tendency to emphasize the scientific functions of medicine. There was a feeling that the important thing in medicine was to know your own business, and that cultural things were of secondary importance.

"These attitudes led to deficiencies in certain ways. There was a less critical scientific spirit. But they also fostered certain very important qualities. They put the emphasis on medicine's business of practical service; they tended to orient physicians properly in their relations to society.

"If any men were ever fortunate in their time, we physicians of the last forty years have been fortunate in ours. We have reaped the rewards of the revolution that followed the great increase in knowledge. As a result of that, we have reaped several other great rewards: The great increase in the active interest of mankind in general in health and, therefore, in medicine's problems; the stimulus of this popular support; and the favor of philanthropy. The great fact of the present day, fundamental in its effect on our position, is the gospel of health. The widespread interest in health has influenced medicine essentially in the way in which money and other support have poured in for its purposes; for medical education, for research, and for all activities for protection of health and relief of physical suffering.

"We have been making good use of the unprecedented opportunities which this new attitude of society has given us. But in the flush of opulence and success there is no state of mind so difficult to maintain or so necessary for future success as humility. *And I believe there are several matters in which we are showing* undue exaltation and a failure to appraise ourselves in proper proportions.

"One of the most surprizing illustrations of this is the frequent references that one sees to the present period 'as the time since medicine has become a science.' These references imply that the only state of knowledge worthy of being called science is that at which we, in our particularly fortunate day, have arrived. Of course, science is nothing of the sort.

"The term science is used properly in two senses: as the accumulated body of knowledge and as the spirit that has gained it. We, at the present time, have no monopoly of either. Science is not the particular state of knowledge of any particular time. It is the state of knowledge and of its spirit at any time. In these proper senses science—especially medical science—is no more something new than is philosophy or religion, or, indeed, civilization itself.

"Medicine had accumulated an enormous amount of exact scientific knowledge when in chemistry the elements were earth, air, fire, and water. Indeed, physics and chemistry are infants compared with the science of medicine.

"Another false appraisement is that medicine is wholly a science and not also an art. Medicine's business is only in part with science. Science's concern is with facts and their interpretation. Medicine, on the other hand, is very much concerned with the practical application of facts. Its proper business is the *relief and prevention of suffering. It is medicine's business to* help mankind."

It is not simply a matter of academic interest to point out these false values, Dr. Pusey asserts. False values are always dangerous; they lead to false practical attitudes, to false steps. Many of the small group that have this attitude are at the source of supply of medical graduates and in our institutions of research. The ideals of this group are academic ideals; research and scholarship are to them the end of medicine. He goes on:

"I think it is not unfair to say that, perhaps unwittingly, there has been too much insistence on one policy in medicine; on one pattern in the organization of medical education and research; on one sort of man, of one sort of training. It is better for medicine, as for men, to work out its salvation in its own ways, even to the extent of having to profit by its own mistakes.

"There is nothing to be said against research and scholarship as representing the finest forms of intellectual activity. But as vocations they are for the few. With all that can be said for them, they are not the end of life. The end of life is action. As Mr. Dooley has said, there may be such a thing 'as making us too refined for this burly world.'

"It is well to remember, for another reason, that medicine is not in position intelligently to ignore the knowledge it has gained from crude experience. The art of medicine has necessarily always gone faster than the science. And most of medicine's knowledge of how to help disease has been gotten empirically. We have added enormously to our ability to prevent and cure disease in the last forty years, but even yet many of our useful remedies are the result of plain empiricism. Our knowledge of the usefulness of cod-liver oil probably goes back to some Scandinavian fisherman, and we have just learned something definite of the reasons for it. Quinine and mercury have worked immeasurable benefits to man. The knowledge of them goes back certainly to the dark ages of medicine. We do not even yet know how they work. Medicine is in part a science; it is also an art that uses science as far as it can, but uses useful facts regardless of their origin.

"The competent physician must be a man who, with a background of science, practises an art with skill that he has gotten through technical training. But the science of medicine is not to be emphasized with him and the art minimized.

"Experience must make us face this fact, that very great devotion to science and scholarship is apt to be at the expense of practical skill. Let any one run over in his mind the most learned men in medicine that he has known and see how few of them compare in the art of practise with other men who have put the emphasis of their endeavors on the art of medicine.

"'There is one glory of the sun, and another glory of the moon, and another glory of the stars; for one star differeth from another star in glory.' What I would point out is that we should follow the scriptural wisdom of appreciating the glory of them all; that science has not all of it; and that in emphasizing it at the expense of the art we are cultivating a false sense of values."

RADIO SHADOWS

SHORT RADIO-WAVES are similar to light in that they cast shadows behind buildings, or even men. These short waves are being employed in experiments that promise to open a new era in wireless, particularly in communication with airplanes, we are told in a leading article in *Popular Mechanics* (Chicago, January). The waves are so short that they bring home the point, which engineers have often tried in vain to emphasize, that radio is only another form of light, and not a brother of sound. We read:

"Five-meter waves are being used in the experiments conducted by the General Electric laboratory at Schenectady, and, despite the fact that they are giants compared with light-waves, the two act very much the same. The average visible light-wave is only about one-fifty-thousandth of an inch in length, but, tho it would take nearly 10,000,000 of them, placed end to end, to equal one five-meter wave, the radio signals of that length emulate light by traveling in a straight line as well as by being blocked when they meet a hill, a house, or any other obstruction.

"The radio-waves used in ordinary broadcasting rarely cast shadows, because of their great length. There are occasional exceptions, as when a near-by mass of metal, such as a gas-holder, will block reception from a broadcasting station on its other side. The long waves bend as a rule around very large objects, just as visible light-waves may be bent around atoms. On the basis of their comparative size, a house or office building is no more to the long radio-wave than an atom to the fifty-thousandth of an inch light-wave.

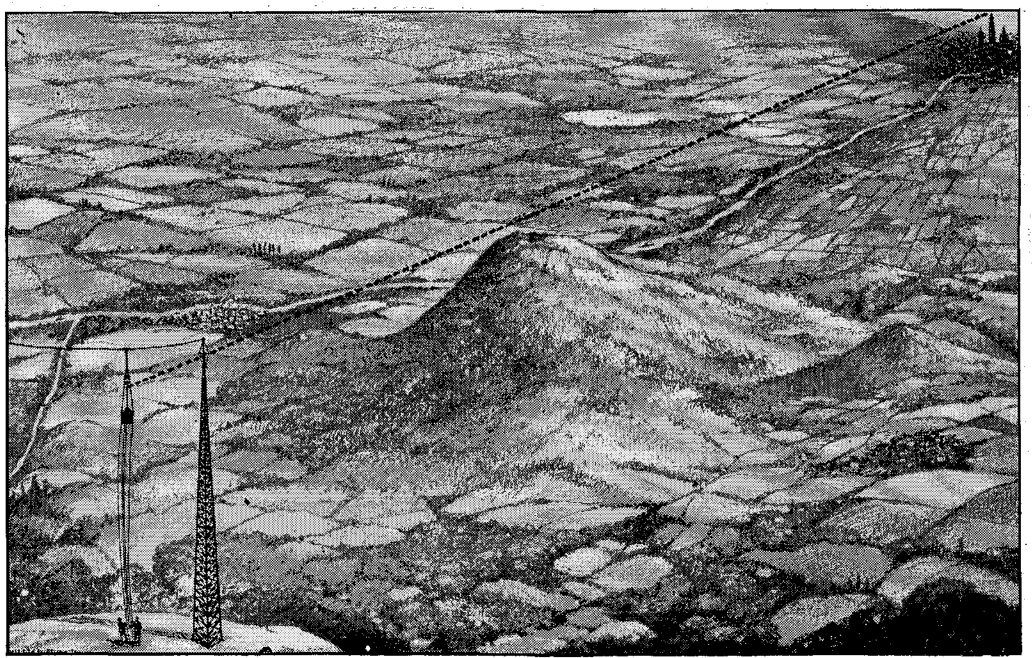
"Because of their straight-line propagation and the shadow effect of interfering objects, unusual arrangements were necessary in the experiments with the five-meter waves. The transmitter, instead of being housed in a building or placed on the ground, was swung on the air from the top of a 300-foot aerial mast at Schenectady. An endless rope, running over a pulley on the condenser dial, made tuning possible from the ground, operating much like a chain hoist. The small output meter, fixt to the antenna, was read from the ground through a surveyor's transit. Wires dangling from the transmitter connected to the current supply on the ground.

"The receiver used was a miniature 'ham' set, consisting of regenerative detector and one audio amplifier. No antenna was necessary at the receiving end, for the phone cords furnished wire to pick up sufficient energy. The tiny grid-tuning coil contained but five turns of wire, a half-inch in diameter, and the tickler coil was a quarter-inch long and a quarter-inch in diameter, inside of the grid coil. Two very small condensers were used, and to keep the leads short, they were placed as close as possible together. They were so close, in fact, that, in order to use standard-size vernier dials, extension shafts were necessary. The condensers were placed at an angle to each other and a false end was built in the receiver cabinet to accommodate the angle of the dials.

"Tests were first made over a distance of thirty miles. On top of a hill, with a clear 'line of vision' to the transmitter, the signals came loud and clear, but as the portable receiver was carried down the far side of the hill and passed out of the straight-wave range, the signals faded and disappeared.

"Following a survey of topographical maps for the country from Schenectady to New York City, arrangements were made to place the receiver on top of the Woolworth Building, as the survey showed that, from its great height on lower Manhattan Island, the transmitter atop its 300-foot mast at Schenectady would have an unobstructed path for the radio-waves, passing over the Catskill foothills.

"The short waves used have extremely high frequencies, a five-meter signal representing approximately 60,000,000 cycles a second. A four-meter wave would have a frequency of 75,000,000 cycles. In the 15,000,000-cycle space between four and five meters, every radio station now in use—amateur, naval, broadcasting and commercial—might be operated without interference from overlapping signals. It is that enormous number of possible wave channels in the low waves that promises to revolutionize wireless. Experience has shown that a separation of at least 10,000 cycles is necessary between near-by stations. On that basis there are between 200 and 550 meters—the broadcast wave-band—only some ninety possible wave channels, tho they cover a 350-meter band, while the single one-meter band between four and five meters contains 1,500 wave channels."



Courtesy of *Popular Mechanics*

DEMONSTRATING THE KINSHIP BETWEEN RADIO AND LIGHT

Like light-waves, short radio-waves are propagated in straight lines, and an interfering object produces an effect analogous to the casting of a shadow. The illustration shows how a transmitter at the top of a 300-foot mast on a high hill near Schenectady, New York, will have a "clear line of vision" to a receiver on top of the Woolworth Building, New York City.

OCEAN A NATURAL QUARANTINE—How smallpox has been kept away from Australia by the accident of her being far away from the rest of the world, is explained in a study of recent statistics of this disease published by the American Association for Medical Progress, in New York City. Dr. E. E. Free explains in his *Week's Science* (New York):

"Smallpox usually requires about twelve days to develop in the body of a person who has been infected. This gives time enough to travel between Europe and America, for example, before realizing that one has the disease. Accordingly, smallpox passes the usual quarantine barriers and has spread throughout all the larger continents. In Australia, however, the long ship journey between this continent and other centers of population gives time for the infection to appear on shipboard, to be recognized and quarantined. This time-barrier around the continent has operated, the Association states, to protect Australia very largely against this extremely infectious disease. For other parts of the world, the Association urges, the only protection is compulsory vaccination of the entire population. A statistical comparison shows that in American States where vaccination is in any degree voluntary the smallpox cases between 1921 and 1926 averaged 102 for each 100,000 of population, while in States in which compulsory vaccination is enforced rigidly only between nine and ten cases occurred in proportion to the same population during the same period."

LETTERS AND ART

LITERATURE DRAMA MUSIC FINE-ARTS EDUCATION CULTURE

THESE BE THE PLAYERS AT HOME

WRITERS HAVE BECOME SO FRANK IN THESE days with their own and other people's personalities in autobiographical revealings that no cause for reprisal should be found if fiction and drama employ the same means. A play now running under the title of "The Royal Family" was presaged as a "lampoon" on the Barrymore family. Certainly it is not hard to see that the House of Drew and Barrymore furnished some material for this charming play of stage people. Those whose memories go back to the days of the elder Mrs. John Drew will delight in the reincarnation Miss Haidee Wright gives, perhaps unconsciously, to the admired veteran of old days. Mr. Hammond of *The Herald Tribune* gave a definition to the charge of lampoon in saying that "the comedy has in common with the life facts of the First Family only the similarity that it pictures a domestic group made up of successful actors." Echoing the phrase in the same paper, Mr. Richard Watts, Jr., enlarges it to explain that—

DEDICATING THE YOUNGEST

Haidee Wright as *Fannie Cavendish* in "The Royal Family," invokes the spirit of Sir Aubrey before his portrait.

"The doughty *Cavendish* circle is composed of old *Fannie Cavendish*, a gorgeous emblem of the stage's past; her brother, *Herbert Dean*, a once distinguished actor, gone into an unwilling decline and handicapped by his perpetual ingénue wife; the ancient *Fannie's* daughter, *Julie*, the premier lady star of her day; and her daughter, the revolting *Gwen*, and *Julie's* brother, *Tony*, who had lamentably gone Hollywood.

"The essential idea of 'The Royal Family' is merely to show this charming family of delightful maniacs, representing all ages and traditions of the stage; with the older generation revering the annals of Thespis ecstatically and the younger protesting hatred for them. Yet, at the end, the newer group, with all its plans to break away from the theater is brought back, still protesting, into its grip. And when the baby daughter of *Gwen* is dedicated to the drama just as the ancient *Fannie* dies, as she should die—in the center of the stage—you realize that the *Cavendishes* must go on forever. Thus, tho 'The Royal Family' frequently lampoons the idiosyncrasies of actors, it can be just as sentimental about players as the next one.

"Tho the comedy is but slightly interested in plot, it offers you the members of the *Cavendish* family in something like the following predicaments: the older generation, represented by *Fannie* and *Herbert* are enthusiastic to carry on their careers, tho handicapped by, respectively, advanced age and a declassée histrionism; while the gorgeous *Julie* and her daughter long to give up careers for matrimony, and the volatile *Tony* assures you that he would rather pass ten minutes in Chartres Cathedral than twenty years starring.

"Yet in the end you will find all the family discussing plans for continuing their careers, while the business men who would marry into the group and carry the younger pair away from the drama's clutches are left languishing, unnoticed, in a corner.

"The acting, as has already been suggested, is admirable. The finest rôle, that of the *Cavendish* grandmother, is played with a gorgeous relish by the splendid Haidee Wright. Many of the scenes are but monologs for Miss Wright, and her rather elocutionary methods of acting fit in beautifully with the part of the old-school star. . . .

"Altho 'The Royal Family' employs the Barrymores merely as a sort of free start for a romantic and yet satirical picture of stage people at home, it is so charmingly done that you feel all the Barrymores should be delighted that their names are coupled with this delightful play."

From somewhere the idea now and then crops up that plays about the theater are not successful, that people prefer their illusions about player folk unspoiled by any revelations either in seriousness or satire. This is, of course, forgetting the evergreen "Trelawney of the Wells," the more musty "David Garrick," the intriguing "Six Characters in Search of an Author," or the up-to-date "Butter and Egg Man." The concocter of the last named, George S. Kaufman, associating with Edna Ferber and abetted by that wizard producer, Jed Harris, are responsible for "The Royal Family," which Mr. Burns Mantle, of *The Daily News*, declares "was written to order" for New York. "If it does not thrill other audiences in other towns," he says, "then there is no hope for the play about players. For this is one of the best of the lot." Particularizing:

"The best of them because it not only projects the actor as the play follower visions him but humanizes him as the theater must humanize him if he is to live in the theater as a character in a play.

"'The Royal Family' is the story of the *Cavendishes*, four or five generations of whom have played to American audiences, and countless generations of whom served as lackeys and kings and cardinals on the stages that knew young Roscius as a star.

"They are a lovable, shiftless, heroic, exasperating, loyal, irresponsible tribe of trouping vagabonds come to a fine house in the East Fifties and billion-dollar picture contracts in Hollywood.

"They act on and off. They dramatize their entrances and their exits. They are fired by great enthusiasms and supported by no sense at all. They fatten on the foods that feed the vanity, and often suffer much from shooting pains in the vicinity of the ego.

"But when they parade on actors' strike days, the town stops working and stands at the curbs to cheer them. And when they manage to mold their personalities into the creations that sensitive and fine playwrights provide for them, they themselves become creative, and the world, pursuing happiness, catches up with it most frequently in their company.

"Specifically 'The Royal Family' is a series of such incidents as might happen to such a family of favorite players if the grandmother had reached eighty and was ready, but not willing, to retire.

"If the mother was nearing forty and hungering a little for the peace and quiet of the domestic dramas she has played so often.

"If the son and brother was sick of the pictures that were making him rich, and ready to fight directors and the world at large for a few months' freedom.

"And if the granddaughter was openly rebellious and determined to marry her bond boy, even if it did cost her a *Cavendish* career.

"They get as far as having a try at all these adventures. But they come back again to the stage center, which is the center of life for them, in the end.

"And tho their best scenes are a little detached, they play them so humanly and with such fine theatrical effect that they are genuinely holding.

"We who have something of the theater urge build up our own interest in the players and our own pictures of them as they live. It is, we imagine, a general interest. But no play about the actors has ever proved that it is. So we shall watch 'The Royal Family' with particular interest."

One paragraph from Mr. Woollcott, of *The World*, may be cited to show that the urge for identifications is wide-spread:

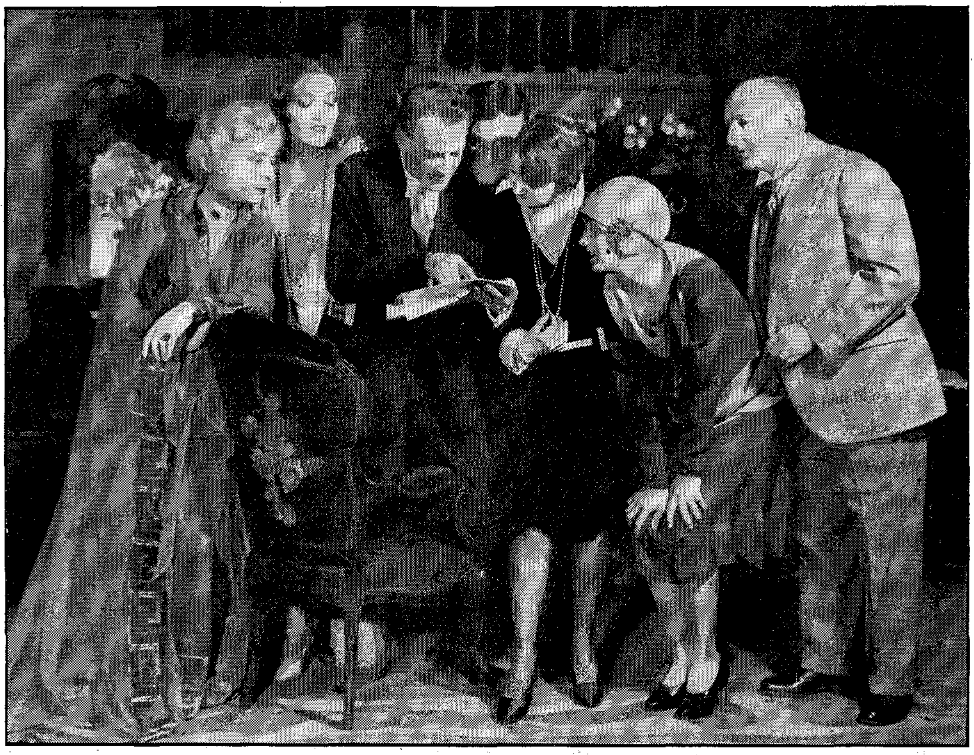
"Certainly there is more than a faint resemblance between Ethel Barrymore, for instance, and the grand and gallant and generous lady who bears the name of *Julie Cavendish*. To the extent that, consciously or unconsciously, Miss Barrymore inspired this play, I think she is to be congratulated this morning. For in all the days since she has queened it in the American theater no poet and no painter has tossed her a lovelier nosegay than 'The Royal Family.' . . . The audience that sits down before 'The Royal Family' is often weak with laughter at the unbelievable preposterousness of the great tribe that frets and struts through the turmoil of the House of Cavendish. And if at times the eyes in that audience seem to glisten it may be only a reflection, for the play does shine with the ancient and still untarnished glamour of the stage."

After a week's reflection, Mr. Atkinson writes in *The Sunday Times:*

"When one writes a comedy about the most brilliant family of actors in America, one should logically subpena the most brilliant family to play it. Generally, as in this instance, one can do no such thing, for actors have their self-respect as well as their contracts and engagements. Accordingly, Mr. Harris has cast his drama with an intelligent band of actors who play well, altho not always in the proper key. One can surrender to the charm and dignity of Haidee Wright as the venerable *Cavendish* without believing that her interpretation of the rôle fits the lines. One can admire Ann Andrew's conscientious, thorough acting of *Julie Cavendish* without considering her supremely well cast in the part. As *Tony Cavendish*, the harum-scarum wastrel, Otto Kruger plays the most galvanic part for every ounce of humor; he is immense. Sylvia Field, Jefferson De Angelis and Orlando Daly keep their parts in true focus. Only flatulent old sciolists would be tiresome enough to quibble over the performance. 'The Royal Family' is quite delightful enough as it is."

A GERMAN BOW TO FRANCE

THAT MEN DO NOT SEE eye to eye in Germany comes out recently in the German attitude toward France. In our issue for January 7 we reported some remarks of the German novelist, Lion Feuchtwanger, to the effect that Germany was turning away from French books in favor of English. It may have been a flattering gesture to the English whom the German was then visiting. Another German writer, Mr. Cohen-Portheim, has written a book, "The French Spirit and Europe," lauding the French spirit and proclaiming France the future savior of Europe. This tribute is naturally grateful to Frenchmen, and in the *Journal des Débats* (Paris) we read a summary of the German argument by Maurice Muret, pointing out "the crisis," amounting almost to an "eclipse," now undergoing by the "European mind, especially in its aspect of the Western mind." Two "onslaughts" are responsible for this—"the American and the Oriental onslaught"; but the menace from the East is declared the more dangerous. These "onslaughts" have been noticeable from the eve of the war (i.e., 1914) and have "raged with greater intensity since its conclusion." The Russian Revolution, "which made of Bolshevism the paradoxical and bloody ideal of a whole nation of rebels struck Western ideas another telling blow." Russia instead of France became "the motherland of the Rights of Man." But even Russia has not quite satisfied the "intellectual aristocracy" of Europe. The writer distinguishes:



TONY CAVENDISH BRINGS THE FAMILY INTO LINE

By showing the script of a new play, husbands are forgotten and the stage reasserts its hold over recalcitrants as well as devotees. Haidee Wright stands at the extreme left and Jefferson De Angelis at the right.

"It may be, as some affirm, that the communism of Bolshevism is in its essence an Asiatic doctrine. It may be that the peoples of the Far East like to hear it preached because it does not sound like a foreign doctrine to their ears.

"Yet Bolshevism up to now has not been Oriental enough in its aspects to suit certain Europeans from Europe who are in violent revolt with the beliefs in which they were reared.

"We can distinguish in Germany—the center from which the movement has spread irremediable evil throughout Central Europe—a futile enough snobbishness which consists in exalting Oriental thought and Asiatic ideas at the expense of European ideas—Greco-Roman classicism, Catholic and reformed Christianity, etc.

"Count Keyserling's book, which is otherwise captivating, will remain as the most marked witness to this spiritual revolt.

"This revolt was due to many causes, but above all, so it seems, to the profound annoyance felt by the élite of the German race at seeing Germany defeated on the battle-fields by those Westerners whom she treated as inferiors, and from whom she declared she had nothing to learn. And far from being convinced of the worth of Western ideas by the result of the war, she became more disdainful than ever.

"She stubbornly persisted in scorning the French and English democracies, and for some time past she affects to go to Mohammedan, Buddhist, and Brahmanist societies to ask for political and moral instruction.

"In other quarters this snobbishness is already in disrepute. The best minds of Austria and Germany are beginning to understand that it is not from the Far East that the healing of Europe can be expected. The recovery of Europe is essentially a European problem. The principal problem to be presented is to know whether the Europeans have sufficient perspicacity, energy and self-control left in order to reascend from the depths into which the catastrophe of 1914–1918 plunged them."

"Yes," is the reply to this question by the German sociologist and philosopher, Paul Cohen-Portheim. "Certainly, Europe can recover, but only by uniting, and even by uniting more closely in an intellectual and moral communion." From now on Mr. Muret becomes his interpreter:

"M. Cohen-Portheim would willingly say, as M. Briand, Count Coudenhoven and some others have stated, namely, 'we must learn to speak in the European language.'

"Which is all very well, if you wish, but what is the European language, where is it spoken, and who will teach it to the astonished and grateful nations?

"M. Paul Cohen-Portheim does not hesitate on this any more than on any of the other problems. The European language, says he, is the French. And it is France, or more exactly, it is Paris which once again forges on its venerable anvil-block the European ideal. It is Paris who will spread it, and who will, if this ideal be applied, remedy an almost desperate situation.

"'One swallow does not make the spring,' said Prince von Bülow, not long ago in the tribune of the Reichstag. Unfortunately, these words must be borne in mind in reading the German book to which we refer. ["The French Spirit and Europe".]

"None the less it deserves to be taken notice of by the French public and to be kindly commented upon. M. Cohen-Portheim places at the service of a generously cosmopolitan ideal a vast learning, a very sure taste and a fertile imagination, one which is sensible to the purest forms of spiritual, moral, and plastic beauty.

"Some arguments, with which he supports his theses—for he has the redoubtable systematic mind—will appear less convincing to his readers than to himself. We doubt particularly whether they will succeed in making an impression upon his German readers. However, his theories are confidently formulated and aim at so high an end that one is inclined to weigh his reasoning processes favorably, and even the hair-splitting which serve for his proof.

"M. Cohen-Portheim lays down in part that France is indeed the most Latin of the Latin nations, and even that she can not be explained except by her Latinism, or, if you so prefer, by her classicism. This temperate genius, an enemy of extremes, this rationalism for which the human being is the measure of all, this latent sensuality which makes of Frenchmen an artist nation among all other nations and which goes, moreover, hand in hand with a praiseworthy family sentiment—what is all this if not the intellectual patrimony of Athens and Rome modeled, among a great people, on the conditions of modern life? But on these classic foundations, Germanism—another vital element in European civilization—has embroidered from time to time salutary arabesques. Gothic architecture in the Middle Ages, literary romanticism during the first half of the nineteenth century were German movements. They enriched French genius, but only in a transitory manner. France, in her best moments, is classic. Its naturalistic literature in the second half of the last century signifies a return, in other respects a triumphant return, to the classic tradition. Man as he really is then became again the measure of everything and, specially, in the literary field. . . .

"But do not presume to discover in the naturalistic literature symptoms of decadence and degeneracy! France is healthy, morally, spiritually, and even politically. From every point of view she is to be relied upon. She will not fail more to-morrow in her European task than she has failed in it."

M. Cohen-Portheim is described as an admirer of Napoleon, who realized "the necessity of forming a great family of the European nations." But in trying to extend the Empire of Charlemagne to embrace the Empire of Alexander the Great, he "aroused the anger of Great Britain, who overthrew him," and his fall left behind "the poison of nationalism." Further:

"M. Cohen-Portheim is severe with nationalism, which is in other respects much more a legacy of the Revolution than of the Empire, but because France breaks loose from it, she receives his friendship and his admiration.

"The European nations have become too small and the nations outside Europe which threaten her too numerous and too strong to permit the purely nationalistic doctrine which existed prior to the war to exist without an element of danger. 'The miracle of the Gothic,' must, according to our German philosopher, renew itself and even spread itself.

"Finally, it is necessary that not only France and Germany collaborate in forming the European genius of to-morrow, but also the Slavs, who for over a century have entered the Western spheres. We must tear them also from the Orient. More directly threatened than Germany by the Oriental mirage, they have felt its deceptive attraction even more strongly. We must again win them over for the West.

"France will accomplish this mission, thanks to Paris. It is said that Paris is not France, but Paris, observes M. Cohen-Portheim, is better still than France, it is Paris, therefore, it is the world. The genius of Paris is indeed in all respects that of France since all that there is of autochthonous in Paris is freely 'the right milieu' temperate and average. The Isle of France itself is a synthesis, a country where the location is gracious, discreet, with nothing excessive.

"Peoples of all races from the four corners of the globe flock with an ardor, which has become unrestrained since the wars, into the assuredly charming altho somewhat cosmopolitan capital of this delightful country.

"In the so perfectly intellectual atmosphere of this great city they unconsciously pave the way for the spiritual renovation, from which perhaps will come the saving of the world.

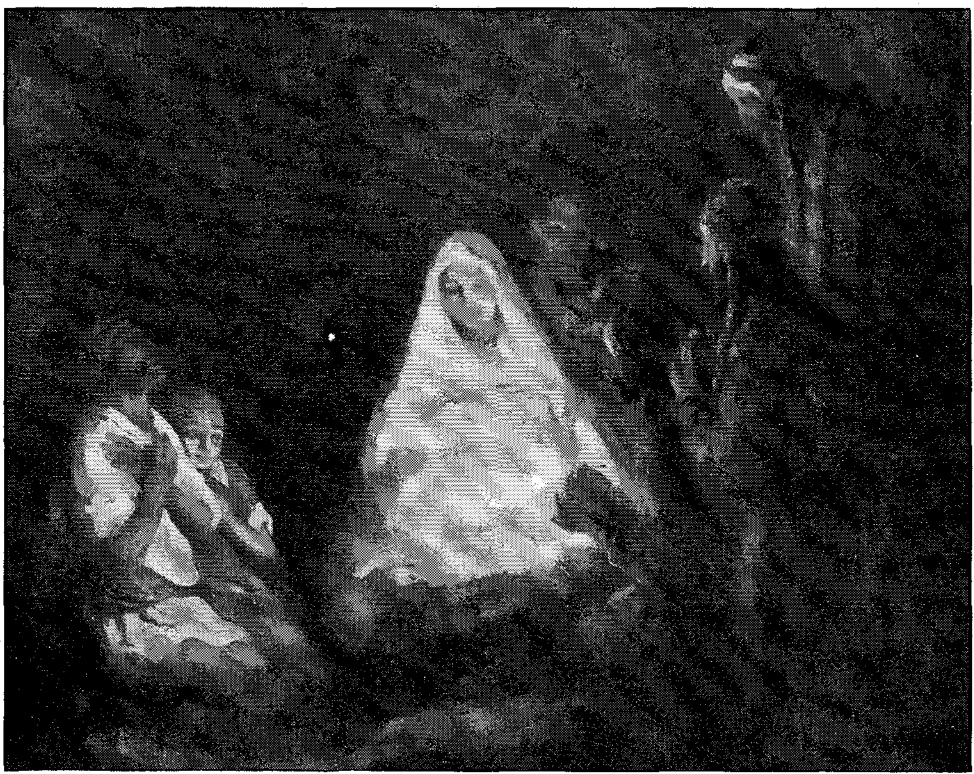
"As Count Coudenhoven, M. Cohen-Portheim does not count at all upon the English to fashion the European spirit. They form more and more, he observes, a nation apart, but the Germans, the Slavs and the Latins of Europe will ally themselves so as to form the spiritual ramparts destined to preserve them from harmful influences. Once again, this will be accomplished in Paris. Our German philosopher has strong doubts as to whether this internationalism, which he prophesies, will appeal to all the French, and especially as unlikely to appeal to the Parisians. Already the former have it in for their capital for having become so cosmopolitan. 'But what is there to be done?' asks M. Cohen-Portheim. After all, he adds, is it not a task worthy of Paris to add to her glory the rewards of becoming the savior of our ancient civilization?"

THE COVER—The picture on our cover comes from the brush of one of our old friends, Miss Eleanor Abrams of New York, tho a native of Pennsylvania, a pupil of Elliott Dangerfield and Henry B. Snell. Her theme is Bermuda, land toward which many faces are turned, particularly at this season of alternate cold and fogs. Here we see blue skies and a bluer water and a landscape set in the glowing hues of oleander trees, a blossom that with us is only cultivated with hothouse care.

We desire to return to the subject of our cover for the December 31 number, entitled "Up Meeting Street, Charleston." We depended upon information furnished us, which it appears is inaccurate in some respects. So, we gladly make these corrections on information provided by some of our Charleston readers. In the first place, the building in the foreground of the picture is the Hall of the South Carolina Society, originally the French Club, later the Two-Bit Club, and finally chartered in 1751 under its present name. The building dates from 1804 and not from 1760. We are informed that there is no building in Charleston known as the Hall of the Huguenots. A less important matter, perhaps, concerns the "service of altar plate" which was given to St. Michael's Church by Governor Thomas Boone in 1762, and not by George III., then the reigning sovereign, altho it bears the royal arms. If any challenge follows these statements we shall feel obliged to withdraw from the contest of fact.

RELIGIOUS ART IN AMERICA

A MAIDEN CLINGING IN DISTRESS to a cross set up on a crag somehow emerging from dashing waves, and entitled "Rock of Ages," used to hang in a million homes and be "considered the final achievement of religious sentiment in art." Such is the appraisal of American taste of twenty-five years ago by Malcolm Vaughan, who reviewed the field of American religious art for the Christmas number of the New York *Herald Tribune*. Since then we have made progress, as the painting by F. Louis Mora, reproduced here, is evidence. "Instead of melodramas, we now seek spiritual verity. Instead of hysterical tensity, we ask for tranquilized emotion. Instead of conventional posturing, we demand spontaneity and personal conviction." In brief, Mr. Vaughan thinks that "our standard for sacred art has become more civilized." Furthermore, the exhibition of Mr. Mora's picture calls attention to the fact that, "for the third time in our history, American art has given the world a distinguished painting of the Birth of Christ." The first was John Singleton Copley's "Nativity," a product of Colonial times. The next was done about twenty years ago by Violet Oakley, of Philadelphia. Mr. Mora's is the third. Of it Mr. Vaughan writes:



Courtesy of the Grand Central Art Galleries, New York

"THE GREATEST BIRTHDAY"

Mr. F. Louis Mora's picture of the Madonna, which shows that religious art of to-day has become "tranquilized emotion" in place of "hysterical intensity."

"It shows us that while the interpretation of the scene has remained almost the same throughout the ages, the interpretation of the Madonna has changed considerably. The Madonna in art was originally little more than a symbol. Giotto was the first painter to make her a woman. Since then she has become increasingly human. And it is her human, rather than her saintly, aspect that has most deeply moved American artists.

"In Mora's presentation of her she represents the highest type of American motherhood. Yet he has not forgotten to make her universal. He has remembered that the Nativity embodies in a single vivid episode the profoundest experience of women, and embodies the ever renewed racial triumph of birth. Thus he has dreamed of her—and tenderly, intimately, revealed her—as a woman who belongs to the present as much as to the past. He robes her in white, rather than in the customary blue. And tho he brings to her feet the worshiping wise men of the East, with their gifts of gold and frankincense and myrrh, he thinks of her always as a noble woman of the twentieth century—an exalted American mother.

"Art is said to reflect the ideals of a country. That American art has produced but three distinguished paintings of the miraculous origin of Christianity might seem to indicate that we are an irreligious people. But this indication is untrue. To be sure, the Puritans—zealously adhering to the commandment against graven images—were opposed to sacred art. Yet since we became a nation we have always had a noted artist whose ecclesiastical works have contained deep religious import."

Benjamin West painted many Biblical themes, but he is chiefly valued as the father of American art. Copley, Trumbull, Allston, also searched the Scriptures for subjects for their brush, but it was not until John La Farge appeared that a real master entered the American field. He "devoted to religious subjects his best energy and his magnificent learning, imagination, and skill"—

"By his greatness La Farge brought about a renaissance of ecclesiastical art in this country. Since his day American art based on sacred motives—whether in painting, sculpture, or stained glass—has much increased. In quality it has gained a fine and far-reaching spiritual significance.

"Modern religious art in America begins with John La Farge. While yet a young man, La Farge was called to decorate the huge interior of Trinity Church, Boston. It was the first time in this country that the decoration of an entire church had ever been put under the direction of a single mind. The work included the whole interior ornament as well as several colossal paintings. Of the latter, 'Christ and Nicodemus' is probably the most renowned."

Among religious painters living in America to-day, the foremost place is assigned by Mr. Vaughan to Augustus Vincent Tack:

"Tack's exquisite colors—cool roses and refreshing blues—are reminiscent of the late Venetians and linger in the mind like music. To illuminate his pictures he seeks 'the light that never was on land or sea.' His painting of the 'Supper at the House of Matthew,' now hanging in the Metropolitan, shows all the earnestness, all the profound wonder, all the religious feeling which we thought had passed in art with the passing of the age of faith. These exceptional qualities characterize the best of his other sacred works, 'Our Lady of the Everlasting Hills,' in the Phillips Memorial Gallery, Washington; his 'Rosa Mystica,' in the Cleveland Museum; 'Arrival at the Inn on the Road to Emmaus,' in the art gallery of Louisville, and 'Descent from the Cross,' an extraordinary three-panel mural in the Church of St. James, South Deerfield, Massachusetts.

"Among American women who have essayed religious art, Violet Oakley's name leads all the rest. Primarily a mural painter, Miss Oakley has produced few portable pieces; but one of these, her 'Nativity,' has been acclaimed America's finest Madonna. The Virgin, gowned in a robe of Gulf Stream blue, sits majestically before a cradle-like manger in which the Infant lies. Exaltation is in her face—not the exaltation of a saint, but of a mother who has been honored above all other mothers. Her outstretched arms and open hands point downward to the holy Child. A dove rests on her shoulder, and near her knee a young lamb stands. On either side of her may be seen the head of an ox and an ass."

RELIGION-AND-SOCIAL-SERVICE

EDUCATING HONEST DOUBTERS ON PROHIBITION

THERE ARE GOOD PEOPLE WHO DRINK, and all virtue is not confined to the camp of the Prohibitionists, says Stanley High, an ardent dry, in a startlingly frank address in which he advocates in the interest of Prohibition an understanding attitude toward those who are sincerely opposed to it. This is the attitude he would adopt toward the younger generation especially, since the case of Prohibition among them "is only weakened by those who go bombasting about as tho every individual who did not believe in the Eighteenth Amendment were a besotted degenerate. Among the leadership group of our young people the doubts about Prohibition are honest doubts and must be handled on that basis." Mr. High, who is Assistant Secretary of the Methodist Episcopal Board of Foreign Missions, is himself a member of the younger bloc of voters, and it is their point of view he was expressing at the recent meeting of the Anti-Saloon League in Washington. He is not so sure that they will hold the dry convictions of their elders. "So far as to-morrow's drys are concerned," he says, "I think our cocksureness needs a little of the tempering salt of caution." It is important to know that to-day's congresses will be dry, and, says this young leader, "it is just as important to inquire what sort of congresses are likely to be elected by the voters of to-morrow." If present tendencies continue, he believes the congresses of to-morrow will be wet. The prevailing attitude of indifference or opposition on the part of the younger people, says Mr. High, arises, in part, from the fact that their experience does not include the conditions that made drys of their parents, and, he declares very frankly:

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"MANY GOOD PEOPLE DRINK"

Says Stanley High, a dry, and Prohibition "is only weakened by those who go bombasting about as tho every individual who did not believe in the Eighteenth Amendment were a besotted degenerate."

"High-pressure damnation of the saloon produces about the same effect among them as a fire and brimstone description of hell. Neither seems real enough to be threatening. Prohibition presents a problem to youth of which they have seen but one side. If there were no Eighteenth Amendment or Volstead Law, we would probably have little difficulty recruiting to-morrow's drys. If pre-Prohibition conditions prevailed, the very honesty of vast numbers of these doubting young people would make them ardent anti-wets. As it is we are obliged to ask them to save the nation from an evil of which—thanks to an even partially enforced law—they have never had a life-sized glimpse.

"Again, this doubt about Prohibition springs from the widespread conviction that the methods by which the law has been maintained have threatened to establish evils greater than those which it was designed to destroy. I am not endorsing this conviction, but only repeating it. Prohibitionists act—say these young people—as tho there were only one issue before the American people; as tho, in fact, it were safe to compromise on other issues in order to advance the interests of this particular one. They point, as I have heard them do, to such nefarious organizations as the Ku Klux Klan. They insist that the Klan raises issues even more serious than the Eighteenth Amendment. And yet—so they allege—the Klan, because it is said to be dry, has won a measure of dry tolerance. A greater evil has been accepted in exchange for a lesser good. It is largely because of this belief, whether right or wrong, that the same youthful crusaders who are in the forefront of the movements for world peace, racial justice, and industrial democracy are in doubt about Prohibition."

How educate them to it? In the first place, says Mr. High, a program to enlist to-morrow's drys must be honest. "So far as they are concerned," he asserts, "it would be infinitely preferable to accept defeat for the Prohibition Law than for Prohibition forces to be a party to the election of doubtfully honest men to office." In the second place, says Mr. High, the young people would insist on an open-minded method, and he cites as "one of the most healthful influences for Prohibition" the publication of the report of the Federal Council of Churches on Prohibition. He says "it exerted a significant influence among young people because it provided the spectacle of a dry organization admitting the existence of another side of the question." Finally if young people are to be enlisted they "must be convinced that Prohibition, rather than its opposite, represents liberalism; that the banner of freedom, at the head of the wet parade, is patriotic blasphemy; that the dry movement, if it is not now, can become a genuine crusade against the most intolerant of all exploiters of human life." But that conviction, says this young dry leader, can hardly be established "by insisting that to drink, however moderately, is to commit a personal sin. Too many genuinely good people, at home and abroad, do drink to lend strength to that argument." If the case for Prohibition can not be made out on the basis of personal moral delinquency, it can be established, believes Mr. High, on the basis of social responsibility, and he goes on:

"It should be demonstrable that alcohol, in our complex civilization, is too highly explosive to be in general use. I suppose there was a time when the possession of side arms was considered the inalienable right of every free-born citizen. But even the most respectable of our citizens were finally obliged to surrender the pleasure of carrying a weapon in the interest of society and the peace of those who could not, safely, be entrusted with guns. Recently some blasting operations were in process near my home. Every morning one of the city firemen, especially appointed, appeared at this place to check over the amount of explosives on hand. The city saw to it that sticks of dynamite were not left lying around loose in our neighborhood. And, living near by, I was glad for the precaution. The destructive relationship of liquor to our modern society needs to be more widely understood. When it is, our young people, I believe, will be more ready to give it a wide berth themselves and welcome its abolition as an article of popular commerce.

"To-morrow's drys can be recruited by such a process. Once they are recruited, their capacity for courageous leadership will be quickly proved. But they need to learn, from unassailable data, the conditions that made America dry; they need to be convinced that Prohibition is not an obstacle but rather a bulwark to every movement that is genuinely liberal; they need to see that the dry cause, concerned with a moral issue, endorses only moral procedure. And most of all they need to understand that the kingdom of heaven can never be finally established in the midst of a booze-ridden world."

This is "honest talk," comments the Buffalo *Courier-Express;* but "what a jar such a speech must have caused among drys who believe that they are divinely appointed to destroy alcohol as a source of sin!" The Detroit *Free Press* observes:

"If, instead of resenting and contradicting a friendly warning from a man who is in a position to know something about sentiment among the young people of the United States, the league heads and policy-makers will take Mr. High's words to heart and profit by them, they will be performing a valuable service to their organization and to the cause it represents. The people of the United States have their limitations, but they are handy at distinguishing between what is genuine and what is spurious when they really address themselves to the task. And they are never going to be roused to enthusiasm over Prohibition by advocates who have a tendency to subject to abuse and misrepresentation any person that disagrees with them, who confuse invective and argument, and who make statements regarding the actual condition of things in this country which are glaringly inaccurate and falsely colored. It is true the bad effect of that sort of thing is partly neutralized because there are wet organizations which use quite as extreme and reprehensible methods on the other side, but that is no reason why the league should be so foolish as to employ them."

Somewhat similarly, the New Haven *Register* says, "if the campaign of the Prohibition forces could be waged on the lines suggested by this advocate of the cause, it would be far more effective. The address made the good points of Prohibition clear, yet did so with due regard to the arguments that exist on the other side and, above all, with due regard to the rights of others to disagree and defend their position without being called criminals and nullifiers." And the Milwaukee *Journal* points out that Mr. High is "not a discredited 'wet,' but an official of the Methodist Church, who is thinking not of the past of the saloon, but of the future of Prohibition. What he charges against the Anti-Saloon League is not met by talking about how good it has been and how all vocations sometimes suffer from moral lapses." Mr. High said things that "should be written in letters a foot high," comments the South Bend *Tribune*, which warns:

"It is up to the leaders of the Anti-Saloon League to decide within the next twelve months whether they are going to change their policies to win the support of the younger generation. If a change is brought about the Anti-Saloon League will be of assistance to the Prohibition cause. If present practises are persisted in, the league will be a detriment, and its dissolution may be in order. Continued support of political candidates who are unworthy of the favor of decent people; continued attempts to force fanatical laws on the American people; in brief, continued practise of bigotry; these are alienating the younger generation and the older generation. Hypocrisy is not a virtue, even when practised by the Anti-Saloon League. We desire and need the Eighteenth Amendment, as every temperance advocate believes, but we also desire and need common sense and decency in law enforcement."

PRAYER

By Anna Hamilton Wood

A LITTLE lifting of the eyes to see,
A little trembling of the heart from shame;
A little softly whispered melody
Around the thought of a dear human name.

A little wishing for a cleaner mind,
A little longing for more tenderness;
A little aching for the way to find
The word to help another in distress.

A little sorrow for the unkind deed,
A little hope for braver days ahead
Always so little—yet what mighty need!
What countless thoughts unvoiced, and prayers unsaid!

—*The Baltimore Southern Methodist.*

WHY THE HOME IS FAILING

THE ALTAR FIRES OF HOME ARE OUT, and they will not be relighted, says one who gives evidence of having had an altar in his own home, unless modern religion adapts itself to the precocity of this generation and develops a technique which the generation of to-day will understand and appreciate. The reason for the extinction of the altar fires which once burned so brightly is suggested by Prof. George Walter Fiske in the question: "Have the craze for pleasure, the prevailing go-fever caused by universal motoring, the bridge-obsession, the wave of extravagance in living, the new type of mother minus the sacrificial heart, the business-slave father (with golf-craze compensations), the inevitable specialization of life, taking out of the home most of its former functions and reducing it sometimes to a mere dormitory and irregular cafeteria (self-serving at that)—have these and other ultra-modern symptoms so denatured our Christian home that the adjective no longer seems appropriate, and even the noun is disappearing?" The question suggests the urgency of a real crisis. Professor Fiske, who holds the chair of religious education in Oberlin College, tells us in *The Christian Century* (Undenominational) what most of us know, that something is happening to the home, but he puts his finger where, perhaps, it will hurt. He points out that the children "are not only barbered, tailored, shod, and doctored by outside experts, when in the homespun days all these wants were attended to at home, rather badly on the whole; they are not only schooled, churched, exercised, and danced, and manually trained outside, to the relief of burdened parents; but their lives are now so fully controlled by outside influences that the home no longer controls their ideals, social standards, moral responsibilities, and religious loyalties, if any." Modern specialization has assigned these functions to outside experts. The same thing is happening to religious functions.

Already, we read, some children, "precociously blasé," are showing signs of this neglect. These indications appear in the modernized church schools, to which the parents have surrendered their religious responsibilities. Professor Fiske gives us these rather terrible illustrations:

"'I'm tired of this Jesus business. Let's have a livelier kind of stories,' was the astonishing remark of an eleven-year-old when a new course of graded lessons was commencing in the fall. 'I've discovered dad is Santa Claus, and the stork, and now I'm going to look into this Jesus Christ affair,' said another emancipated youngster.

"'Why do you come to Sunday-school?' a teacher asked his junior department, hoping to learn their real motives. Various reasons were offered, then one little girl confessed: 'Well, I was home and father came into the kitchen with muddy boots and tracked the floor. Mother jawed him for it and he talked back. Finally mother said to me, "If I had any way of getting out of this place, I surely would. Why don't you go to Sunday-school and get away from it all?" So I did and so I'm here.' Children's uncomplimentary opinions of their parents, and their feelings of genuine grievance and sometimes bitter complaint are freely shared with sympathetic teachers. Many concrete instances might be cited here. Does it not all suggest the need of restoring religion in the modern home? And may it not only be a religion as deep and high as the faith of our fathers, but as broad as the complex social challenge of our own day?"

FOR BETTER CHURCH MUSIC

BETTER ANTHEMS ARE IN DEMAND by a number of choirmasters, which, says G. D. Atkinson, who is himself a choirmaster, is an encouraging sign. He is glad to note that there are at last churches which are becoming tired of cheap "volumes" of anthems, certain monthly choir periodicals and the like, with which, he says, our country has been flooded for years. "Some of this material may occasionally be good," he writes in *The Presbyterian Banner*, "but most of it has pathetically few claims to literary, musical or service value. One would naturally apply such adjectives as 'insipid,' 'catchy,' or, in the case of much of this imported Sunday-school music, frankly 'jazzy.'" And, as Mr. Atkinson notes:

"It is not reasonable to expect that music which is born in such an atmosphere of commercialism, and written by men and women who have such scant claim to ability of any sort, could possibly supply that very necessary atmosphere of devotional uplift that one looks for in the musical part of a church service. And it is increasingly evident that, not only our choirs, but also our congregations, are becoming sensitive to this fact. I am sure, too, that our ministers have long been conscious of a barrenness and ineffectiveness in much of the church music in present-day choir repertories. To make matters worse, many churches have gone through and are now going through a hectic period of trying to put on music that will 'draw.' I received a letter from a good friend of mine the other day, and in it he said: 'The sooner our people wake up to the fact that we should come to church to worship, and not to be entertained, the sooner will they be able to command the attention and respect of the young people they are trying so hard to reach. We can not and should not attempt to compete with other forms of entertainment.' That seems like a searching arraignment and a difficult ideal to reach, but I wonder if he may be right, after all."

Then, says Mr. Atkinson, there is the man in the pew to be reckoned with. Sometimes he likes the best music, and sometimes he prefers a lighter type. But he can usually be depended on to appreciate an honest effort by the choir to have good music, provided it is within their powers and is devotional. Of course, we are told, there are exceptions. Some member of the congregation wants something sweetly sentimental, and says that "what was good enough for his fathers is good enough for him." The joke is that it is not good enough for his fathers, for, Mr. Atkinson tells us, "they had fine Faux Bourdons and Descants and wonderful unisonal hymn singing, and would have held up their hands in holy horror at a lot of our sugary anthem piffle as being absolutely sacrilegious." Mr. Atkinson notes further that many churches are beginning to weary of a certain type of old-fashioned anthems, and are swinging over both to the older school and to the newer school of anthem writing. For instance:

"Anthems by such fine old masters as Palestrina, Purcell, Byrd Boyce, Blow, Crotch, Farrant, Gibbons, Tallis, Tye and Bach, are again coming into marked favor, as also are the works of a number of our modern men, but of these more anon. Writers of the old school, such as the above-mentioned, were not only among the very best musicians who have ever written for the Church, but most of them were connected in some very intimate way with its offices and services. They loved it, and wrote, not 'pot-boilers' for commercial gain, but sincere devotional settings of texts from the Scriptures and well-known hymns. The net result is beautiful music, set to beautiful words, and all aglow with the true spirit of church music at its very best."

Here is a list of anthems suggested by Mr. Atkinson, most of them being for four parts, mixed voices:

Palestrina—"Come, Holy Ghost."
Palestrina—"Come, Let Us Worship."
Crotch—"Comfort, O Lord."
Himmel—"Incline Thine Ear."
Himmel—"O Come, Let Us Worship."
Purcell—"Thou Knowest, Lord."
Attwood—"Turn Thy Face from My Sins."
Tallis—"If Ye Love Me, Keep My Commandments."
Farrant—"Hide Not Thou Thy Face."
Farrant—"Lord, for Thy Tender Mercies' Sake."
Boyce—"Save Me, O God."
Bach—"Enrich Us with Thy Bounty."
Bach—"Come Let Us All This Day."
Bach—"Break Forth" (from Christmas Oratorio).

Follows a miscellaneous list, which Mr. Atkinson says is "of wholesome type, selected without regard to period or nationality":

Abt—"O Lord, Most Holy."
Gounod—"Jesus, Word of God Incarnate."
Ivanoff—"Bless the Lord, O My Soul."
Noble—"Come, O Thou Traveler."
Oakley—"Evening and Morning."
Bennett—"God Is a Spirit."
Elgar—"Jesus, Word of God Incarnate."
Goss—"Saviour of the World."
Elvey—"Rejoice in the Lord."
Roberts—"The Path of the Just."
Rachmaninoff—"To Thee, O Lord."
Adams—"Take My Yoke Upon You."

DECLINE OF THE MISSIONARY SPIRIT

MISSIONARY INTEREST HAS DECLINED throughout all the denominations, without any apparent reason satisfactory to *The Western Christian Advocate*, we read in that journal of Methodism, which tells us that the need for Christian missions in the Orient is still "as great as it was in the day of Moffet, Morrison, and Thoburn." In support of its contention, *The Advocate* quotes from one of the "most outstanding missionaries from Japan," as asserting that the decline of missionary interest "is the most shocking thing he has discovered since his return to America." This returned missionary is quoted further as saying:

"I find among the ministers themselves a lack of moral passion and spiritual conviction. They seem to take it for granted that the greater part of the Christianizing of the other nations of the world is about completed. They give no evidence that they feel there is still a call for sacrificial service. The younger missionaries too largely are going out under the spirit of adventure, instead of under an urge for sacrificial service. There is a feeling prevailing that manifests itself in an attitude of mind which expresses itself in the opinion that Jesus Christ, as we know Him, is not necessary to solve the problems of the Orient."

The belief is growing in the Orient, we are told, that the last word of Christ will be said of Him by the Orient itself, and this has served to paralyze the missionary passion. "The reaction now to be found in the private expression of many trained minds is that we have rushed too violently into this missionary enterprise, and that it has been too largely one of spiritual emotion not based upon extensive information." For instance, we read, it has been the conviction that the missionary enterprise should be withdrawn from such countries as Japan, "where 95 per cent. literacy is now reported." Yet, we read on,

"Because that percentage of the childhood of the nation is now in school, to say that Japan does not need us to-day, is to speak with a manifest lack of information. All she has achieved in the last 100 years comes from America and Great Britain The forces that have entered that land have been many. They are powerful and have lifted the people from the depths of paganism to a high level of civilization. However, these same forces have created the problems such as may be called 'The White Night of Asia,' and which have produced results that are being characterized as 'The White Disaster.' The Christian movement made possible modern science and commerce and industrialism, and terminated the existence of the old life of that ancient people. It initiated a new course, a new method of ideals, and a new motive that had no historic records. It awakened a people and started them forth upon a new course without a dominating motive, without an anchorage in a glorious and splendid people, and gave them a future without the background of a people and a history."

As a result, says *The Advocate*, radicalism in industry is increasing. There are, we read, 170,000 young people in college and university, all tending to radicalism. *The Advocate* concludes:

"Again we make the assertion with an increasing conviction and insistence that will not release its hold upon us, that the work of foreign missions is not finished. It is only in its initiatory stage. The work that God intends us to undertake is just beginning. Let those who will read these words with a prayer that Almighty God will help us to see the course we shall take at this crisis when the passion for Christian missions is suffering the drainage of its life's vitality."

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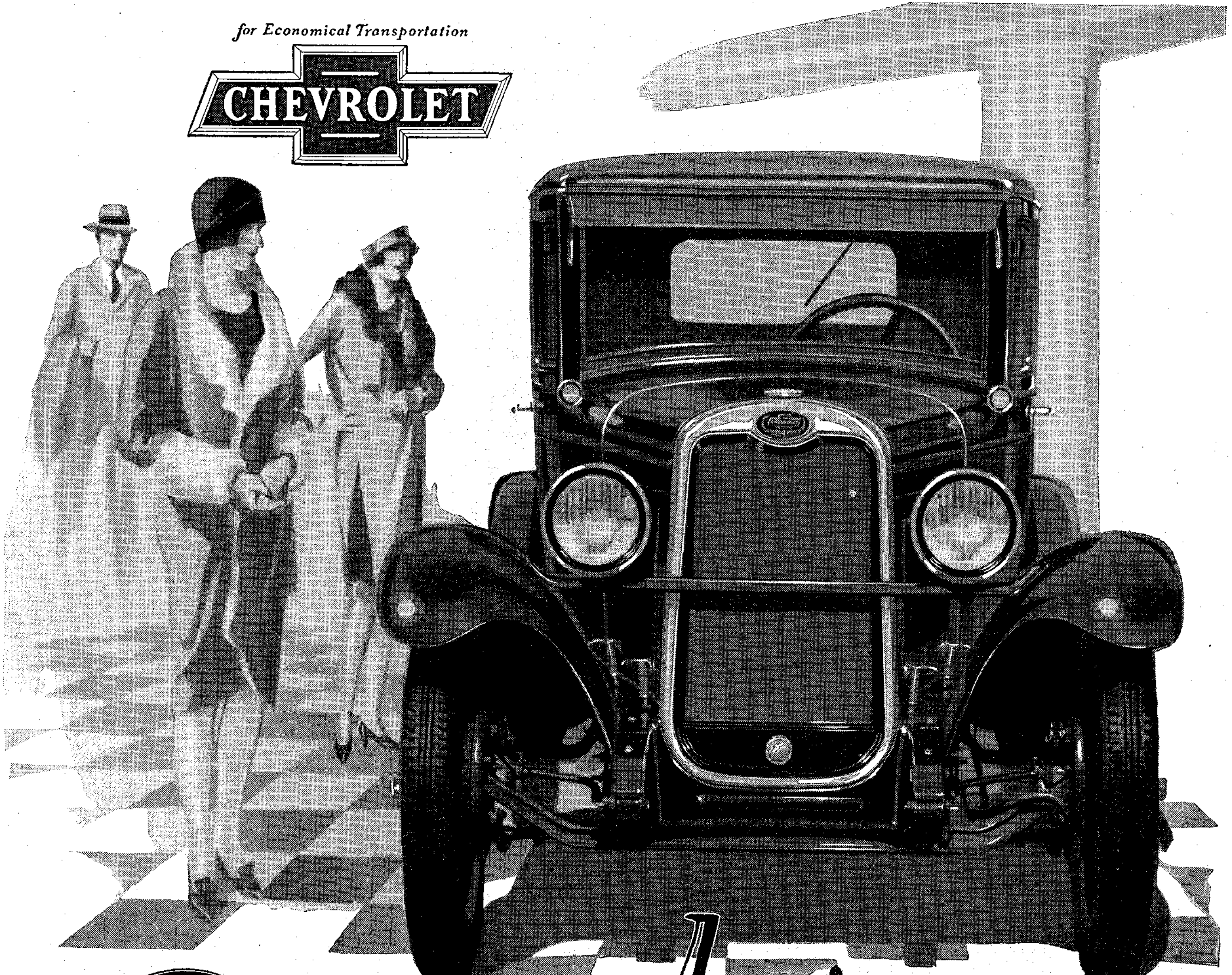

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CURRENT POETRY

Unsolicited contributions to this department can not be returned

PURSUANT to our promise last week, we quote some poems of Ezra Pound, taken from one of his early volumes. "A Lume Spento" (Venice, 1908). Citation from his later "Cantos," on which he sets store, is impossible in brief space:

MESMERISM

By Ezra Pound

"*And a cat's in the water-butt*"

Robt. Browning "Mesmerism"

Aye you're a man that! ye old mesmerizer
Tyin' your meanin' in seventy swadelin's,
One must of needs be a hang'd early riser
To catch you at worm turning. Holy Odd's bodykins!
"Cat's i' the water butt!" Thought's in your verse-barrel.

Tell us this thing rather, then we'll believe you,
You, Master Bob-Browning, spite your apparel
Jump to your sense and give praise as we'd leave do.

You wheeze as a head-cold long-tonsiled Calliope,
But God! what a sight you ha' got o' our innards,
Mad as a hatter, but surely no Myope,
Broad as all ocean and leanin' man-kin'ards.

Heart that was big as the bowels of Vesuvius,
Words that were wing'd as her sparks in eruption,
Eagled and thundered as Jupiter Pluvius,
Sound in your wind past all signs o' corruption.

Here's to you, Old Hippety-hop o' the accents,
True to the Truth's sake and crafty dissector,
You grabbed at the gold sure; had no need to pack cents
Into your versicles.
Clear sight's the elector!

VANA

By Ezra Pound

In vain have I striven to teach my heart to bow;
In vain have I said to him
"There be many singers greater than thou."

But his answer cometh as winds and as lutany,
As a vague crying upon the night
That leaveth me no rest, saying ever,
"Song, a song."

Their echoes play upon each other in the twilight
Seeking ever a song.
Lo, I am worn with travail
And the wandering of many eyes hath made my eyes
As dark red circles filled with dust.
Yet there is a trembling upon me in the twilight,
And the little red elf words crying "A song,"
Little grey elf words crying for a song,
Little brown leaf words crying "A song,"
Little green leaf words crying for a song.
The words are as leaves, old brown leaves in the spring time
Blowing they know not whither, seeking a song.

BALLAD FOR GLOOM

By Ezra Pound

For God, our God, is a gallant foe
That playeth behind the veil.

I have loved my God as a child at heart
That seeketh deep bosoms for rest,
I have loved my God as maid to man
But lo this thing is best:

To love your God as a gallant foe that plays behind the veil,
To meet your God as the night winds meet beyond Arcturus' pale.

I have played with God for a woman,
I have staked with my God for truth,
I have lost to my God for a man, clear eyed,
His dice be not of ruth,

For I am made as a naked blade
But here ye this thing in sooth:

Who loseth to God as man to man
Shall win at the turn of the game.
I have drawn my blade where the lightnings meet
But the ending is the same:
Who loseth to God as the sword blades lose
Shall win at the end of the game.

For God, our God, is a gallant foe
That playeth behind the veil
Whom God deigns not to overthrow
Hath need of triple mail.

IN TEMPORE SENECTUTIS

By Ezra Pound

(*An anti-stave for Dowson*)

When I am old
I will not have you look apart
From me, into the cold,
Friend of my heart,
Nor be sad in your remembrance
Of the careless, mad-heart semblance
That the wind hath blown away
When I am old.

When I am old
And the white hot wonder-fire
Unto the world seems cold,
My soul's desire
Know you then that all life's shower,
The rain of the years, that hour
Shall make blow for us one flower,
Including all, when we are old.

When I am old
If you remember
Any love save what is then
Hearth light unto life's December
Be your joy of past sweet chalices
To know then naught but this
"How many wonders are less sweet
Than love I bear to thee
When I am old."

The January *Palms* (Aberdeen, Wash.) gives us this picture of the plains:

WILD HORSE

By Wheaton Hale Brewer

Nostrils flared, wind-tossed mane—
Hooves that pound the earth again—
Over canyon, over hill,
Wild heart, you are pacing still.
You are galloping away
On the plains of yesterday.

Foam-flecks smear your heaving chest.
Trappers taunt you, east and west.
Eyeballs strained you stand at gaze
Toward the blue hills' summer haze.
There is freedom in your stride,
And your head's unbending pride.

Sunset hovers through your glades,
Moonlight silvers the Cascades,
Ghost coyotes, dogs of death,
Howl your scent of labored breath,—
And, down gulches of the night
Thundering, you race from sight.

Silence. Far horizons quail
To snorting coursers of the rail.
Hell is riding close to you,
And your halcyon days are through.
Wild Horse, soul of liberty,
Burst your heart, but keep you free.

We prate about psychoanalysis without realizing the dangers along that mysterious way. *The Husk* (Cornell College, Mt. Vernon, Ia.) sounds a caution:

PSYCHO-ANALYST

By Mae Perry Hutchinson

I leave the world of happy, growing things,
Of morning mist, of wind, of sunset sky,
To tread alone the Land of Haunted Minds
Where no song is, no language but a sigh—

The caverns of the mind in whose dark depths
Are shapes fantastic, terrible and grim,
A labyrinth where no sound breaks the spell
Of eerie beauty, shadowy and dim.

I light the way with feeble candle-beam.
But Science sputters in the wind of doubt.
The shadows leap to meet the flickering light.
The dust of dreams is scattered thick about.

Dead loves and old desires are buried here.
Their ghosts live on to torture and condemn.
O Light from heaven, penetrate this mind.
My ray of Science cannot banish them.

In this sub-world of pain where sleep is cursed
With dreams that are not dreams, but black night-mare,
I tremble lest my earthiness betray.
No eyes but His should see a soul laid bare.

A "Conning Tower" contributor (New York *World*) with half-concealed anonymity writes this delicious parody, mingling wit and satire:

ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE, SLIGHTLY COCK-EYED, SEES THE OLD YEAR OUT

By E. B. W.

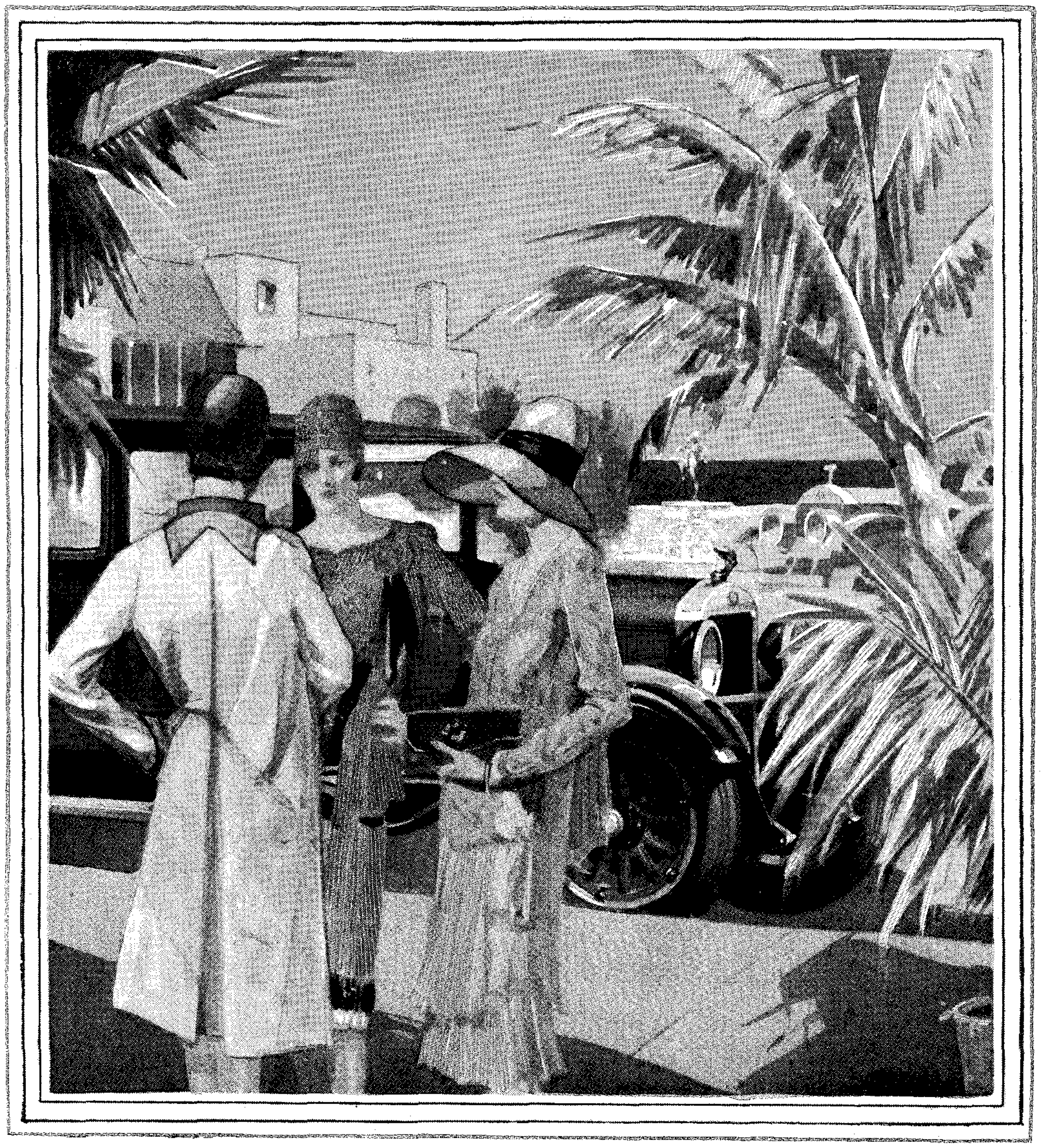
From Meadowbrook and valley,
From William Randolph Hearst,
No Schumann-Heink or Talley,
Nor worst that comes to worst
Can hope to fill the Garden
With either Ray or Vardon,
Not even Elizabeth Arden
Is January First.

Though Alfred Lunt were Hoover,
Though Hoover were as three,
Death is the end of lover,
And Other the half of We.
With ardor trans-Atlantic,
Le Bourget fields and frantic,
Only the sky is antic,
Only the Shubert Lee.

From cooking laws and tenant,
From hope of wine and beer,
The Pirates lost the pennant,
But Otto Kahn is here;
And no one's wings seraphic,
And neither lane of traffic,
Nor Daily News nor Graphic
Will last another year.

I am tired of Calvin Coolidge,
And WBGX,
Of Nicholas Murray knowledge,
And U. S. Navy wrecks;
I am weary of Savoy Plazas,
Gershwins and Gatti-Casazzas,
And houses without piazzas,
And everything but sex.

From too much dusty sweeping,
From too much Harold Ross,
We place in Lindbergh's keeping
A Nation's tennis loss,
Where songs and dead winds sighing,
And Dorothy Parker crying,
Repose, with non-stop flying,
'Neath the eternal moss.



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SCIENCE ▾ AND ▾ INVENTION ▾ CONTINUED

HOW SUN-SPOTS ACT AS REFRIGERATORS

THE MOST POWERFUL refrigerating device known to science is a sun-spot, we are told, "for here we have a continuously maintained temperature difference of some two thousand degrees." Our present knowledge of these perennially interesting phenomena is briefly summarized by Dr. Donald H. Menzel, of the Lick Observatory, California, in one of the leaflets issued by the Astronomical Society of the Pacific (San Francisco). The actual discovery of sun-spots, he tells us, dates from 1610, the year of the invention of the telescope, and it was made by no less a person than Galileo. We find records of dark splotches upon the face of the sun, principally in Chinese annals that antedate Galileo by several thousand years. Scientific investigation of these objects, however, began only with Galileo, who found it very difficult to convince others of the reality of the phenomena. Dr. Menzel goes on:

SUN-SPOT GROUP

From a photograph, taken at the Mount Wilson Observatory, January 24, 1926. Scale: 1 inch equals 60,130 miles.

"But the observations stood for themselves. Meanwhile, telescopes were being improved, and the spots were seen as depressions in the solar surface; as the sun spun around on its axis, the spots appeared hollow or saucer-shaped, as they neared the limb. This fact, coupled with their blackness, led Sir William Herschel to suppose the interior of the sun to be a cold, dark, solid mass, on the outside of which was a fiery-hot and luminous cloud layer. A sun-spot, then, would be merely a hole in the clouds. Herschel's ingenious theory held the stage for well over half a century, gradually giving way to other ideas, until the modern conception of spots was evolved, due mainly to the researches of George Ellery Hale at Mount Wilson.

"The illustration pictures a great sun-spot group, visible during January, 1926. It shows very well the dark central umbra, surrounded by the lighter shaded penumbra. Often the filaments of the latter are seen to be curved, indicating that the spot is in cyclonic motion. The group in the picture was 150,000 miles in length. Five or six bodies as large as the earth would have to be laid end to end to bridge the umbra of one of the larger spots.

"Sun-spots are not truly black; they appear so only by contrast with the brighter background. The light ordinarily emitted by the 'black' spot would illumine the earth with a brilliance surpassing the full-moon more than a hundredfold.

"The rapidity with which spots develop or disintegrate varies widely, as does their length of life. Occasionally marked changes are noted within a few hours. Many spots last for weeks, the record being held by one that remained visible for eighteen months.

"The average number of spots varies greatly in a way that tends to repeat itself about every eleven years. Spots never occur near the poles of the sun; they are restricted to two zones on opposite sides of the solar equator. The complete period, from spot-minimum back to minimum is known as a solar cycle. The causes underlying the periodicity are not known. Suggested explanations, such as planetary tides, meteoric bombardment and similar theories, are inadequate and not generally accepted. The trend of astronomical opinion appears to be toward the belief that sun-spots are the result of internal rather than of external disturbances.

"A spectroscopic study of the light emitted by sun-spots proves that the involved material is cooler than its surroundings. The temperature of the photosphere appears to be about 6,000 degrees absolute, with the spot-temperature about 2,000 degrees lower. It is obvious that so great an inequality of temperature can not arise by itself. Furthermore, the forces that cause a spot must continue to act throughout its life; otherwise, the unequal temperature would rapidly be evened.

"Sun-spots have often been referred to by the name 'solar tornadoes,' and there are indeed many points of similarity such as the cyclonic motion, the region of lowered pressure, etc. It is probable that the rapid whirl of the spot acts like a centrifugal force pump, the gases thus being sucked upward from the hot interior and cooled by expansion."

It is here that Dr. Menzel pronounces sun-spots "the most powerful refrigerating device known to science, with their continuously maintained temperature difference of some two thousand degrees." And he tells us further that they are not only refrigerators but electromagnets. Electricity, flowing in a coil of wire, will generate a magnetic field, he reminds us. It is reasonable to suspect, then, that the whirling electrical charges of the sun-spot group might occasion a magnetic field; since the coil of wire simply provides a track for the electrons. He goes on:

"Zeeman discovered that light emitted in a magnetic field has decided peculiarities. For example, we know that one of the yellow lines of sodium is split by magnetic force into six, while the other line is separated into four, components. Hale, employing powerful instruments, searched for such an effect in sun-spots and concluded, since he found their spectral lines divided in the manner above described, that the tornadoes are truly enormous magnets.

"Sun-spots do affect the earth. We have known for years that the appearance of a large group is often marked by terrestrial magnetic disturbances, e.g., interruption of telephonic and telegraphic communication. The beautiful northern lights also become more numerous at sun-spot maximum. There seems to be some evidence that spots shoot atoms and electrons into space, and these, on striking the earth, cause the magnetic disturbances.

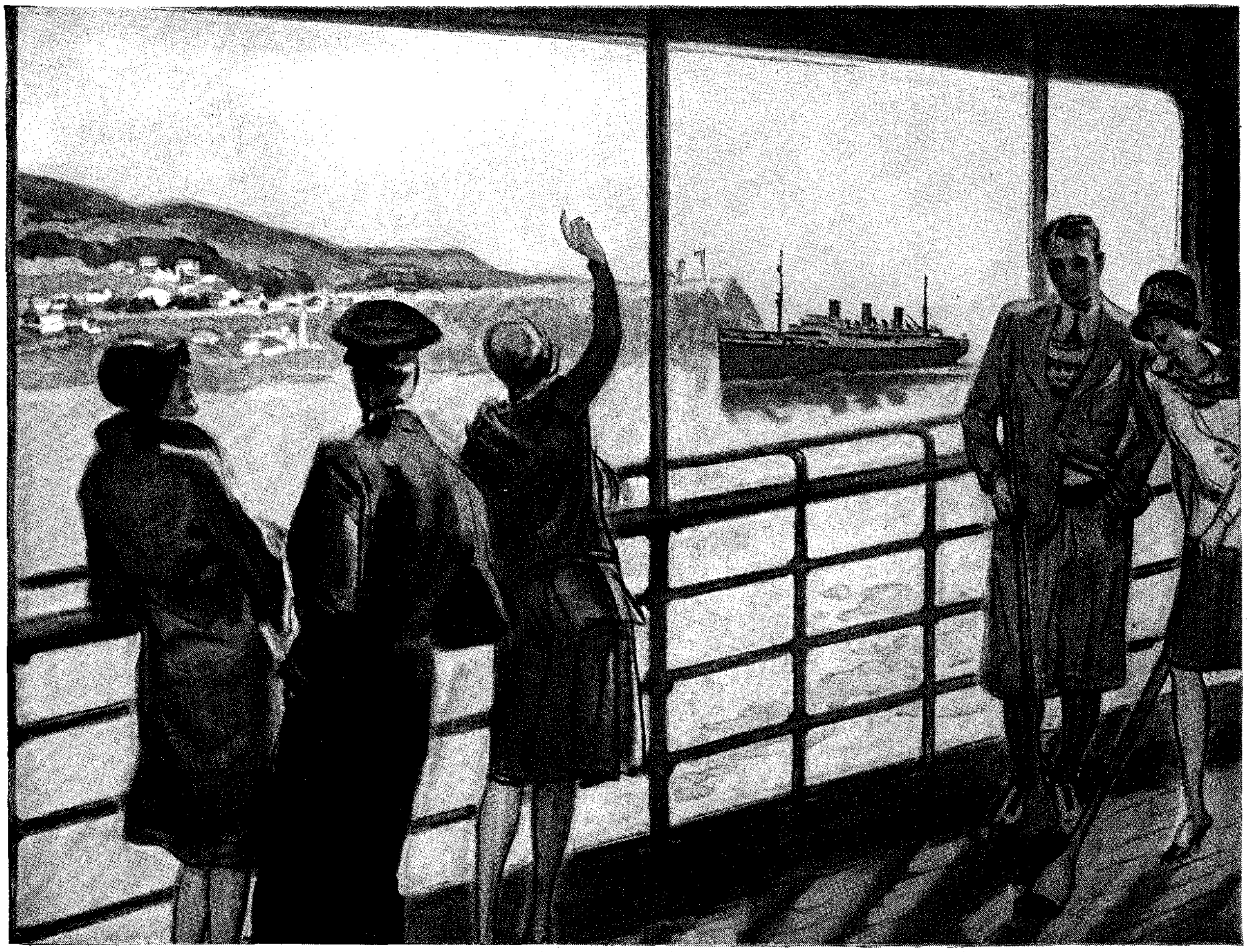
"It seems to be the fashion to blame sun-spots for the weather. It is true that the researches of Abbot and his coworkers appear to indicate that the sun gives off a slightly greater amount of heat when spots are most numerous, but the observations are delicate and the reality of the phenomenon may still be questioned by some. Other attempts to correlate the spots with rainfall have led to conflicting results and, tho men have seriously tried to figure a relation between sun-spots and the trend o stocks, the price of wheat, famines, etc., it should be obviou that if so direct an effect as rainfall is uncertain, secondary effects would be even less connected. It is not impossible that th yearly average rainfall of the entire earth may, some day, b found dependent upon the frequency of sun-spots, but as to loca conditions, the possibility of predicting the weather fro the spot-configurations, we are more than skeptical—frankly unbelieving."

ARTIFICIALLY RIPENED FRUIT—Dr. R. B. Harvey, o the University of Minnesota, was recently quoted to the effec that unripe fruits could be quickly ripened at will by exposin them to an atmosphere containing a small proportion of ethylene. *The Scientific American* (New York) now says:

"Investigations carried out by Messrs. Chace and Church of the Bureau of Chemistry and Soils, tend to disprove D Harvey's conclusions. These investigators have carefull studied the effect of ethylene on citrus fruits, dates, persimmon bananas, tomatoes, pomegranates and avocados and find th while the color of the fruit is affected, none of the chang ordinarily connected with ripening are observed. The astri gency of green persimmons is destroyed by exposure to ethylen in concentrations of one in 5,000 of air, but no other changes i the edible portions of the fruits were found."

Europe

VIA MONTREAL, QUEBEC, ST. LAWRENCE RIVER



IT'S being spread about that people have a better time on the Empress liners. And so, on these ships, you find the regulars who cross every year—the experts at deck-tennis — the congenial salts who love an ocean-breeze in their nostrils, a deck under their feet.

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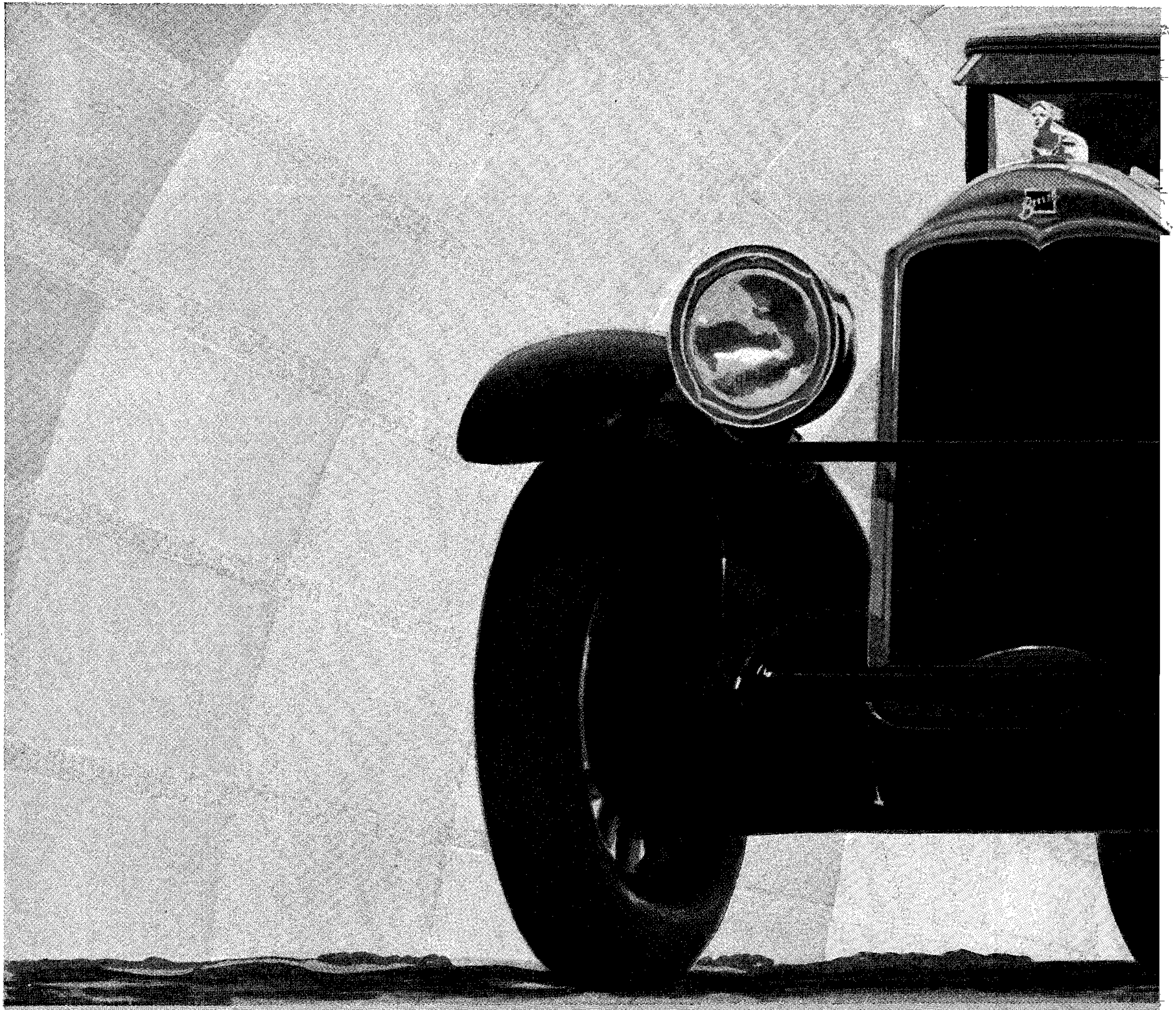

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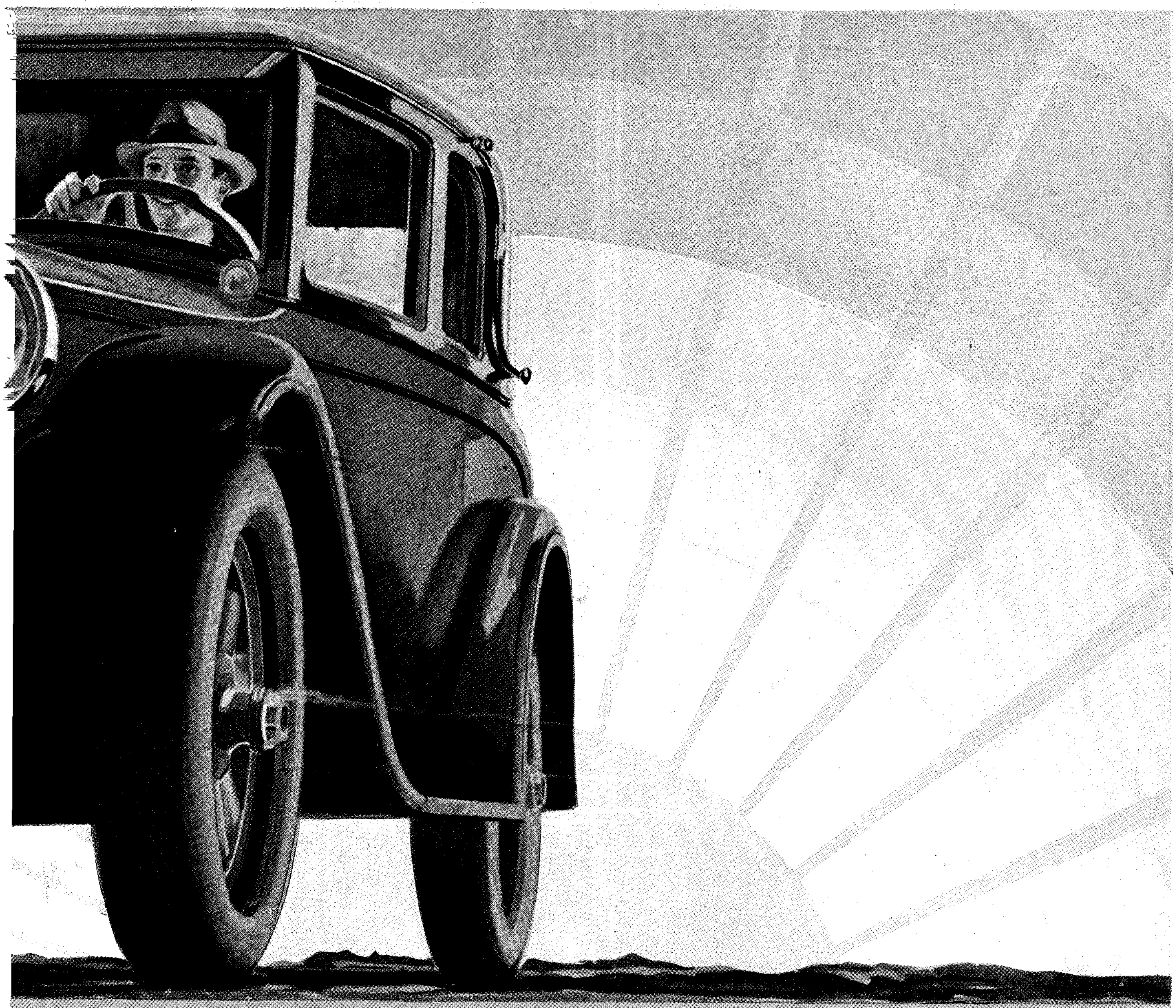

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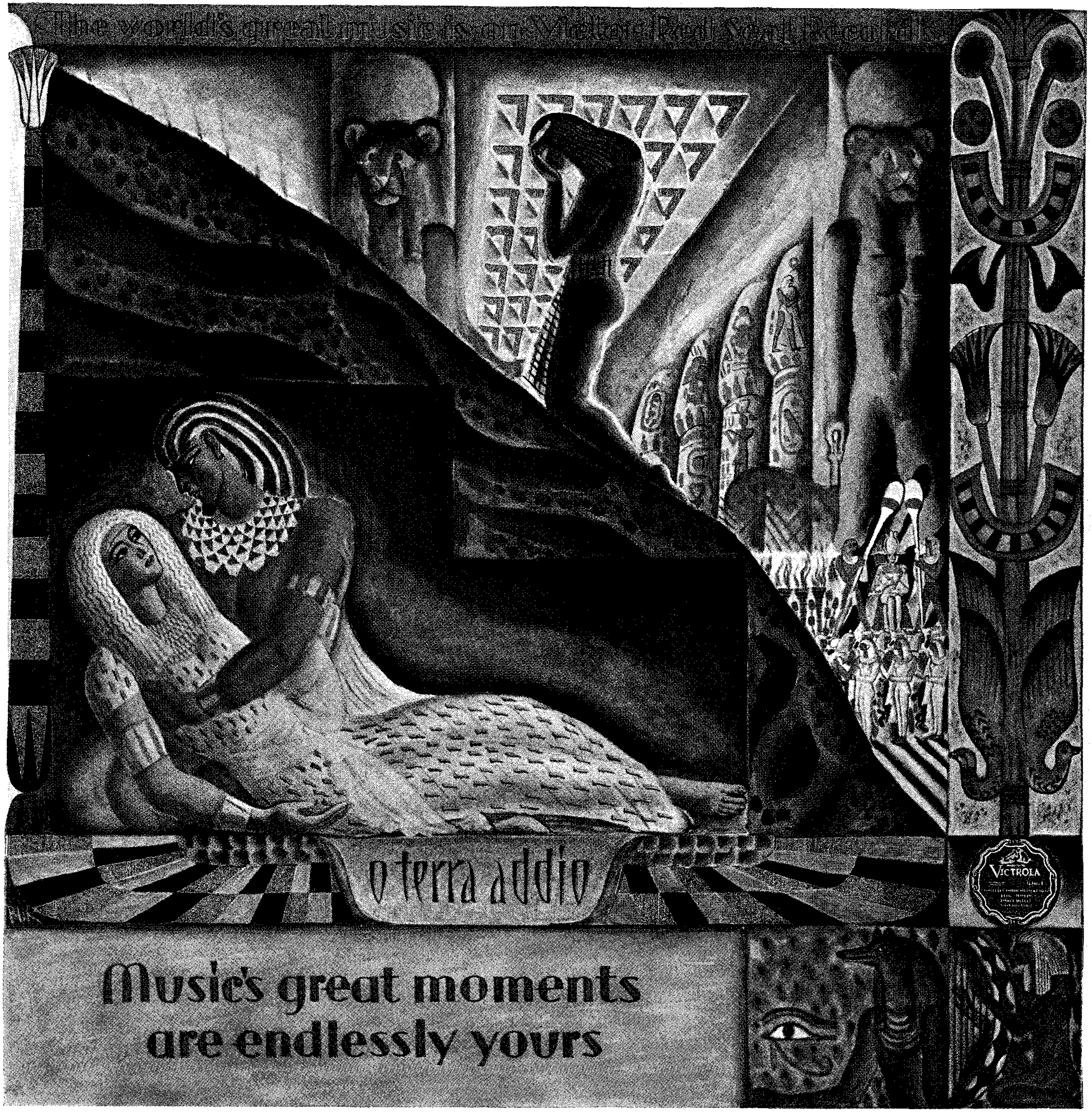
BUICKS ~ ~ TWO MILLION BUICKS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PERSONAL ▾ GLIMPSES

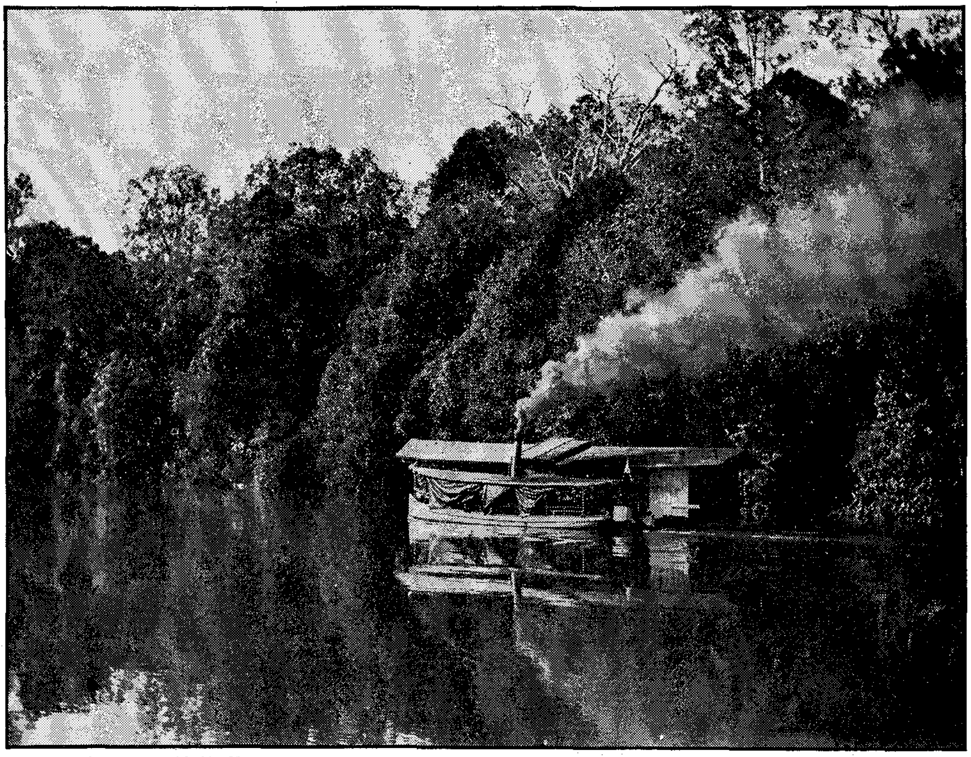
FIGHTING A MYRIAD PERILS IN THE BORNEO JUNGLE

A BEAUTIFUL TORTURE CHAMBER, nature's madhouse, where no civilized man can live long without himself becoming a bit insane, and where mere existence is an exhausting fight against death in a thousand forms—such is the vast tropical jungle of Borneo, according to Eugene P. F. Wright, who has lived in its dark labyrinths long enough to know both its dangers and its charms. Man, he says, will never conquer the jungle; sooner or later, it always conquers the man who tries it.

Mr. Wright stept from our world into that of the Dyak head-hunters overnight, he tells us in the January *American Magazine*. One evening he went to bed on a steamer in the Java Sea, and the next morning he found himself far up a small river clogged with water hyacinth, and with the jungle bending over the steamer's decks. A big gibbon with an orange rump sat on top of a coconut-palm and glanced casually around at him. An uncanny stillness brooded over the forest. A splash of red and purple orchids stood out against the deep green foliage; palms and trailing lianas brushed the deck railings, and the ripples from the steamer's paddles, swishing gently against the banks, made a noise that seemed to grate against the breathless silence of the jungle.

A month later the traveler was five hundred miles in the interior of Borneo, paddling up the headwaters of the Djoeloi River with a crew of Malays and Dyaks. At night, he says, the jungle crawled and buzzed and sang and screamed with life; but in the daytime, always that sinister silence. At times, he tells us, when the air currents were right, he could hear ants gnawing hardwood trees, or clouds of mosquitoes buzzing over lagoons back of the river. On all sides was a feeling of suppress motion that made him think of a sleeping volcano; and every morning, after the howling of the apes and the fluttering and crawling of the night had died away, he felt as if all his movements were being watched by thousands of hidden eyes. And so they were, as he goes on to tell us in these words:

> Gradually I began to sense that fear of the jungle that changes a man. Travel upon the silent rivers bred it, but cutting through the jungle increased it. For twelve days I cut through a jungle covered with moss a foot thick, and so dark that I could not see my coolies fifteen paces behind me. The earth was a tangle of great tree roots and lianas that caught at my legs like live things; the ground oozed water at every step, and the atmosphere was dead and pungent with the odors of rotting vegetation.
>
> Sometimes a long shaft of sunlight disclosed endless files of huge red ants, or a curious, scaly, orange and black creature that moved slowly along a thick root. Always there was a scattering of leeches on my hands, and by feeling around the back of my neck and my temples I usually found more of the black, rubbery things, fat with blood. At regular intervals I stopt to take off my shirt, pull up my trousers, and shave off the leeches with a razor-like knife, or touch them with the lighted end of a banana-leaf cigaret. Once I stopt cutting ahead, and rested for a moment, listening. I heard a faint hissing noise close by, and immediately struck out in that direction with my heavy knife. Something hissed madly, fell to the earth with a thump and attempted to scramble away. I looked, and saw that I had killed a deadly poisonous lizard.
>
> Life was desperate on that jungle floor; it crawled and struggled to exist, as it had crawled and struggled for a hundred thousand years. But high in the treetops, a hundred and fifty feet above the earth, was sunlight and vitality. There, huge butterflies, gaudy as batiks, floated across shafts of sunlight, to be lost in darkness; immense locusts buzzed and zoomed in and out of hearing, and pyramids of scarlet fruit hung from the tops of vine-covered trees which matted the face of the earth.



Photographs by courtesy of Bobbs-Merrill

TRAVELING DE LUXE BY THE *LEVIATHAN* OF THE JUNGLE

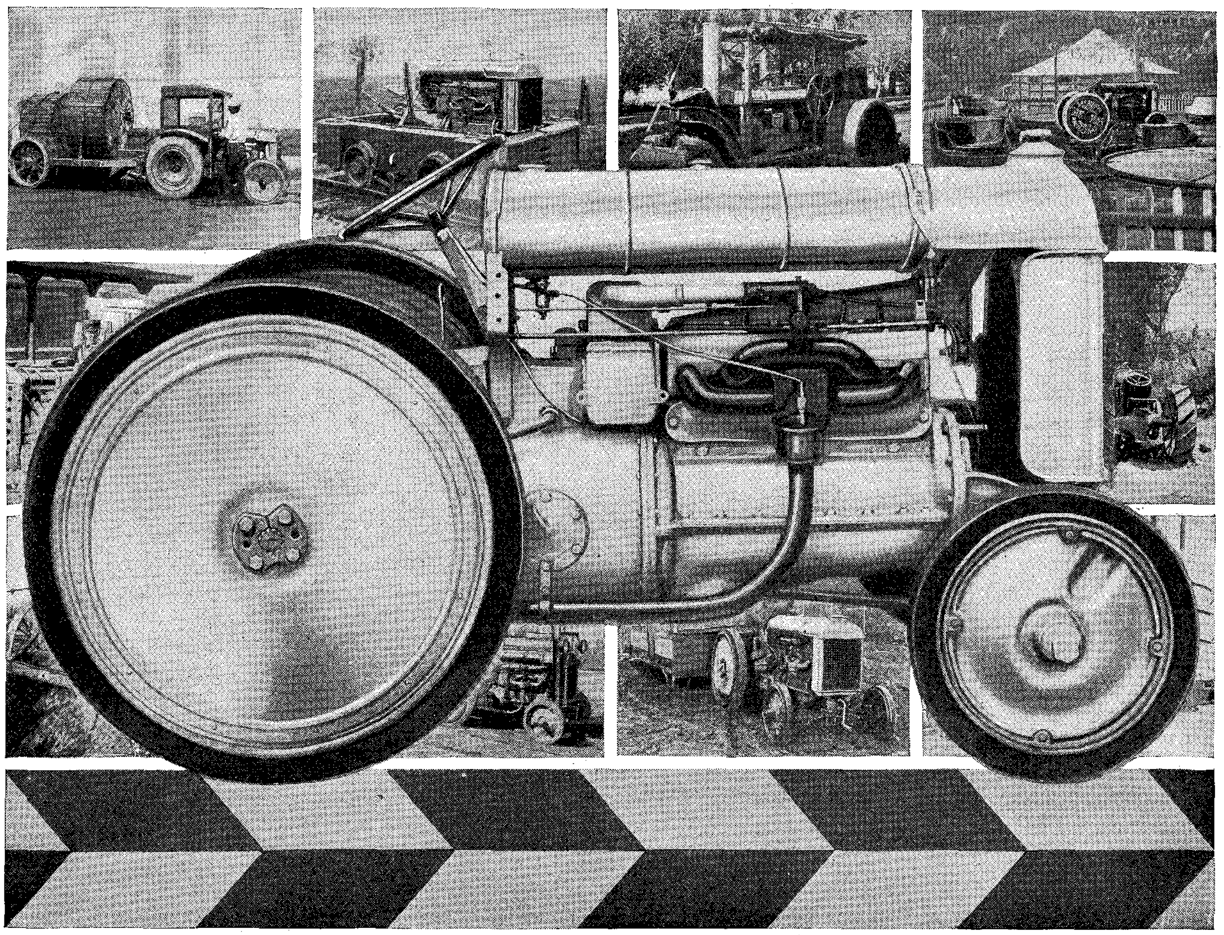
'Twas on this rakish liner that the author, Mr. Eugene P. F. Wright, journeyed up the Barito River to his remote destination in the Borneo wilds, into steaming forests where death lurks in a thousand forms.

> High above the earth, the jungle was a conservatory of extravagant beauty. Every tree, dead or dying, was the bed of brilliant orchids, air plants hung suspended like the chandeliers of a cathedral. Every bit of vegetable life gave birth to another; ferns lived on the trees, air plants lived on the ferns, and orchids and brilliant red and purple flowers sprang from their roots and gave their intoxicating sweetness to the myriads of butterflies and flying insects.

Wild animals do not cause man's fear of the jungle, says Mr. Wright. He never lost an hour's sleep on account of tigers, leopards, or big snakes, because if left alone they mind their own business. Once he passed within a spear's length of a twenty-foot python without knowing it until one of his Dyaks touched his arm. No, these are not the things that drive the jungle dweller mad with the strain of unceasing menace, says the traveler, continuing:

> The things that mold men over again are the creatures that can not be fought—the malaria mosquitoes, the poisonous insects, the tiny snakes, the tropical storms, the whirlpools, the sleeping crocodiles and a thousand and one other small dangers which one must forever be on guard against if he is to live.
>
> They breed the haunting fear that perhaps some moment he will be careless, that to-morrow or the next day he will make the

THE FORDSON



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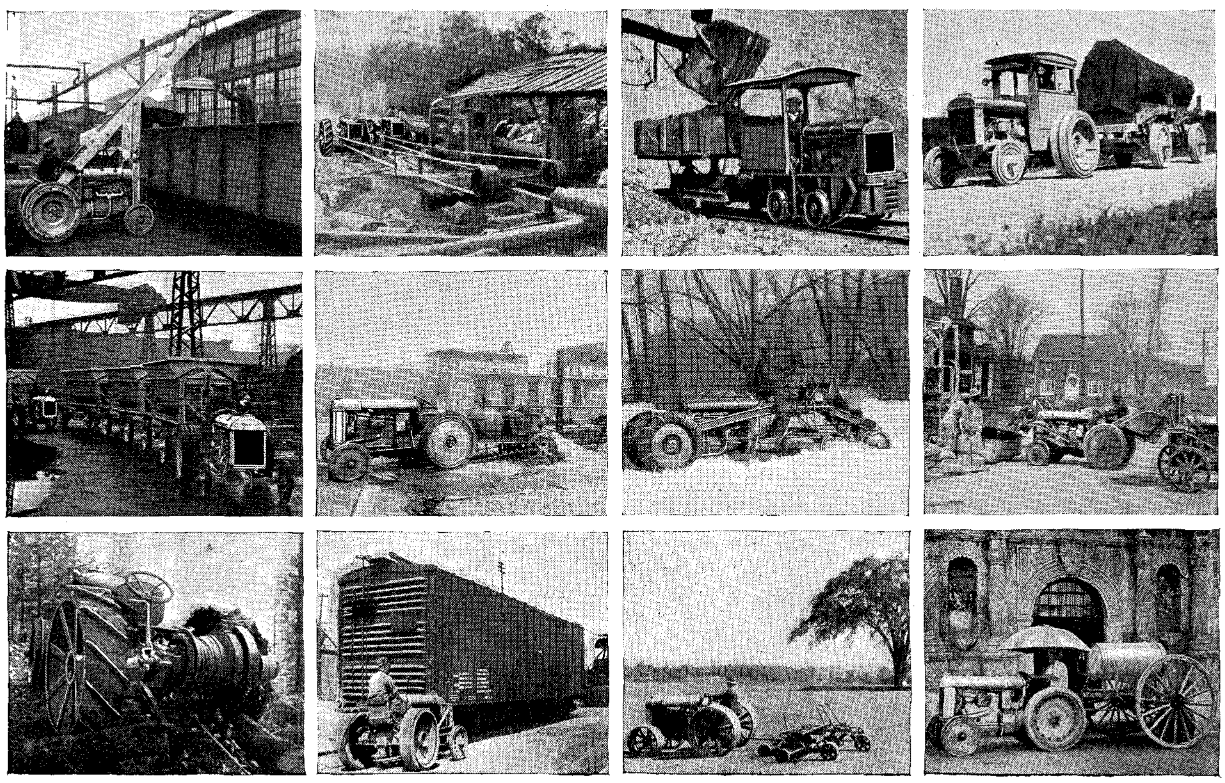


slip that means the end. And this fear is magnified by the terrible silence of the jungle, that seemingly interminable fourteen-hour silence between nights. Men weaken under the constant strain of having to keep on guard in a silence that to the normal mind means peace and relaxation.

One afternoon I was sitting on the river bank waiting for the water to go down. I reached over to pick up a coconut I had been drinking, and quickly jerked my hand back and jumped to my feet. There was a scorpion beside the coconut, his purplish stinger lifted up to strike. After that I always looked down before I touched the earth.

THIS BRIDGE LOOKS LIKE AN EXTENSION OF THE JUNGLE ITSELF

A fine example of rattan engineering, it spans one of the tributaries of the Barito River, near Moera-Teweh, Borneo, amid a wilderness which man, perhaps, can never conquer.

I grasped a liana one time to pull myself up a bank, and a beautiful but exceedingly poisonous lizard fell on my shoulder. I knocked him off without being bitten; but afterward I looked above me as well as beneath me. Walking down to the river one evening, I brushed the tops of some low bushes with my hand and, suddenly realizing the folly of the act, jumped aside. To persuade myself that I was, after all, taking undue precautions, I walked back a few steps and examined the bushes. Lying like a dead stick across their tops was a snake whose bite can cause death within twenty minutes.

Some time later I went down to my bathing-place at the river, to see the head and forefeet of an enormous crocodile sticking out of the water. He was basking in the hot mud, his livid white mouth wide open. I had swum in that spot for two days. I usually bathed with a dipper afterward, and when I did take the chance and dive in the river it gave me a queer, tingling sensation. On one of those "chances" a small fish bit me, and I nearly died of fright.

I have lain down on a log to rest, and been awakened suddenly by the bites of a swarm of red ants that practically covered my body. They bit like hot needles, and swarmed over my nostrils and ears, and under my clothing. A quick jump in the river got them off, but suppose I had been ill of a fever, and could not move? I have awakened in the mornings to find mosquitoes packed over my double netting like huckleberries, pressing it down to within six inches of my face, deafening me with their buzzing for blood. I have heard them over a mile away, rising with the morning mists in clouds that blotted out the course of the river.

On a beautifully clear day, toward mid-afternoon, we were rounding the bend of a river when a terrific roaring sounded ahead. The coolies succeeded in reaching shore just as a great wave of water, about two feet high, charged down the valley in a torrent of foam. It swept by us like a stampede, uprooting trees, and sucking away the bank with its backwash. The river rose eighteen feet by night; there had been a cloudburst in the mountains. Sometimes men do not reach the shore in time, and water-logged dugouts are seen floating in the backwater of the pools.

It is these hidden dangers, leaping out every moment to threaten one's life, that breed the subconscious fear of the jungle, we are told. Mr. Wright goes on to say:

Altho a man may become hardened to these things, a woman never does. I have seen the wives of some of the young officers who go out on jungle patrol. For several days before a husband's return his wife can scarcely sleep or eat; and at dawn on the day of his arrival she is standing on the bank of the river watching the bend above, hoping and praying that his dugout will come down again once more.

There are men who can not face the jungle alone. Love it as they may, they can not stand up against it without the occasional relief that companionship affords. In Poeroek-Tjahoe they told me of the recent death of an elderly captain over on the Mahakam River. This captain, they said, was unmarried, and was bivouacked twenty days away from the outpost of the nearest white man, a young lieutenant. They were the only white men in this vast section of the jungle, and were close friends.

One day a dugout of Malays came down the river, and brought up at the captain's bivouac. Lying in the bottom beneath the shade of a rattan mat was the lieutenant, shrunken to a skeleton and delirious with fever. He died that night.

The captain sat awake by the body all that night and the next day, eating nothing. That evening, an equatorial storm broke loose, and the river became a pounding, foaming flood of muddy water. Very methodically the captain shaved, brushed his hair, and carefully put on his best uniform. Then he buckled on his sword, and sat beside the body until morning.

The river was rising to its height when he called his four best soldiers and told them to prepare the large dugout. They refused, knowing that to travel in such a river was certain death. At the point of his revolver, however, the dugout was manned by the four Malays, and, once released from the shore, it sped downstream like an arrow. The captain, silent and magnificent in his dress uniform, stood in the bow, his eyes fixt straight ahead. At the first rapids the dugout dipt under a wave and disappeared. By some miracle all the natives reached the bank safely; but the captain had given himself to the jungle that he had fought and loved, but could not face alone.

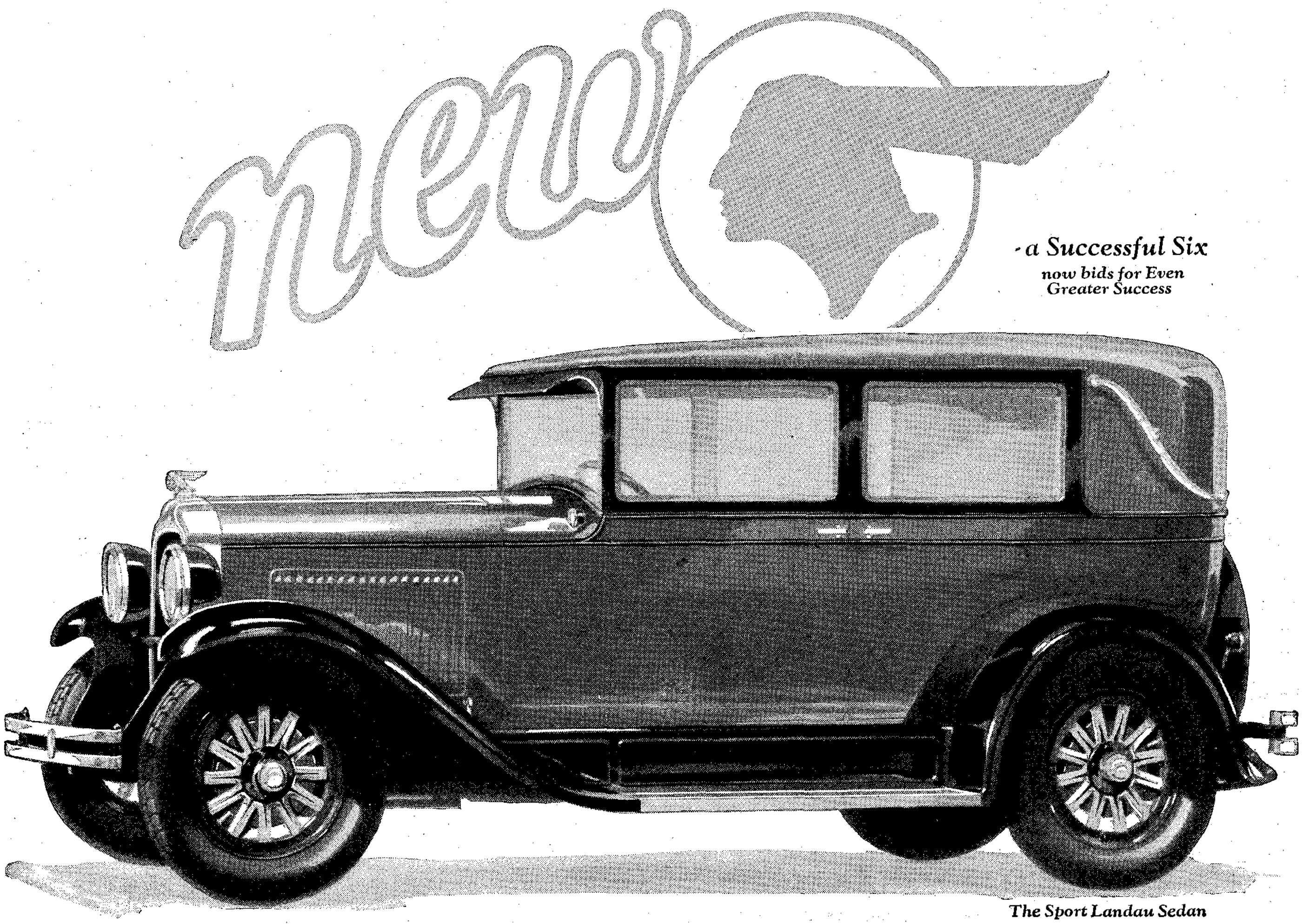
The strain of being on guard every moment, day and night, changes a man's very soul, Mr. Wright tells us, tending constantly to throw it back into savagery. The best men to go to for a translation of the jungle into our own language, he adds, are those who have gone into it "with Adventure written in their eyes." And then follows this instance:

In Soerabaia I met one of these men who have been changed by the jungle. He was an Australian prospector who had searched for gold and diamonds in every jungle of the Malaysian and Australian archipelagoes. His face was yellow and bearded; but he had the expression of a young boy. He was unconscious of his ill-fitting khaki clothes and uncouth walk. He looked at everything as if he were seeing it for the first time. For three hours we talked on the veranda of a little native hotel, but his talk was a monolog, in which he asked himself questions and answered them, talking to me, yet, out of habit, expecting no reply.

"It was up in that Punan country that I heard about the men with tails. We came across a party of young Dyaks out after heads, and they told us they'd seen the bivouac where these men had eaten and slept. They said they squatted down just like I did when they ate, because there were little half circles in the dust where their tails had wagged . . . just like a dog's tail wags when he's happy. Would you believe that? Well, now of course it mayn't be true, but who's to know what's in those Borneo jungles? Those Dyaks don't know 'em any better'n I, and 'twas the first time they'd seen such a sight. There's jungle there 't will never be seen by man, black or white.

"But did I go up? No, it was off my diamond trail . . . a hundred miles off, and I didn't go. Some day I'll go. Yes, sir, maybe some day I'll go back to find those men with the tails."

Thus he had talked to himself in the jungle, perhaps for years on end. He told of the men he had killed, of the fortunes that he had made and lost, and of sacred places in the jungle where the diamonds lay upon the ground like moonstones: "Big as turtle's eggs they were, and that clear you couldn't see 'em in a glass of water. But it was death to get those diamonds. Yes, sir, it was death to say the word!"



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SIX

Every experience was followed by reflections upon what other men would have done under the same circumstances. He had lived so long in the jungle that he actually had a perspective of the white race.

Like every wilderness, the thousand-mile jungle of Borneo has its lure for a certain type of men, and the *American Magazine* writer gives us this illustration:

I know a Colonial Hollander who goes to Bandoeng regularly every six months, for his "vacation." He is frightened by the taxicabs, and has to have two friends walk on either side of him when he ventures into the streets. He tries desperately to convince himself that he should stay in Bandoeng forever; but altho his leave is for two weeks he always returns to the jungle within six days.

I know another white man who spends his leave walking in front of restaurants and through markets, looking at the food; and still another, fresh from the jungle, who stopt strangers on the street and asked them questions: Did they know Bill or Halsey? Did every one have plenty to eat? What would they do if the rice crop failed? This man could not sleep in a real bed without sitting up half the night looking at it, feeling the clean white sheets, and talking and chuckling to himself. He bought hoards of tobacco, just to "have it on hand," and took a fancy to having his nails manicured regularly.

I have seen yellow-skinned planters and grizzled diamond prospectors choke up with sentiment at hearing a broken phonograph play a popular American love lyric. In a little thatched hut at Moera-Djoeloi, five hundred miles up the Barito River in Borneo, I heard a tiny phonograph play steadily for thirteen days to a day-dreaming lieutenant who was waiting for the river to go down, so that he could start his jungle patrol. I know of a Dutch physician who "went Dyak" for seven months, and of an American meteorologist who "went Dyak" in Borneo, and now lives like one.

The constant dangers of the jungle breed a philosophy of fatalism in the white man, says Mr. Wright. A man there never knows when he is going to die. He may be stung by a scorpion, bitten by a bush-snake, or shot through the neck with a poisoned arrow by a native whom he has angered. Any one of a thousand things may take his life. Through sheer recklessness, therefore, he builds up courage to hold the jungle at bay. Thus we read:

At the headwaters of the Barito River I came upon such a man—a Dutch lieutenant bivouacked with his patrol of Javanese convicts and Malay soldiers. He was nearing the end of his patrol in the jungle, and if the moon had come to earth he could not have been more surprized than he was to see me. We were perhaps the first two white men ever in the center of the Borneo land of the snake-eaters.

This man, still in his middle thirties, was the virtual king of an immense realm of jungle. For upward of eight years he had been living among the head-hunting tribes, trying to keep peace among them, bringing them to justice, and laying down the law. A thatched hut on the river bank was his castle, but in it he demanded respect as an Oriental emperor.

One night, by the light of pitch torches, I sat behind him while he squatted on a rattan mat in singlet and cotton drawers before a half-circle of forty-three tattooed head-hunters. All of them were armed with long knives, and their black eyes glistened like oil in the flickering light. One of them had been convicted of an offense, and was receiving his penalty.

Talking all at once, his friends tried to help him by concocting alibis, endeavoring to confuse the facts of the case. Now and then they broke into several different dialects, hoping to reach the ear of their comrade alone. But the lieutenant knew all the dialects, and his voice boomed over their heads in the same tongue, reprimanding them for trying to make a fool of him. They cowered before him like beaten dogs—forty-three against one!

He knew that his life in the jungle was as uncertain as the weather, and he realized the utter futility of trying to be cautious and be king. He did things in bold strokes, and laughed at the consequences. If the jungle wanted him, the jungle could take him. As long as there was life within him he would be regal.

With his little handful of superstitious, Dyak-fearing Malays, he tracked down head-hunters, entered their villages, and cowed them through sheer will-power. The fear of him was felt for hundreds of miles, and when the word went forth that he wanted a certain man for head-hunting or stealing, that man often gave himself up rather than be hunted down.

I never saw him carry his dugout around a rapids. With his crew of selected Dyak paddlers he sped like an express train to the very lip of the roaring white water, stood up to have a look, and then let her go. The natives, powerful and quick as leopards, twisted the craft through with their broad paddles, and knocked off the tops of the leaping waves, singing wildly and shouting that they had killed the river ghost. The lieutenant always got through, yet he never knew when he would see white water for the last time.

He had a brilliant mind, but it had begun to decay in the jungle. Forced to depend upon his ears and eyes for his salvation, his mind had gradually adapted itself to those problems.

Ask such a man to relate some of his adventures, and he will tell you that he can't remember ever having had any, says the writer, adding:

What excitement is there about surviving one Dyak attack after another, or coming through the rapids alive day after day? It means just that much more fighting against the jungle until one is eventually taken. Life means very little, for he sees it born and destroyed regardless of value. It is a constant battle, and the living of it is painful. It is only by conquering it that he can exult.

But try to convince one of these men that he ought to leave! In Poeroek-Tjahoe I met an officer who talked repeatedly of the time when his term of service would be ended, and he would go North, where the breezes were fresh and cool, where the sun was not poisonous, and where one could see white people in any number. Suddenly, as if to test him, word came that he was to be transferred to a northern post. I have never seen a man more disheartened. His life's work, he said, would be ended. Then he became angry and talked to his superior officer. He convinced him that he was needed in the jungle, and that no other man could handle his work. Of course he stayed; they all stay.

And it takes that kind of man to survive in the jungle. He must have a touch of feldspar in him to hold his own. The jungle is always encroaching, never sleeping. Day and night it grows on, to cover the land and meet the sea whence it sprang. Cut down a tree, and three more grow up in its place. Make a clearing in the forest, and in two weeks it is covered by foliage. Kill an animal, and a million poisonous insects are bred, have pity, and you die. The white man lives by striving to conquer, and it is the conquest that kills him.

There is a sadness about the people of the jungles, Mr. Wright tells us; a sadness which belongs to all races that have not progressed beyond superstition. And such progress is impossible in the jungle. The mere fight for survival takes all one's vitality—none is left for spiritual growth. Says the writer we have been quoting:

It was only after I had felt the influence of the jungle myself that I began to realize how utterly hopeless it is for the Dyak ever to rise above his present level of intelligence. I had seen my own Malay and Javanese coolies gradually "go Dyak." I had my most trusted soldier, who was reared in a mission school and profest Christianity, cry out in the night that the river ghost was drowning him. I had seen his eyes burn bright with the fever of superstition, and I had caught a strange expression in his face as we watched a witch-doctor dancing in a Dyak village. He began to drink blood for strength, and three months later, in Poeroek-Tjahoe, he sneaked off into the jungle to find a medicine man. It was pathetic to see the jungle overwhelm this man and take him in, body and soul. It was thrilling to realize, as my pulses pounded with the drums at a head-hunting dance, that, with a few superfluous brain cells torn from my head, I might easily "go Dyak" myself.

You say that I have given only the brutal and unlovely side of the jungle, and so I have. I have given you the rough surface that takes the veneer of civilization from a man in three months, and leaves him an animal. But there is truly another side, beautiful and compelling, that haunts the imagination of every man who has known it—nights when the air is rich and cool, scented with the subtle odors of wild hyacinth and poengoen blossoms, and tingling with the hum of insect life. A fish splashes in the river, and leaves widening phosphorescent circles; far off an orang-utan howls at the moon like a lost man calling for help. Along the shadowed mud banks the wild boar grunt lustily in their feeding, nose the air, and scamper into the undergrowth like rabbits.

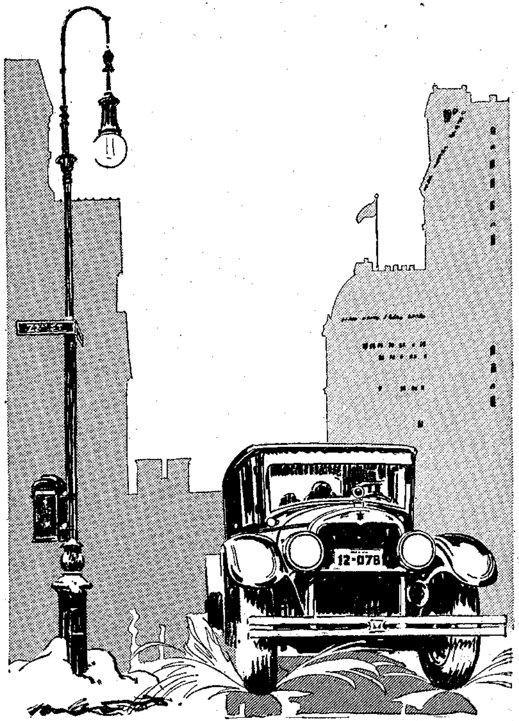
There are nights in the Dyak villages when the medicine drums thud throughout the jungle to drive away the devils of the bewitched; when legends of flying ghosts are told by old men with ivory in their ears, and stories of tribal wars and feuds and head-hunting victories roll from the tongues of the young bloods. There are beautiful nights when the warriors dance like peacocks in the flickering torchlight, when the women bend and sway to the intoxicating rhythms of an organ-like music, and the medicine-man claws the earth. This is the wild beauty of the jungle, caught by a half-mad race.

DRURY COLLEGE LIBRARY
Springfield, Missouri

Why *changed* motoring conditions demand a new margin of safety

"Winter oil" dangers

How two months of too-light oil may rob you of a year's wear



DANGER threatens your engine from many so-called "winter oils" which your increased winter driving has brought to the market.

You buy these oils because their *extra-thin* body gives you quick, easy starts on frosty mornings.

But spring is coming. Will you find yourself in second gear half way up the very hills you took on high last fall? Will your engine be noisy on level stretches? Perhaps.

And all because that too-thin oil you used for winter failed to cover your cylinder walls, piston rings, and pistons with the rich, viscous film necessary to perfect seal, and permitted blow-by. And also free use of the choke added to the unvaporized gasoline which reached the crankcase.

With too-thin an oil the pistons will sometimes carry a whole quart of gasoline down into the oil supply after only 200 miles of driving.

A single winter of too-thin lubrication may easily take a year's wear out of your engine.

THIS winter you need not sacrifice prompt starting to piston seal. What you need is an oil (1) free flowing at below zero to permit a quick start*—and yet—(2) so rich in body and character that it seals the piston rings completely.

Mobiloil Arctic flows freely at lowest temperatures. Yet it has a rich "oiliness" that gives you thorough lubrication and the greatest obtainable margin of safety against dangerous gasoline dilution.

All crudes that go into Gargoyle Mobiloil Arctic are specially chosen with winter conditions in mind.

That is one of the reasons why 182 automobile and truck manufacturers approve the winter advice of the Gargoyle Mobiloil Chart.

The partial Chart printed here lists most of the prominent cars which should use Mobiloil Arctic. Your car is probably named there. If it isn't, there is a special grade of Mobiloil specified for it on the complete Mobiloil Chart at your dealer's.

For real winter economy, it will pay you to make this Chart your guide.

SPECIAL WINTER CHART

Mobiloil Arctic

should be used in Winter (below 32°F.) in all cars marked *.

PASSENGER CARS	1927	1926	1925	1924
Auburn *all except Models 4-44 & 6-66*	*	*	*	*
Buick	*	*	*	*
Cadillac	*	*	*	*
Chandler *except Special Six*	*	*	*	*
Chevrolet	*	*	*	*
Chrysler *4-cyl.*	*	*	*	
Dodge Brothers	*	*	*	*
Elcar *all except Models 6-65 & 4 cyls.*	*	*	*	*
Erskine	*			
Essex	*	*	*	*
Flint	*	*	*	*
Hudson	*	*	*	*
Hupmobile	*	*	*	*
Jordan	*	*	*	*
La Salle	*			
Locomobile	*	*	*	*
Marmon *8-cyl.*	*			
Moon	*	*	*	*
Nash	*	*	*	*
Oakland	*	*	*	*
Oldsmobile	*	*	*	*
Overland & Overland Whippet	*	*	*	*
Packard Six	*	*	*	
" Eight	*	*	*	*
Paige	*	*	*	*
Peerless *Models 60, 80 & Eight*	*	*	*	*
Pontiac	*	*		
Reo	*	*	*	*
Star	*	*	*	*
Studebaker	*	*	*	*
Velie	*	*	*	*
Willys-Knight	*	*	*	*

If your car is not listed above, consult the complete Mobiloil Chart at Mobiloil dealers' for your winter grade of Mobiloil.

GARGOYLE
Mobiloil
Arctic

***Warning:** No oil will permit easy starting unless the battery is fully charged and spark plugs and distributor are clean and properly adjusted.

VACUUM OIL COMPANY *New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, Boston, Buffalo, Detroit, St. Louis, Pittsburgh, Cleveland, Cincinnati, Minneapolis, Kansas City, Dalla*

Other branches and distributing warehouses throughout the country

DOTY'S WILD ADVENTURES IN THE LEGION

"AUX ARMES!" the order rings out over the quiet hills of Syria. The hour is 3:30 in the morning, but the hard-boiled fighters of the French Foreign Legion leap to their feet, rifles ready. Over the nearest hill the hostile Druses are pouring upon them, 5,000 strong, on horse and afoot. Rifle flashes stab the dark. You can hear the Druse camels grunting and bubbling, and the barbarous battle-cry of the enemy. The French machine-guns stutter an angry reply, but it is so dark that the gunners can shoot only at the rifle flashes. The tribesmen, rushing upon them, retort with potato-masher grenades and modern magazine rifles, and for ten minutes the Foreign Legion suffers more casualties than it has ever yet known in the campaign against the rebellious Druses. But the Legion does not waver. Dawn comes, and hour after hour through the day the battle rages, growing constantly more desperate.

Wide World photograph

"I GOT WHAT I EXPECTED," HE SAYS

Bennett J. Doty, of Biloxi, Mississippi, whose punishment for desertion from the French Foreign Legion caused an international stir.

Among the French fighters is a young American, Bennett J. Doty, who has enlisted in the Foreign Legion for adventure, and who is here getting his first large dose of it, as he tells us in a series of articles syndicated through the North American Newspaper Alliance. Doty's subsequent desertion, when things got too quiet for him, and his capture, imprisonment and release, are all part of his story, and have called forth some severe criticisms from the American press; but first let us hear the sequel of this desperate night attack of the Druses at Mousseifre in the Syrian hills. He writes:

> It was getting light, and we could see the enemy. They were coming on with fanatical recklessness, black banners in the advance. They were led by the Emir. Mounted on a pure-blooded Arabian horse, and clad in an ancient suit of chain mail, gorgeous with silver and precious stones, he looked a warrior of the Crusades.
>
> The Druse rush carried them into the village. The Emir took a position on a high mound and directed the attack, with green and black banners planted about him, and his body-guard protecting him from close fighting. This rush cost the Druses dear. We were firing on them from ten and twenty feet. One tribesman charged a machine-gun, and died clutching the wall. There were thirty bullets in him.
>
> Druse snipers occupied the flat roofs of the houses. Others ambushed themselves behind stone walls and house-corners. They were able to pour a blistering fire directly into our camp. Twenty-nine Cossacks guarding the stables were killed almost before they knew what had happened. Sixty of the 120 horses in the stables were driven out. Rather than let the Druses have them, we shot most of them.
>
> While this was going on, other detachments rushed our camp, protected by the fire of their snipers. They would rush from wall to wall, taking shelter behind them from our volleys. We met them with rifle fire, hand grenades, and rifle grenades. Machine-guns and automatic rifles raked them.
>
> For three hours the rushing attack continued. Fighting like this was the Legion's meat. All our men, except about twenty, had done the same kind in Morocco. While the Druses were pumping bullets into us from behind stone walls, we held our fire, but the minute they began to charge we let go with everything. Wave after wave advanced as far as the stone wall protecting us, only to be literally blasted away.
>
> My rifle was so hot I threw it down, and snatched one from a dead man. Discouraged finally by the inflexible opposition, the Druses withdrew twenty or thirty yards to a stone wall, from which they kept up a scattering fire.

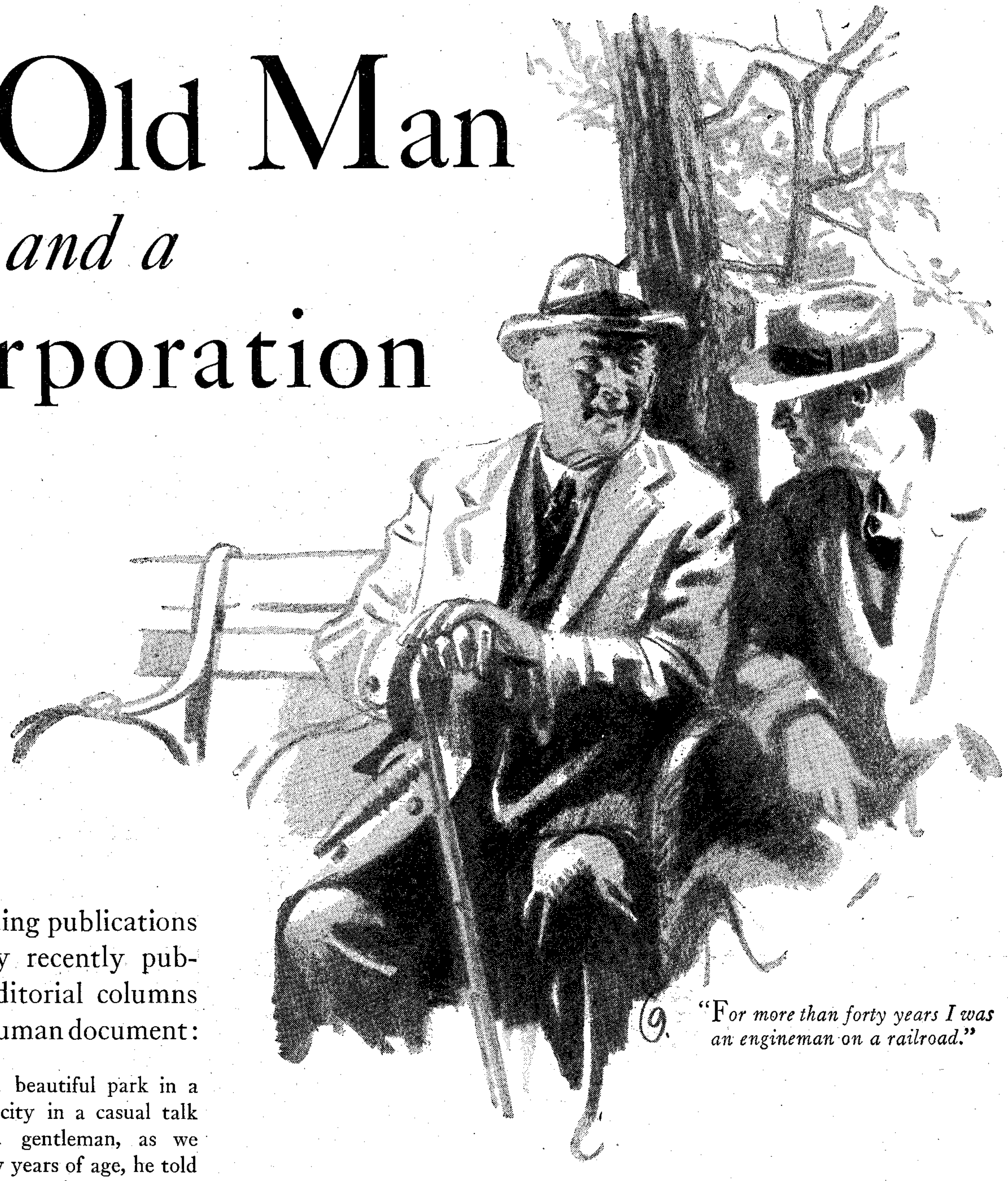
Ammunition was running low, we are told, and so was the drinking water: there was only enough of this for the wounded, who were already burning with fever under the hot September sun. The best shots were told off to snipe the Druses, whose cavalry were steadily creeping up. A heliograph had been set up in the village minaret, but no man could live long enough to flash a signal to Gazalie, seventeen kilometers to the rear. The legionnaires, however, did manage to signal a French airplane, asking for assistance. Doty's narrative continues:

> At 12 o'clock the Druses returned to the charge. Their rushing attacks met the same reception as before. While we were busy the Druse cavalry fell on the advance point and wiped out the machine-gun crew. They were on the verge of breaking through completely when the Lieutenant turned the gun on them and, aided by two volunteers who had never operated a machine-gun before, stemmed the tide.
>
> At four o'clock Lieutenant Vernon was pacing our enclosure anxiously, glancing toward Gazalie, from which we hoped for relief. Suddenly he directed us to stick our bayonets into the ground. Every legionnaire knows what this means. When the legionnaire has his back to the wall, that is his tactics. He saves one bullet for himself, the bayonet for the enemy.
>
> We knew the last act had opened. The Druses were moving from wall to wall. The cavalry formed in long lines beyond our range. The leaders moved from point to point organizing their final charge, urging the men to that point of desperation which makes the Mohammedan soldier so dangerous.
>
> We set ourselves for the shock. The enemy began to move. And then, behind us we heard the French bugle. A second later the Sixteenth Algerian Tirailleurs swept by in attacking formation, yelling like devils.
>
> But the Druses didn't wait. Their rear guard met the Tirailleurs with scattering volleys, but the Druses knew the show was up. They were no match for a fresh regiment. The cavalry had galloped off leaving the infantry to get away as best it could. The Tirailleurs fell upon the village, killing every Druse sniper they could find. We poured in after them, and by six o'clock all was over but some scrimmaging during the night. Thus ended my first action with the Foreign Legion.
>
> It cost the Druses 500 dead that I saw and probably as many more casualties that I didn't—men who died in the villages from wounds received in the fighting. It cost us about a fourth of the battalion.

How did a young man from peaceful America come to be killing rebellious tribesmen in French Syria in the fall of 1925? "Love of adventure" is Doty's answer. And that he has had enough of it may be inferred from his remark as he sailed up New York Bay recently on his return, and quoted the famous words of the negro inbound from the A. E. F.: "Old Lady Liberty, take a good look at dis boy's back; you ain't nevah gwine see it no more."

Doty had fought as a boy of seventeen in the World War with the 115th Field Artillery, and knew what war was; but he wanted more, he says. He had not read the English ex-legionnaire's advice—"If you want a foretaste of hell, join the Foreign Legion; if you don't—well, don't"—but he knew that the famous French collection of hard-boiled fighters was held together with iron discipline, and that he was not going on a picnic when he worked his way across on a Shipping Board steamer from New York to Bordeaux and enlisted in the Legion under the name of Gilbert Clare. Hard work, hard discipline, and at times hard fighting were his portion for a year or more, we are told, with a Croix de Guerre and a fourragère ribbon as marks of approval; and then came the inglorious end of his adventure—desertion,

An Old Man *and a* Corporation



"For more than forty years I was an engineman on a railroad."

One of the leading publications of the country recently published in its editorial columns the following human document:

SITTING in a beautiful park in a far Western city in a casual talk with an old gentleman, as we judged about eighty years of age, he told us this story:

"For more than forty years I was an engineman on a railroad. I had a short run. I liked my work because it gave me time to study certain things that interested me. For years now I have received a gratuity from the road, though through my saving habits I could live without it. I come out here every year to enjoy the climate. The other day a man, a stranger, came to me and said, 'Mr......., I have been sent here to hunt you up and to ask you if there is anything the company can do for you.' I was surprised and answered, 'I know of nothing. I now enjoy a gratuity from the company. I can think of nothing more that can be done. I am getting along very well.' Then I said, 'But suppose there was something the company could do, what then?' The reply was, 'Well, the company sent me especially to talk with you, and if there is anything lacking in your welfare that gives the company an opportunity to help you in a reasonable way, I am sure it would be done with pleasure. You had a good record and you have not been forgotten.' "

The old gentleman mused a while and then said, "And yet they say corporations have no souls. I suppose there are a hundred men in this city who are similarly situated."

We think it is fair to say, though the same will apply to other companies, that the railroad here referred to was the Pennsylvania Railroad Company.

— From a recent issue of the Commercial & Financial Chronicle.

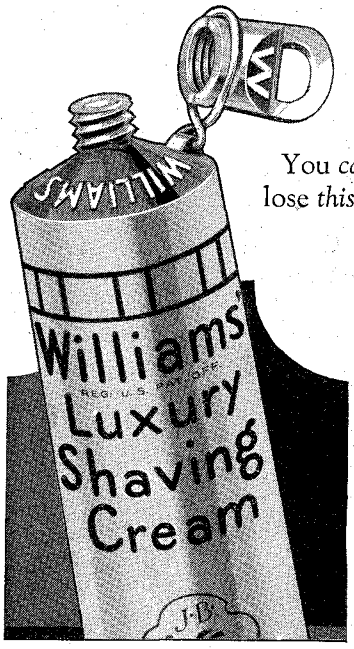
* * *

SINCE *the establishment of the Pennsylvania Railroad's pension plan in 1900, 20,505 employees have retired under its provisions and $52,000,000 has been paid out to them. A total of 8,769 are still living and receiving pensions.*

Carries more passengers, hauls more freight than any other railroad in America

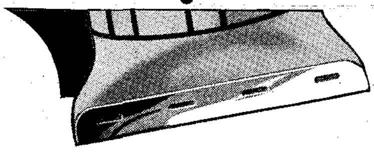
PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD

"*Just notice the fine skins of men who use Williams*"



You *can't* lose *this* cap!

The Cream that *leaves* FACES FIT!



The Williams lather,—abundant, softening every hair, supremely mild,—gives a shave that's quick and close and comfortable. *And it does far more than that.*

It leaves your Face Fit!

It gently cleanses every pore. Soothes and tones up facial tissue. Helps to maintain the fine clear complexions that mean face health,—Face Fitness.

Williams is unique. Into every tube of it have gone 88 years of specialized study of what is best to keep Faces Fit!

The drug clerk knows. Ask him. He will tell you, "Oh, yes, sometimes they change .... *but they all come back to Williams!*"

The J. B. Williams Company,
Glastonbury, Conn., U. S. A.—Montreal, Canada

Next time say
Williams
Shaving Cream
please!

PERSONAL GLIMPSES
Continued

recapture, court-martial, sentence to eight years' imprisonment, pardon by a friendly French Government at the request of Washington, and final return to his relieved parents, Mr. and Mrs. Lemuel H. Doty, of Biloxi, Mississippi.

When he reached New York a reporter asked Doty if the military discipline of the Legion was as bad as represented in "Beau Geste," but he shook his head, saying:

> The book caused a terrible scandal in the Foreign Legion. The sergeant is overdrawn, but the fifty colonels are there, and when the fifty colonels saw the book their whiskers stood out in holy horror. The sergeants are all martinets, and, of course, there are good and bad among them. But I never encountered one of the type of Lajaune, the brutal sergeant in "Beau Geste." A sergeant of that kind wouldn't live long in a hard-boiled outfit like the Legion. But I did find some who seemed to punish men for sheer joy of it.

In this connection, Mr. Doty says in one of his syndicated articles:

> I am reminded of the last words to me of my commander, Colonel Rollet, when I was discharged from the Legion, December 1.
>
> "I know you are going to write about the Legion," he said. "Very well, write. But tell the truth. Don't give the public a second 'Beau Geste.' We are hard here. Damned hard! But we try to be just. Keep that in mind. Give us a square deal in what you write. *Bonne chance et bon voyage!*"
>
> There is reason in what the Colonel said. I found life in the Legion cruelly hard, but just. For the slightest misdemeanor we were punished promptly and drastically.
>
> For a dirty rifle four days or eight days of prison, and for worse misdemeanors, punishment on a corresponding scale. But there was time to clean rifles, so there was no excuse. And to tell the truth none was accepted.
>
> Dust under the bed, on the shelf, dirty gamelle (mess kit) dirty clothes in the *paquetage*, each meant eight days of the "plut." The "plut" is the time-honored punishment of the Legion. It means carrying a thirty-kilogram sack of sand strapt to the shoulders for almost nine hours a day, with only a ten-minute rest in each hour. The men so punished walk around the prison court in regular marching formation, and must keep step.
>
> This is designed to cool the hottest heads, and is very effective. I know, being a hothead myself, and having carried the aforementioned little sack. But I have never seen or heard of men being beaten and driven into the desert as shown in a recent film.

After four months of grilling instruction at Sidi-bel-Abbes, in Algeria, the young recruit suddenly found himself sailing for the Near East to help subdue the Druse rebellion. We have already seen him in the thick of his regiment's first serious battle there. A little later he was in another stiff fight near the village of Razzas. At noon one blistering day, when the s diers were crowded into a narrow pass, Druses suddenly jumped up on both si of them, says Doty, continuing:

> There was nothing to shelter behi The pass was a welter of balky cam tangled convoy, kicking mules, and swe ing men. The Legion was protecting right flank and part of it the right re We were spread out along the ground w orders to hold off the Druses until column had a chance to untangle itself reform.
>
> A good Legionnaire friend of mi Brixie, an Austrian, was lying on my l The Adjutant-Chef noticed Brixie was firing. Poor Brixie had a habit of sleep on every possible occasion.
>
> "What's the matter with Brixie?" cal the Adjutant-Chef. "Is he asleep?"
>
> No answer from Brixie.
>
> "Clare," said the Adjutant-Chef (I enlisted as Gilbert Clare) "see why Br doesn't shoot."
>
> I put my hand over and gave him a sho I withdrew it. It was covered with blo I crawled over to see what had happe to Brixie. A Druse bullet had pas through his throat, severing his jugular v He was dead.
>
> The Druses charged us, throwing grenades and shooting madly at cl quarters. The Eighteenth, in the r got the worst of the fighting. My comp (the Twenty-ninth) didn't have to re to the bayonet, but it wasn't until Eighteenth got busy with that long wic French toad-sticker that the Druse his rushing attack.
>
> The Druse didn't withhold his fire In this exposed country it was deadly. Eighteenth Company was badly cut One of them told me afterward they half their men. The engagement la an hour and a half.
>
> Meanwhile the main column had far ahead of us, and there was a big between the Legion and the rest of troops. The Druses poured in at point, and we were in great danger of b cut off and annihilated.
>
> Lieutenant Vernon sent me to the to bring up a machine-gun lieutenant his crew to cover us at this point. I up to run down the slope, and drew D bullets like a magnet. It was about yards to the machine-gun. I'll bet I it in nothing flat. Bullets were kic up the dust all around me.
>
> I got the machine-gun lieutenant, livered my orders, and we started b We had almost reached Lieutenant Ver when a Druse bullet got him in the a
>
> "*Nom de Dieu!*" he exclaimed. he hopped off for the ambulance.
>
> At this point up came a liaison o with orders for us to abandon the pos and to move up. We didn't need second order.

For what he did in this fight Doty was called out in the presence of the w company, we are told, while the ca pinned on his breast the Croix de G T. O. E., the special cross given outsi France.

But as the months dragged on wit further excitement, with nothing but to look at and the French languag listen to, Doty and three others des one night and set out to reach British ritory. They had only one rifle an them. Before long came the enco

Get new gloves with what it saves you —

By using Listerine Tooth Paste instead of costlier dentifrices which accomplish no more, there is an average saving of $3.00 per year per person. With this a man may buy a good pair of gloves, a hat or a necktie: a woman may buy silk stockings, handkerchiefs, etc.

A bit of common sense about the price of toothpaste

There are many excellent dentifrices on the market selling at a trifle above or below 50c but is it necessary to pay that much? Why not a first class dentifrice at 25c—scientifically correct for all types of teeth?

Believing this to be a sound price, we created Listerine Tooth Paste at 25c *for a large tube.* It is the result of more than fifty years' study of tooth and mouth troubles. Now it is sweeping the country. Everywhere it is supplanting older and costlier dentifrices that accomplish no more.

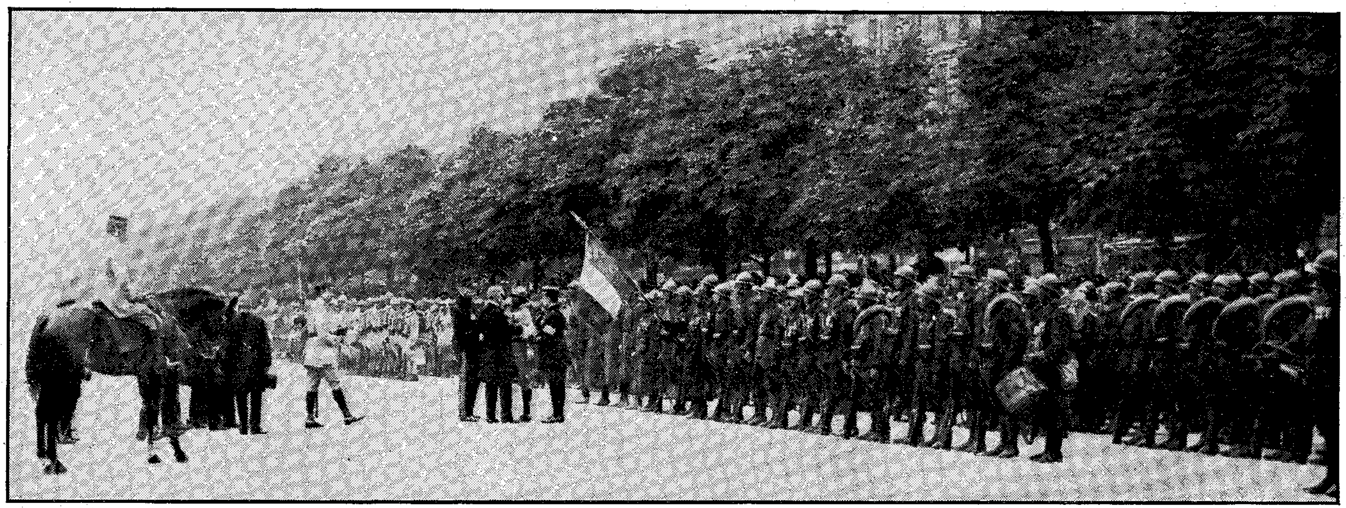
Due to the presence of an amazing new and gentle polishing agent, it keeps teeth gleaming white with almost no brushing. Included in it are certain ingredients we have found most ideal in keeping the mouth and gums fresh and healthy.

We ask you to try this paste not only for the marked saving (quite substantial in a large family) but for its delightful and speedy cleansing. Get a tube at your druggist today. Try it for a month. See how it makes teeth gleam. Note how good your mouth feels after using it. Compare it with any paste you have ever used and judge by results alone. And then reflect that these results are costing you about half of what you would ordinarily pay. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A

LISTERINE

Large tube 25¢ **TOOTH** **PASTE**

LISTERINE
TOOTH PASTE



Keystone View photograph

THE FRENCH FOREIGN LEGION RECEIVING A FLAG FROM THE PRESIDENT OF THE REPUBLIC

'Twas on the national holiday, July 14, that this honor was paid to the world's most famous fighting corps, recruited from men of all nations.

with Bedouin bandits which led indirectly to the capture of the deserters by a French gendarme. Says the narrator:

> Across the border was the village of El Umtaiye. Between lay wheat-fields. The country was occupied by Syrians and Bedouins. They were all busy harvesting their crops. As we prest toward the frontier we attracted more and more attention from the Bedouins. They seemed friendly enough, and about 10 o'clock we stopt to talk to a group of them.
>
> I had a premonition this was unwise. But as we hadn't had anything to eat since the night before, I was glad to stop and eat. They offered us food. While we were eating, Harvey [the British deserter—since pardoned] questioned them about the best place to cross the border. We were told it was easier to get across at El Umtaiye than farther east, near the village of El Deir, which they said was occupied by a bad tribe.
>
> Suddenly a mounted Bedouin carrying a Mauser rifle and loaded down with cartridge belts dashed up. John Harvey covered him with the carbine. The Bedouin reined in his horse, declaring he was a Christian and our friend. He dismounted and joined us. He talked friendly enough, but he was getting closer to Harvey's carbine. I was about to warn Harvey when the Bedouin snatched at the gun with both hands, and wrested it away.
>
> I jumped at him and wrenched the carbine from his hands. I leapt back, throwing the bolt to get a cartridge into the chamber. As I did so my foot struck a rock and I fell backward. At the same minute the Bedouin drew up his Mauser and let go at me. The fall saved my life.
>
> I scrambled to my feet and fired at him, but he was zigzagging across the field, shouting to the others as he ran. Rifles appeared from beneath the wheat sheaves, and the peaceful-appearing farmers opened upon us. We were hopelessly outnumbered, so we cut down the road toward the town as fast as we could go.
>
> The Bedouins converged on us through the field, firing as they came. Down the road was another group of Bedouins shooting and gesticulating. They seemed to want to help us get away. When we came abreast of them they edged in, all talking at the same time and making signs to show their friendliness.
>
> But they seemed too much interested in our rifle, so Harvey ordered them back. At that they drew their knives and attempted to rush us. Harvey slung the carbine to his shoulder and let one of them have it, catching him between the eyes. He fired again and hit the second in the midriff, and he fell kicking to the ground. This stopt the rush. We ran on toward El Umtaiye.

As the refugees neared the border, Mr. Doty relates, the Caid of El Umtaiye, aroused by the shooting, came up to see what was the matter. He was accompanied by several young Bedouins. He explained that he was an English subject and friendly to them. He offered to take them with him to the village. Then we read:

> The next thing I knew, the Caid had Harvey's carbine. Harvey realizing we were trapt, fell upon him, and took the gun from him. At the same time, Bedouins appeared from every direction with rifles, knives, spears, and swords. I fought two who tackled me with knives. I used large stones for weapons. Lass and Weisser, the others in our party of deserters, had enough to do to take care of themselves.
>
> Harvey got the carbine clear and shot the Caid through the leg. We ran toward a village which lay on the railroad line, bullets singing around our ears. We were cut off from the right, the left, and the rear. There was only one thing to do, go forward.
>
> We retreated Legion fashion. Harvey kept them off with the rifle, while the rest of us ran. Then, when Harvey had caught up with us, another of us took the gun and covered the Bedouins while the others retreated. We held them off until we were almost outside the village walls, when our pursuers halted.
>
> We were all in. We stopt by a tank, drank and rested. We decided to make another try for the border, going along the railroad line. About 3 o'clock we started again and had gone 100 feet or so when out rode a Syrian gendarme and fired his pistol in the air. I knew then we were caught.
>
> Harvey dropt the carbine and threw up his hands. The gendarme was very decent. He rode up to us. Behind him were a dozen Syrian gendarmes who had been in ambush behind the walls. The corporal rode up. Harvey gave him the gun, and our break for liberty was over.

Doty goes on dispassionately to tell the story of how he and the other deserters were court-martialed in Damascus in July, 1926. He says there was never any question of his being shot as he had not deserted in face of an enemy; but he had expecte something lighter than the sentence he received—eight year in prison. Harvey got the same, while the two Germans—perhaps because they had been without arms—got five years "You could have cut the gloom with a shovel," remarks Doty, recalling the looks of the prisoners after sentence was pronounced. There was only one bright ray, he adds; they had no been tried for the death of the Bedouins they had killed. Th colonel held that the Bedouins were in the wrong when the attacked French soldiers in uniform. But eight years! Th prisoners were desperate as they sailed from Beirut for Marseilles. A thousand schemes for escape occupied their thoughts Says Doty:

> As we neared France we hoped for shipwreck, fire, collision anything that would give us a chance. We even tossed cigare butts into the hold, where they set fire to greasy rags. As w passed the Château d'If, I thought how as a boy in Memph I had read of that old French prison in "The Count of Mont Cristo."

Clairvaux was the worst of the five French prisons wit which young Doty became acquainted, he says, before Preside Poincaré, perhaps moved in part by the wave of friendline created by Lindbergh, pardoned the American and sent h back to the Legion to receive an honorable discharge aft fifteen months of his sentence had been served.

"The Legion is a hard, tough, iron-disciplined fighting unit, says Doty in closing. "I knew what to expect when I joined, ar I got just what I expected."

STEINWAY

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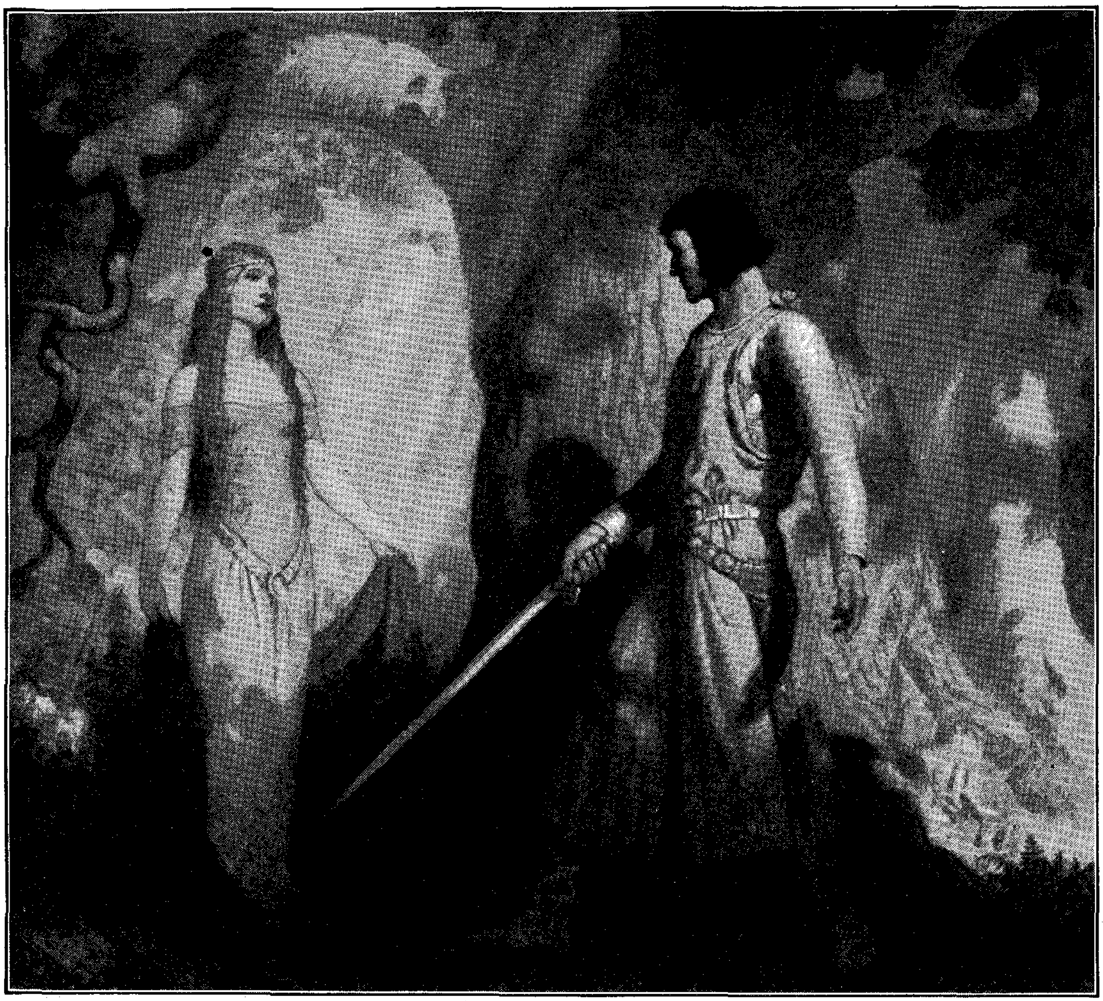

THE KING'S HENCHMAN, *painted for the* STEINWAY COLLECTION *by* N. C. WYETH

The première *of "The King's Henchman"—an opera composed by Deems Taylor to the libretto by Edna St. Vincent Millay—took place at the Metropolitan Opera House in New York on February* 17, 1927. *Its reception was enthusiastic. It is the first successful work in this field by an American composer and librettist.*

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THE reasons for owning a good piano are so varied and conclusive that no thinking person can afford to disregard them. For its influence in moulding musical traditions . . . for its undoubted decorative effect . . . for the joy of personal creation which it gives . . . cultivated people everywhere regard it as indispensable.

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Any smoking tobacco that holds a man's affection that long must have some quality that commends it to others. Here's the letter in which Dr. Delepine claims the record:

St. Helens, Oregon
March 15, 1927

Larus & Bro. Co.,
Richmond, Va.

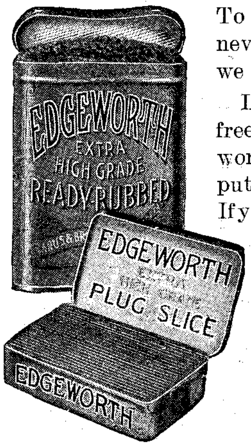
Gentlemen:

I notice with a good deal of amusement the challenge of Mr. J. J. Roberts of Columbia, S. D.

For my own part, I must confess to having smoked Edgeworth steadily for the last 25 years. I began before you had started putting up the "ready rubbed" kind, or at least before it was on sale in the Far West. I smoked your Plug Cut for two or three years. Then I switched to the "ready rubbed" as more convenient, but identical in flavor, and I have used it ever since.

So you may tell Mr. Roberts, with my compliments, that although he has done well and wisely, he is far from being the champion he fancies himself; and for my part, with my better showing, I expect to be a long way behind many others.

Yours very truly,
C. V. Delepine, M. D.



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WHEN IRELAND SAVED EUROPE FROM BARBARISM

Who rescued European civilization in the ten dim centuries between the fall of Rome and the coming of the Renaissance? Irish missionaries! Who kept the literature of Greece and Rome alive in Northern Europe during the Middle Ages? Scholars from Ireland's forty universities! So, at least, says Benedict Fitzpatrick in his new book, "Ireland the Foundations of Europe" (Funk & Wagnalls Company). In his earlier volume, "Ireland and the Making of Britain," Mr. Fitzpatrick undertook to prove that the foundations of English civilization were laid in the same period by Irish teachers and missionaries. In this companion work he delves deep into medieval documents to show how wandering Irish monks and scholars founded scores of monasteries and schools all over France, Belgium, Germany, Switzerland, and even in northern Italy, at a time when other cultural forces were at a low ebb. Taking a bird's-eye view, he tells us:

> Before the close of the sixth century, while Columcille ruled at Iona, Irish navigators and anchorites had already pried out the Faroe Islands and Iceland, and colonized them. In 630 the authorities in Ireland sent an embassy of scholars to reside in Rome and there to gather information on the various points of the Easter controversy. In 659, possibly at Carthage, probably in Ireland or Britain, Ængus or Augustine wrote the most original theological work extant in the early Middle Ages.
>
> In the eighth century Charlemagne and the Irish kings were exchanging embassies, while Irish expeditions were measuring the Pyramids and exploring the Red Sea. In the tenth century John and other Irish missionaries were meeting their deaths at the last outposts of German barbarism. In the eleventh century Irish foundations in Germany and Austria were sending embassies to Polish kings and traders to buy furs at the Russian court in Kiev. In the twelfth century the Emperor Frederick Barbarossa, going to the Crusades, tarried in an Irish hostel in Bulgaria.
>
> Never before had there been a similar empire of the mind, established over lands and peoples by a knight-errant nation, whose tutelary rule held so stedfastly before it the beacon of high spiritual ideals.

Nothing like the Irish universities of the fifth, sixth, and seventh centuries, Mr. Fitzpatrick tells us, existed among northern peoples until modern times. While tumult and destruction raged elsewhere, he says, the universities of Clonmacnois, Armagh, Kildare, Iona, Bangor, and at least thirty others, some of them numbering their students by thousands, continued to flourish until the twelfth century. Graduates from them, fired by religious or cultural zeal, wandered over Europe, were invited to the courts of kings, and established churches, monasteries and schools, many of which have survived to the present day. Among the common people, also, we are told, they taught agriculture and worked in the fields with their pupils.

One of the first and greatest of these Irish missionaries was Columbanus, a graduate of Bangor, who went over into Burgundy toward the end of the sixth century and founded monasteries at Annegray, Luxeuil, and Fontaines, thus starting "that river of influence which was through innumerable channels to affect the subsequent history of Europe." Even the sick looked to him for aid, says the author, giving this glimpse of Columbanus in action at Luxeuil:

> His method of cure was drastic. When he saw the afflicted, we are told, he commanded them all to rise and thresh out the harvest on the threshing ground. Those who obey wonder at their recovery and are strengthened by a joyful banquet. The disobedient are punished by the long continuance of their illness.

Luxeuil proved to be the greatest of the monastery schools founded by Columbanus, says the author; in the seventh century it was the most influential in Christendom outside of Ireland. After some years in Burgundy, however, Columbanus was expelled from that kingdom, and, with Gall and others, went to Germany and became one of the first missionaries in that pagan land. We get this view of his strenuous methods at Bregenz, in what is now German Switzerland:

> On one occasion as he went through the country he discovered that the natives were going to make a heathen offering. They had a large cask that they called a Cupa, holding about twenty-six measures, filled with beer and set in their midst. To Columbanus's inquiry as to what they intended to do with it, they answered that they were making an offering to their god, Wotan. This was sufficient for the fiery Gael, who does not seem to have been at all taken with these German mountaineers, and who, you may be sure, was still boiling over at what had been done to him in Burgundy. When he heard of this abomination, Jonas tells us, he breathed on the cask, and lo! it broke with a crash and fell to pieces, so that all the beer ran out. This act on the part of Columbanus greatly awed the natives, but we are inclined to think he used something more than his lungs.

During the seventh and eighth centuries, Mr. Fitzpatrick finds, there was "hardly a book written, not even a chronicle, except by Irishmen or by men whose education resulted from the efforts of Irishmen." To their work, he contends, we must credit the "Carolingian renaissance," which began with the strong group of Irish (and Irish-taught) savants invited by Charlemagne to his court. We read:

> The efforts which the Irish teachers were putting forth in almost every monastery and city in the empire received the backing of the great emperor. Under Charlemagne were established the episcopal seminaries which continued to function during a period of four centuries till absorbed in the universities, after which they were restored by the Council of Trent. Charlemagne established grammar or public schools in connection with the cathedral or cloister.
>
> So was practically initiated the Carolin-

gian revival, a revival more important in its consequences than that which is known, par excellence, as the Renaissance. In that period was planted the acorn which has since developed into the vast and leafy oak of modern civilization.

From Clement, who had the Emperor Lothaire as a pupil, down the years to Erigena, the brilliant friend of Charles the Bald, and on through the long catalog of Irish scholars who helped to light the dark places of France and Germany in succeeding centuries, Mr. Fitzpatrick pursues his researches with indefatigable patience and enthusiasm. He declares that when other Christian teachers were destroying the writings of Greece and Rome—because they were pagan—the Irish were preserving them and copying them for future ages. The manuscript library of the Vatican itself, he adds, is modern compared with the collections they made at Corbie, St. Gall, Reichenau, and Bobbio.

The difficulty of writing this unique work, the author tells us, was greatly increased by the fact that the men who were making such momentous history seemed utterly unaware of it. Thus—

> One of the marvels of this extraordinary movement is the modesty of the men who carried it forward. Hardly a word of boasting is known to have crossed their lips. The leaders and mentors of nations, the restorers of a nearly extinct civilization, they appear to have been so engrossed in their work that they barely paused to take satisfaction in it.

HOW A MULE EXHIBITS "MORE HORSE SENSE THAN A HORSE"

A MAJOR in the Marine Corps, having to take a long ride over some rough hills, picked a mule for his mount "because," as he explained afterwards, "I knew he wouldn't stumble and fall with me." All day the Major rode hard, not taking time to feel sorry for the mule, which "didn't seem to mind." Toward evening, we read, they came to a clear, deep stream, and the Major decided to get a drink of water. Dismounting, he turned the mule into some nice grass, and went to the bank of the stream, where he subsided to all-fours and reached for the water with his mouth. The first delicious swallow had been sucked up, when "something happened," as James C. Derieux tells the yarn in *The American Magazine*, under the title "The Misunderstood Mule." What happened is related in the Major's language:

> "I thought somebody had shot me with an old-time cannon! Head-first, I was knocked into that little river, and I didn't come up again until I was near the other side. I was wet as a soused rat, but my hips were on fire! That mule had sneaked away from his grass, backed up to me and kicked me with everything he had! I had two big bruises, each one the size and shape of a mule's foot, for weeks, and they were in the most unhandy place there is. Yes, sir, that mule acted from design. He was mad at me because I had mistreated

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.. even after smoking

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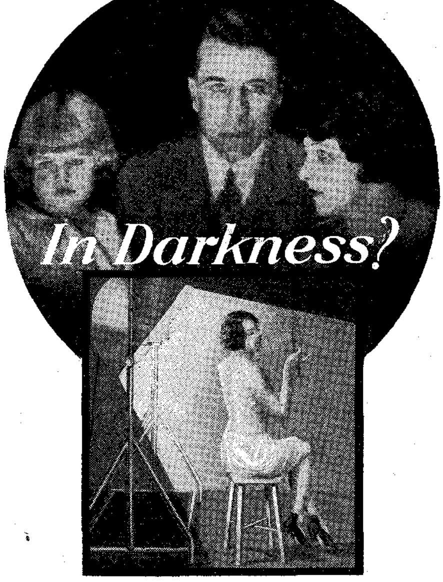

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SUNSHINE "At the Snap of a Switch"

PERSONAL GLIMPSES
Continued

him by riding him too hard. And he got even!"

Which goes to bear out Mr. Derieux's plea that the mule "has a kick coming to him, and right often he makes the most of it." Indeed—

Why shouldn't he? Nature disapproves of him, so puts a ban on his reproducing himself. Man laughs at him, frequently neglects him, sometimes abuses him, and rarely accords him that full measure of respect that any distinct personality is entitled to. He is, in the animal world, a hewer of wood and a drawer of water—a son of Martha, so to speak.

Yet the mule is a great animal! George Washington wrote of his kind as "an excellent race of animals," and once declared his intention of using mules to draw him in his fine carriage. Moreover, General Washington did all he could to establish the mule in this country. Washington was a great farmer, as well as a great general and a great statesman. He let his interest in mules be known, and the King of Spain sent him a fine jackass, which some one christened "Royal Gift." Lafayette also sent the General a jack, and this one was known as "Knight of Malta," because he came from the island of Malta.

Some time ago I talked all morning with a veteran "mule man" about these interesting hybrids.

"Why is it," I asked, "that you can't often lead a mule if you look at him, but must turn your back and walk away if you want him to follow?"

"I dunno," he answered; "it's just one of his peculiarities. He doesn't seem to like a man's face."

"Why is it that a mule is more afraid of a bridge than a horse, and will not go near a hole that he might fall into?"

"I dunno," came the answer; "it's another of his peculiarities. Maybe he's got more horse sense than a horse."

"A mule will rarely, if ever, overeat," I said, "even if you put a wagonload of food near him, and he will not drink too much water when he's hot. Why is that?"

"Search me," said the mule dealer. "It's just his way."

"Then tell me," I persisted, "why a mule has the reputation of being stubborn, and mean."

"Well," said my friend, "most folks don't understand mules. They mistreat 'em. They haven't any respect for 'em, and the mules pay us back by not having any respect for us. A mule ain't any meaner than a horse, except that people are mean to him first.

"A mule can stand neglect better than a horse. He's hardier, and he's tougher in every way. His skin is thicker, so a whip doesn't hurt him like it does a horse. He's sure-footed, so not so likely to fall and hurt himself. Men know this, and they just conclude that it doesn't make much difference how a mule is handled. But it does. It makes all the difference between a mean mule and a good one. And, besides, a well-treated mule will outwork a neglected one, any day."

Mr. Derieux tells us that he once knew a veteran fox-hunter who always rode a mule on the chase. "They're more sure-footed than horses," he explained, "and

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are not so apt to break their legs or your neck by fallin' in stump-holes." And we read on:

On one memorable chase the fox had been started after midnight, and had run all night until daybreak. The hunters were worn out and hungry, so this old sport drove his mule under a tree where a wild grapevine grew. He stood in the stirrups and, reaching up, caught a branch to pull the grapes down to him. Just as he did this, the mule walked out from under him, proceeded to the edge of the woods and started to graze!

The man was afraid to let himself drop to the ground, for he had reached the age where legs become brittle. So he held on desperately and yelled still more desperately. Another fox-hunter, mounted on a horse, galloped up and rescued the muleless rider. Then, to the accompaniment of much conversation wholly unsuited to this article, the two men went to recapture the quietly grazing hard-tail. The horseman had dismounted, so they approached the critter on foot. Each time they got near, the mule walked or trotted away. It was like a game of tag, and the mule never was "it." His owner finally gave up, and walked home. The hunt was over, anyway, so he might as well. The mule followed him.

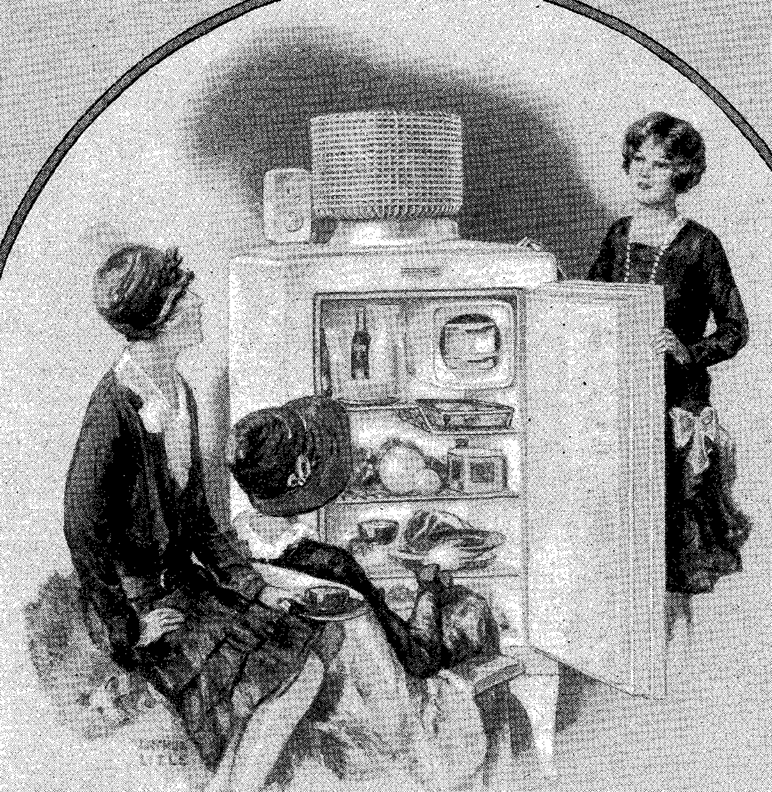
Once I saw a little negro boy mount a mule and ride him to the watering place, several hundred yards from the stable yard. The mule drank all he wanted, and started back to the lot. The little negro was proud of himself on such a high mount, so he proceeded to pummel the mule in the ribs with his feet. The mule paid no attention until he reached the lot. Then, trotting up within ten or twelve feet of a hamper basket full of shucks, he stopt suddenly, arched his back and pitched his diminutive rider squarely into that basket! It was one of the neatest tricks I have ever seen. The boy wasn't the least bit hurt, and the mule, once he had performed in a manner to show that he was not to be bossed by children, appeared to be no longer interested.

I should like to stop with the joke on the fox-hunter and the negroes, but in fairness to them I'll have to relate that a mule once played a mean trick on me. I was hunting with my brother, and was riding a mule named Stogie. My brother had a horse. We had hunted all day, and were tired, when, about dusk, the dog pointed. It was a false point. Dogs are often deceived at that mystic hour of the day. "Sperrits fool 'em," so some negroes have told me. "And dis de time sperrits begin to walk." Well, anyway, dogs are unreliable after the sun goes down. But my brother and I thought our dog knew what he was doing, so we dismounted and walked up behind him. There were no quail to be flushed, or none that we could discover. We kicked into the grass, urged the dog on, and finally gave up.

In the course of that day we had probably dismounted and mounted fifty times, so we were both sore, and didn't feel like climbing aboard again. At least, I didn't, so I led Stogie to a deep ditch, put him into it so that I could step into the saddle, which was just about even with the surface of the field. I turned to laugh at my brother, who was clambering onto his big horse.

"Hey!" I called. "Why didn't you use your head and save yourself the trouble of climbing up? Watch me!"

He turned to watch, and, still glancing



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PERSONAL GLIMPSES

Continued

in his direction, I stept out to let myself down into the saddle. Stogie had walked about four feet forward, so I missed him completely and fell into that ditch, gun and all. Stogie's head was turned and he was looking at me with his ears pricked forward. A mule can not laugh, therefore Stogie didn't laugh. But that's the only reason he didn't. Or he may have thought that my brother was doing enough laughing for the two of them, so that it was needless for him to try.

This inability of a mule to manifest his emotions, other than the emotion of irritation which he shows by backing his ears, is a distinct disadvantage to him. He can bray; but nobody regards such sounds as he makes as love songs. I haven't any doubt but that the mule would enjoy a greater intimacy with man if he could demonstrate his feelings. But suppose he tries. What happens?

A relative of mine once had a little mule, and after watching that mule for a long time I concluded that she had a warm heart. She often did awkward little capers that seemed to be the result of affection. One day the son of her owner went into the lot, and this mule, Sarah, came trotting to him. He paid no attention to her, just walked on toward the barn. Sarah followed, then went ahead of him, and frisked about. Finally she turned stern-end to, and kicked at him gently. It was her only way to caress him, and she didn't hurt him at all.

But the result was disastrous for the mule. A farm hand promptly slammed her with a piece of two-by-four. The boy for whom she had such an affection threw the peck measure he was carrying at her head. The boy's father, rushing through the gate, called down upon her all the curses that have been called down upon mules since they first failed to make man understand them.

Naturally, after this, Sarah was suspicious of men. She had done her darndest to make them like her. She had even gone so far as to hold in the power of her kick so that it was a gentle tap; but, for all her kindly pains, she got abuse.

While defending the long-suffering Maude from many calumnies, Mr. Derieux admits that some mules are "unquestionably foolish." For instance:

A friend of mine had a mule that didn't want to walk any way except east! You could make him go in another direction, but he never did so willingly. But a mule will never kill himself by breaking into a corn-crib; he rarely hurts himself when he runs away; he is wary about rickety bridges; he will stop working when he reaches the limit of his endurance—before he reaches it, in fact; and he'll kick the daylights out of you if you abuse him and are not quick on your feet! Certainly, such a beast is not a fool.

Some years ago one of the Southern States had mule races at its annual fair. One big planter had selected his mules with an eye to their speed. He entered two slender black mules, and was confident of the victory.

The jockeys were coal-black negroes. A dozen or more mules came up to the starting line, and most of them started. The two black mules of my friend got off to a

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fine start, and soon were far ahead of the field. Either of them could have won that race easily, and one of them would have won it, too, but for one thing: Their owner had always fed them at a certain time. The race was delayed, and the luncheon hour for these mules had passed when the race began. So, when they were rounding the track about three-quarters of the way home, they galloped out of an open gate—both of them, and right on into their stables. The riders did their best to stave off this ridiculous disgrace; but those mules knew it was meal time, and didn't care a hang about such glory as winning a race and getting a garland of roses might bring. Anyway, the garland wouldn't have been made of roses for the winner of a mule race—it probably would have been of onions, jimson weed, or something else of that sort. That's the way of a man with a mule.

And that's the way of a mule with a man! He doesn't respect us, except in a grudging sort of a way, and is often alert to chances of playing tricks on us. You can't always tell when he is soldiering and when he isn't. A mule will balk for one man, balk so much that the man sells him at a very low price. (That is, he sells at a low price provided the purchaser finds out about the balking.) And then that same mule may work for the second man willingly, never balking at all!

I know of a man who bought a splendid-looking mule. He came home proudly with his new work animal, and set forth to make his crop. Then, one day, that mule developed a malady the like of which none of the neighbors round about had ever seen. The mule's left hind leg would suddenly draw up stiffly under him, and remain rigid. Rubbing it with liniment did no good. Yelling at the mule did no good. That leg had simply petrified! This happened so often that the animal was almost worthless. No one dared start off with him hitched to a wagon. The trick leg might stick up and stay stuck for an hour.

Then one day a farmer from a good many miles out came into town driving a little plug mule he wanted to trade off.

"What'll you swap me for this mule?" asked the stranger.

"This one," said the owner of the mule with the trick leg, pointing to his handsome animal.

"How much boot'll I have to give?"

"None at all."

The stranger got down from his wagon, looked over the fine mule standing before him, examined his mouth, walked him up and down.

"Say," he asked, "what's the matter with him? Why'll you trade a fine mule like that for mine?"

"Well, take him or leave him," said the other.

The stranger took him. He left his puny plug there in the lot, and drove off behind the big, strong mule with the trick leg. Then all those who had witnessed the trade began to laugh.

"Gosh! won't he cuss when that leg flies up!" they exclaimed.

Weeks went by. In fact, the whole plowing and working season went by, and then the farmer from afar came again to town, and looked up the first owner of the trick-leg mule.

"Look here," he began, "tell me what was the matter with that mule you swapped to me. He's the finest animal I ever had on the farm."

"His left hind leg all right?" asked the mule's one-time owner.

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IN the winter of 1938 two men will be sitting in a downtown restaurant.

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The man across the table will laugh.

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He will lean back in his chair with the easy confidence and poise that are the hallmark of real prosperity.

The older man will sit quiet a moment and then in a tone of infinite pathos:

"I wish I had those ten years back," he will say.

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TODAY the interview quoted above is purely imaginary. But be assured of this—it will come true. Right now, at this very hour, business men are dividing themselves into two groups, represented by the two individuals whose words are quoted. A few years from now there will be ten thousand such luncheons and one of the men will say:

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And the other will answer:

"I wish I had those years back."

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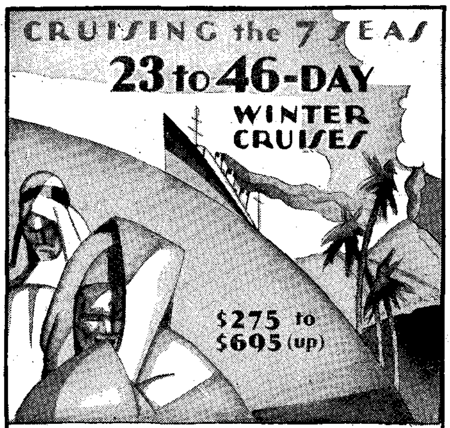

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"Sound as a dollar."

"Well, I'll be——"

It is commonly believed, we are reminded, that, pound for pound, a mule can outpull a horse. "Yet when Wayne Dinsmore, secretary of the Horse Association of America, put on a pulling contest in Kansas City, a team of horses won from a team of mules." Of which Mr. Derieux remarks:

The two teams were in the same physical condition, and in every other way the test was fair, so every one thought.

That is, every one except the army sergeant who managed the pair of army mules in the competition with the horses. When his mules succeeded in pulling no more than the horses had pulled, even tho they were heavier, the sergeant came over to Mr. Dinsmore.

"Say, that test wasn't fair!" he protested.

"Why not?" asked Mr. Dinsmore.

"Well, there's ladies present," complained the mule-skinner.

"What's that got to do with the strength of your mules?"

"With ladies present," exclaimed the sergeant, "I couldn't talk to them mules the way they're used to. They didn't think I meant it when I told 'em to go to it, because I had to use lady talk to 'em."

YOU NO SPEAKEE PIDGIN ENGLISH? HE ALL SAMEE OFFICIAL NOW

NEW GUINEA, it appears, has adopted the amusing mongrel lingo of the Far East as a formal language for official purposes. This linguisitc revolution was brought about, we learn, "after a conference of her administration officers and missionaries." Apropos of which one writer remarks that the average American, "when he learns that the 'language' to be elevated to this official rank is none other than that with which he is forced to negotiate with his Chinese laundryman, may find himself much entertained." The writer quoted, Martha Armstrong, continues, in the New York *Times:*

Since the usual knowledge of pidgin English is limited to such idioms as "all samee" and "no tickee, no washee," the idea of considering it as one of the polite languages seems a bit fantastic. The sojourner in the Far East acquires a greater degree of fluency, of course, yet it is just as hard for him to take pidgin seriously or to believe that such a nonsensical jargon is at present the common tongue in daily use by hundreds of thousands of people, that it is of such dignity as to boast a dictionary—to say nothing of a literature—and that not more than forty years ago it was hailed as the coming *lingua franca* of the whole world! The glory now conferred on pidgin by New Guinea has been earned over a long period of service—a service indispensable to the cosmopolitan Orient.

The jargon has attained distinction not only because it has been an essential in the life of the East, but equally because the foreigner there has found it irresistible. Its enchanting qualities are better illustrated than described, and the following rendition of a favorite nursery rime offers a fair introduction:

Singee songee sick a pence,
 Pockee muchee lye (rye);
Dozen two time blackee bird
 Cookee in ee pie.
When him cuttee top-side
 Birdee muchee sing;
Him tinkee nicee dish
 Settee for ee King!
Kingee in ee talke loom (room)
 Countee muchee money,
Queenee in ee kitchee
 Chow-chow breadee honey.
Servant gilo workee
 Washee hangee clothes,
Chop chop comee blackee bird
 Nippee off her nose!

It must be conceded that the original is greatly enhanced by the translation. In the following version of that old copybook maxim which urges us to "try, try again," pidgin lends force to the thought and leaves the original dull and deliberate: "S'pose some t'ing you no can do; then do him till you could."

Pidgin English came into being in China in the seventeenth century when the pioneer foreigners established themselves in Canton, relates Miss Armstrong, adding:

Altho they were there to court trade with the Chinese, the idea of mastering an Oriental tongue appealed to very few of them. So, in time, the natives obligingly accepted the mental responsibilities necessary to relieve the situation and set about trying to converse in the foreigners' language, which was, for the most part, English. The Cantonese did not make this concession without reservations. Apparently they retained the right to discard from English certain disagreeable elements having to do with structure and sound, and to substitute for them some highly delightful and fantastic features reflecting their own ingenuity. The result was pidgin.

Eventually Chinese-pidgin glossaries were published for the benefit of boys ambitious to become compradores or servants in the homes of foreigners. One of the earliest of these is entitled "A Vocabulary of Words in Use Among the Red-Haired Barbarians." The date of publication may be judged from the cover, which carries a full-length portrait of one of the "barbarians" drest in the breeches and stockings of the Georgian period.

The traders and tourists who poured into the ports of the East after they were open to the world showed no more enthusiasm for mastering the Chinese dialects than had the pioneer tea clippers. So intercourse between foreigners of any nationality and their Celestial hosts was in pidgin, except the conversation of educated Orientals and the few missionaries and persons of the diplomatic service who learned Chinese.

During the '60s and '70s the new jargon spread far and wide, everybody along the string of seaports and river ports of China and the Straits speaking enough of it to be easily understood. Portuguese, English, Dutch, French, Germans, and Americans were jabbering it at each other—some of them thinking they were speaking purest English! It was in this guise that pidgin made its way to the coast of New Guinea and on to Polynesia.

Even Chinese from different provinces who could not understand one another's dialects for the first time found a common tongue in pidgin. English-speaking mothers complained that they had to translat the fairy-tales they read their children into pidgin, the only kind of English the children could understand.

Sir Richard Burton was undoubtedly one of the greatest students of the Orient of his time. When he was in China during the '70s he stated that he believed that "at no distant date" pidgin might become the *lingua franca* of the whole world.

In 1874 an Englishman, recently returned from China, pointed out that the relationship between the English and Chinese "might become even more intimate and powerful," and that if the English expected to extend their commerce, a common language would be a necessity, and therefore "this new form of speech (pidgin) must progress." He admitted that pidgin was "still in a most defective condition" and scarcely a suitable language for St. James's Palace or Windsor Castle, for he could not quite picture a Chinese Embassy with the principal personage in it explaining to her Majesty that he was "one pecee Ambassador—that b'long my pidgin."

The greatest conquest the pidginists have made since these prophecies is in the Hawaiian Islands. Here it may be called the common tongue of some 200,000 people. It is the means of intercourse between the Japanese, Portuguese, Filipinos, Chinese, Russians, Spaniards, Koreans, Hawaiians, and English-speaking peoples. Peppered and spiced with words (or caricatures of them) from the languages of each of these groups, it takes on greater color and becomes what some one has termed "the true Mongrelian tongue."

Pidgin continues to flourish because there are those who find it remarkably expedient, and others who find it delightfully whimsical and picturesque, continues Miss Armstrong. Moreover:

> It has had the rare privilege of growing with such freedom that words were formed by its own processes, unhampered by any shades of antiquity hanging over the "roots" it had stolen. The result is preposterous—and refreshing. Only the most pedantic philologist could fail to admire it!
>
> Consider the word "pidgin" itself, in comparison to our English "business," its literal translation. "Business" is a word without charm, being clumsy, difficult to pronounce, wholly unpleasant. On the other hand, "pidgin" is a sprightly word and a bit frolicsome. Considered from the point of view of the relationship between thought and sound, it takes the grim utilitarian qualities out of that activity we call business, and leaves it a happy pastime—thus so truly expressing the Celestial's conception of the "foreign devil's" business, as any one who has experienced the delightful irresponsibility of the Chinese coolie knows.
>
> Learned etymologists differ as to the origin of the word pidgin. It has been credited to Hebrew, to Portuguese, and to Sanscrit! However, if you will corner an unlettered Chinaman and ask him to say "business," he, putting forth his best effort and beaming with the assurance that he understands you perfectly, will respond with an unmistakable "pidgin."
>
> Many other delightful words originated from difficulties encountered in the pronunciation of English, or in what philologists call the law of Hobson-Jobson. The Oriental overcomes such difficulties in his own way; if he stumbles over a consonant, he just omits it or substitutes another more to his liking. He has an aversion to the letter "r" for which he invariably chooses substitute "l." One result is the "tlain

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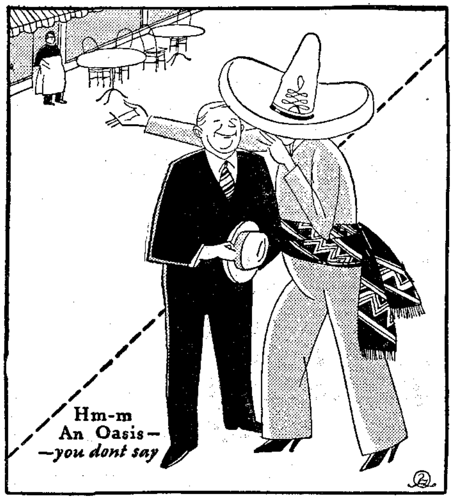

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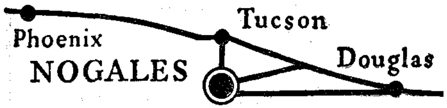

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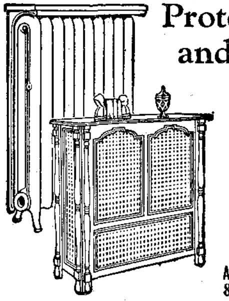

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PERSONAL GLIMPSES
Continued

allive" of the station master. And we may have instead of the butler's cold and stiff "Dinner is served, Madam," the delightfully informal "Chow-chow allee leady, Missee." "Fly lice" for fried rice, considered too literally, is not particularly appetizing, but what could convey an idea more delectable than "slow-belly jam"? "Flen" for friend might well be an affectionate diminutive, and "my tly" (I'll try), no matter how patently insincere, is an unconscious appeal for indulgence which it is difficult to disregard.

The Chinese has a particular dislike for words ending in certain consonants, and to this inhibition we may attribute such sprightly words as "catchee," "piecee," "losee," "muchee," "washee," "wifo," "chilo" (child), "gilo" (girl), etc. These insure a light, capricious style.

Pidgin practically dispenses with grammatical inflection, an admirable characteristic borrowed from the Chinese tongue. A single word serves for all first-person pronouns, "my" meaning I, we, mine, our, etc. "Chilo no b'long my" for "That is not my child," and "My no likee Cantonside" show the diversity of uses. Gender is disregarded along with other grammatical encumbrances, and in the third person "he" meets all needs. "My missee, he no stop," announces the houseboy when madam is out. A waiter serving breakfast apologized for the broken yolk of the egg with "My velly solly he bust."

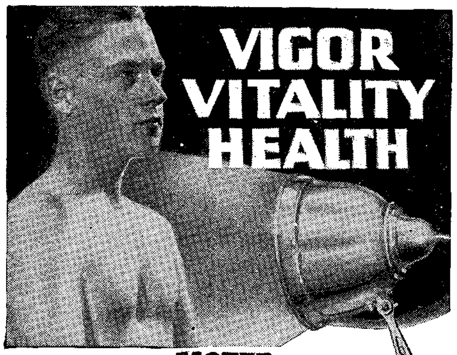
Sprinkled through the pidgin vocabulary there are a few Chinese terms, usually from the Cantonese dialect, we learn. Thus:

"Amah," a word introduced by foreign children who learned it from their Chinese nurses, is a diminutive form for grandmother. Added to a few English prefixes it supplies names for the whole list of female servants necessary to the foreigner's household. "Chin-chin" is good Chinese for "please," but has been appropriated by pidgin as a felicitous greeting. In the Cantonese we find the word "chow," signifying a dinner or feast. This may be the origin of the familiar and indispensable "chow" of pidgin. It is applied to food generally, used as a verb meaning to eat, and "chow-watta" is drinking water. It is a bit inelegant, but the real objection to it is that the chow dog, that blue-blooded aristocrat, is so named because the foreigner suspected him of forming a part of the coolie's diet!

"Chop-chop," meaning to make haste, is from the Cantonese. "You chop-chop go" translates "You go quickly." "Chopsticks" are to hasten eating.

Words from Hindustani were introduced into pidgin by employees of the old East India Company. There is "bund," so essential to China's seaports; "pukkha," meaning genuine, and "griffin," indicating either a newcomer in the Orient or a racing pony in his first season. Luncheon exists in China only as "tiffin." Almost anything on paper, from a violet-scented note to a legal document, is a "chit."

Portuguese has contributed some words of vigor and melody. "Dios" was the inspiration for "joss," a word which holds for us an element of the ridiculous, but is to the pidginist a word of great portent, it being rather indefinitely associated in his mind with the whole galaxy of uncertainties,



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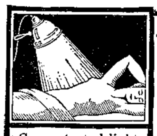

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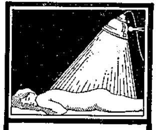

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IRELAND AND THE FOUNDATIONS OF EUROPE

By BENEDICT FITZPATRICK

This companion volume to the author's recent success, "Ireland and the Making of Britain," tells how Irish soldiers, schoolmen, and legislators spread culture and religion, brought order and tranquillity out of confusion and ignorance, and from the Sixth Century onwards, when Europe was in mental darkness and chaos, founded the civilization which is our present heritage. The author presents an arresting and gripping story, founded on new facts, which revolutionizes our historical conceptions. It is of commanding interest to all who are seeking truth in history.

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8vo, Cloth. 469 pages. $4.00, net; $4.18, post-paid.

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including luck, superstition or anything pertaining to religion. "Compradore," the name given by the Portuguese to the Oriental who acts as middleman between the foreign firm and the native merchant, usually appears as "compladore."

In Indo-China we find a word from the French. It may be an unintentional tribute to the capacity of the early settlers that wine is simply "encore," possibly from their habit of "encoring" the order.

Pidgin is not without its literature. The earliest efforts were signs by Shanghai merchants, inspired by a desire for publicity among the "red-haired people." Many of these early works are still preserved, and those of contemporary merchants are quite as worth while. Laborious and unaided study of the dictionary is apparent, resulting in correctly spelled English words put together pidgin fashion. There is a conscious effort toward literary style, altho clearness and conciseness may be lacking. This is demonstrated by Suey Sun, who announces "Any Mortal Thing Can Do." "Skinney Munitions" reads the sign of his neighbor, a leather dealer, while a lingerie tailor, unaware that he is out of date, advertises "Ladys Garments of Modestee." The courteous barber makes known his good qualities by "Barber the Kindness Shop." "Gentlemen Dress Taylor an Ladyes Maker—All Can Make It" competes with "May Ti Pi Dress Taylor—Ladys Have Fits Upstairs."

The missionary influence, we are told, is apparent in the legend of the thermos bottle vendor: "Icy Hot Bottles—Warm As the Love of God." Reading on:

A type of literature produced by pidginists whose mother tongue was English is represented in several volumes of verse published in Shanghai and London, the most notable of these being by Charles Godfrey Leland. There are also numerous translations of English classics proving the superior quality of pidgin as a literary language. A popular rendering of "Excelsior" begins:

> That nightee time begins chop-chop,
> One young man walkee—no can stop;
> Maskee snow, maskee ice,
> He cally (carry) flag with chop son ice—
> Top-side galow! (Excelsior!)
>
> Insidee housee can see light
> And evely loom (room) hab fire allight;
> Him look-see—plentee ice more high,
> Insidee mouth him plentee cly (cry)
> Top-side galow!

After its vagabond life, the irrepressible pidgin now takes its good-natured whimsies and its nonsense to an official position in New Guinea. Here it will be—and to a limited extent already is—the one common speech between numerous tribes representing degrees of civilization from head-hunters and cannibals to orderly and devout Christians. Just as the Chinese of different provinces resort to pidgin when they can not understand one another, so the natives of New Guinea coast towns are making use of it. It is within the grasp of the native mind, is easily acquired and most expedient, so why is it not the ideal tongue for New Guinea?

Big Bill's Castle.—MOTHER—"Now Jack had scarcely hid himself in the castle before a great voice boomed out, 'Fee, fi, fo, fum, I smell the blood of an Englishman.' And what do you suppose it was?"

THE KIDDIES (in chorus)—"The Mayor of Chicago!"—*Life.*

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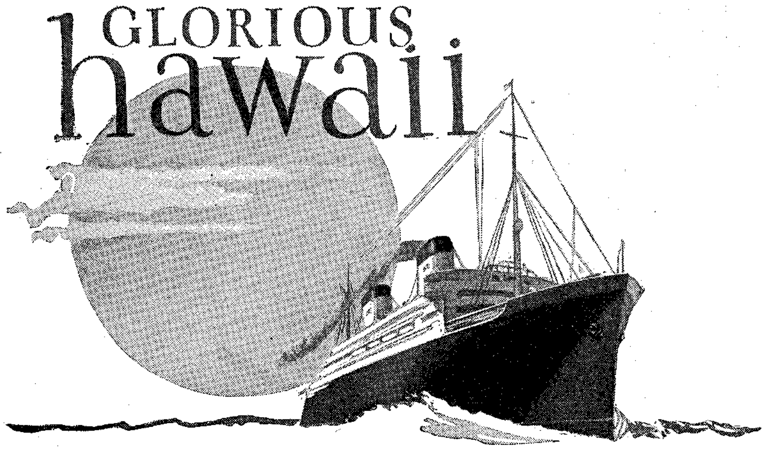

FOUR days beyond the Golden Gate the Hawaiian Islands lift their crests above a sparkling sea. Four nights away the orange moon floods Manoa Valley and the ghosts of gorgeous flowers spread a witchery of perfume in the shadows. Four days away the combers cream on Waikiki's bar and golden-skinned young gods and goddesses race shoreward on the surf.

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QUEER USES OF ELECTRICITY

A "CURIOSITY SURVEY," completed recently by an electric company, resulted in the disclosure, according to *The Professional Engineer* (Chicago), that gas or electricity is used for more than 8,400 different purposes, ranging from the production of artificial thunder-storms in Pennsylvania mushroom cellars to the electrification of measuring devices in the army airplane laboratory at Langley Field, and the making of ice by means of a gas flame. Says the paper named above, giving credit to *The General Engineering News* (New York):

Among other unusual uses are the production of ice-cream from cold-storage butter, the electrical heating of the antennas for the Navy's wireless station at Arlington, Virginia, to prevent clinging sleet and ice in the winter; the sorting of white potatoes in Maryland, the electrocution of bugs in a peach orchard; the raising, lowering and firing of the coast defense guns at Sandy Hook, and hundreds of others equally far, from merely lighting electric lamps and turning motors.

An electric ice-cream-making device is used in the Virginia mountain section, where the supply of milk is seasonal. In the spring and fall when water and grass are plentiful, the excess of cream is churned into butter, which is held in cold storage until winter. It is then "dechurned" by electricity and converted into ice-cream, which can not be told from that made of yesterday's milkings.

Mushroom growers have found electrical thunder-storms a source of considerable profit. Mushroom spawn grows most rapidly in an atmosphere full of ozone created by the discharge of static electricity into the air. This is why the woods are full of mushrooms right after a rainstorm. With their electric apparatus the growers create virtually the same condition whenever they want to hurry their crops to market.

The insect Sing-Sing is likewise in Pennsylvania. Here an orchardist reasoned that bugs which were raiding his peach crop could be destroyed by their own tropism or sensitivity to light. He rigged up a series of incandescent lamps among the trees. Under each he put a pan of oil. Thus, winged joy-riders along his Great White Way come to the usual bright-light finis, and *Amygdalus persica* comes to the breakfast table unblemished.

One of the most exacting services is at Langley Field, Virginia. Here, in the Army's famous wind-tunnel, most of the data on propeller-lifting power, found so useful by the transatlantic flyers, were assembled. The instruments supplying the airplane laboratory are so delicate, a difference of one-quarter cycle in the flow of electricity renders measurements valueless. That the layman may understand what a "quarter" cycle means, it may be explained that the turbo-generators making the electricity must be so finely regulated that their rotating parts, traveling more than 14,000 feet per minute, must not vary by even one foot from the regularity of their speed.

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"up-and-coming" Latin-American settlement has grown wealthy by electrically de-whiskering middle-aged duennas with social leanings. Curiously enough, across the street from her beauty parlor is a barber shop on the wall of which hangs a sign: "Our electric scalp massage grows hair."

Electrified chicken farms were found to be fairly frequent. Some time ago the Agricultural Department at Washington announced there was a direct relation between the hen's waking—which also means working—hours and her egg-laying proclivities. Poultry farmers were quick to seize the idea and the modern hen-house is equipped with bright electric lights which flash out while the workaday world is fast asleep. The trusting hen, thinking daylight has come, begins eating, which brings more eggs.

A queer use of electricity which caused a chuckle down in Virginia grew out of the refusal of a middle-aged railway engineer to let his young wife attend a picnic.

Their home is at the edge of town and from the railroad track the engineer could see his kitchen window.

"You stay home. You wave out the window at me when I come by this afternoon," said the engineer. "If you don't, I'll know you're at that picnic."

The engineer passed on schedule. From the moment he came in sight until he rounded the bend, he watched a white petticoat bob up and down outside the kitchen window.

Touched by such complete wifely surrender, he came home that night and told her that thereafter she could go to parties and picnics when, as, and if she would.

None of the neighbors so far have betrayed how they rigged the petticoat on one end of a broomstick, and tied the other end to the plunger of the family washing-machine.

GLASS-PAPER

THE transparent, thin and tough material now familiar to all as a wrapper for candy boxes and other containers is known as cellophane, and is a close relative of rayon or artificial silk, says *The Industrial Bulletin* (Cambridge, Mass.). As we read on:

Both are the direct outcome of the discovery, made in 1893, by Cross, Bevan & Beadle of London, that cellulose, which is the substance of which all pure vegetable fiber consists, is, when treated with caustic soda and bisulfid of carbon, converted into a compound soluble in water, and from which the cellulose can thereafter be recovered in any form, impress upon it while in the plastic and soluble stage. This compound they named "viscose," and today 80 per cent. of the 240,000,000 pounds of artificial silk produced yearly is made by squirting viscose through minutely fine holes into a setting bath, which converts the issuing viscose into filaments, in which form the cellulose is recovered upon slight further treatment. Cellophane is made from viscose by precisely similar methods, except that the viscose is forced into the setting bath through a long and very narrow slit instead of through a multiplicity of minute orifices. From the setting bath the tenuous film is carried through other chemical and washing baths, and finally dried. In its final form of a tough, transparent sheet it is once more the pure cellulose of the wood fiber from which it was made. Both the cellophane and the rayon industries are beautiful and convincing

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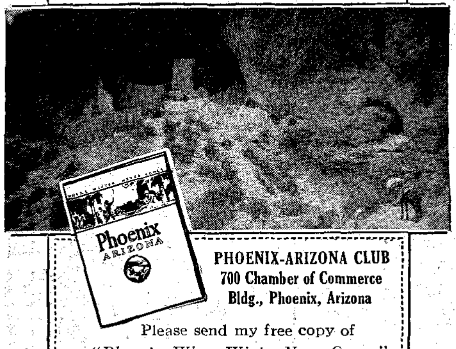

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examples of the earning power of research. As cellophane is easily wetted by water, similarly thin sheets of compounds of cellulose which are water-resistant are now attracting some attention.

SURVEYING BY CANOE

IN the spring of 1926, we read in *Engineering and Contracting*, the Isle Maligne dam at the mouth of Lake St. John, Quebec, was opened. The level of the water in the lake was raised about ten feet by the closing of its outlet, and as the banks are low, considerable flooding followed. An extensive topographic survey of the lake was undertaken shortly after the opening of the dam. We read:

In the northwest corner of the lake near the village of St. Methode is a point of land approximately a mile and a half wide at the base, and two miles long. This point was completely flooded to a depth varying from four to ten feet. The center had been cultivated at one time and was clear of bush except for low scrub mostly under water. The extreme tip and sides were heavily wooded.

It was found impossible to locate contours by running a line by transit, taking accurate levels over it and then finding the contours. The cleared portions were surveyed comparatively easily by constructing temporary wooden towers, tying them in by triangulation and then locating the points by plane-table, the rodman giving the rod and taking soundings from his canoe. The wooded portion, however, proved to be a problem. It was found to be a slow and expensive process to cut lines through it from canoes, not to mention the danger to the axmen from chopping on such unstable footing.

Mr. C. B. Bate, the engineer in charge of the party, at last hit on the happy thought of running compass and chain lines by canoes. The idea was tried out and proved successful.

The party consisted of four men and two canoes, two men being in each canoe. The bowman of the leading canoe did the paddling and pulling, where the trees were too close together to permit of using his paddle. His companion acted as head chain, giving a hand when he could to propel the craft along. In the rear canoe, the bowman was instrument-man and rear-chain, his fellow doing the paddling.

The front canoe would go ahead as far as possible, usually from fifty to seventy-five feet, in a straight line, and when forced to stop, the chainage of some convenient tree would be taken. The instrument-man would take the bearing of the line and would then move forward, sounding as he went. Upon reaching the leading canoe the same procedure would be gone through again, and so on until the bush had been penetrated as far as accuracy would permit. These lines were from 1,000 to 1,500 feet in length and 500 feet, as nearly as possible, apart.

When the results were plotted and checked, where possible, by the plane-table work, they were found to agree close enough for all practical purposes.

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By using time which his friends wasted, and without interfering with his regular schooling, this boy has earned more than $1,000 in a business of his own — educational, highly respected, and firmly founded. During a few happily-spent hours of achievement each week, he has learned the rudiments of business; how to deal with people; how to make a profit; how to save money; how to stand on his own feet and successfully face the world.

If this boy can be so generously paid while learning the lessons of business success, make hundreds of friends among people who may later on help him get ahead in the world, and gain the respect of old and young alike for his ability and initiative, don't you owe it to *your* boy to start him on this same road to success?

Just write on a postcard or in a letter: "Tell me more about your plan for a profitable spare-time business for my boy" and we will gladly send you full particulars. Write to *Mr. Tallman, 354 Fourth Avenue, New York, N. Y.*

Parents, How Much Can Your Boy Earn?

EXTINCT VOLCANO AS A RADIO BASE

THE spirit of the philosopher who advised adventuresome persons to build their homes at the mouths of volcanoes was emulated in a somewhat lesser degree recently by the United States Lighthouse Service in erecting a radio-beacon station on a mountain of volcanic lava. The antenna towers, we are told by S. R. Winters, writing in the New York *Sun's* Radio Section (December 17), are 800 feet above sea-level on this bed of earth eruptions, now an inactive volcano. He goes on:

The completion of a beacon station at Makapuu Point light-station, sixteen miles from Honolulu, marks the first radio service of this kind to navigation in the Hawaiian Islands. Located at a point where all transpacific vessels head up to and not far removed from Diamond Head—a Mekka for American tourists—this radio beacon will flash the characteristic signal of four dashes, by means of which ships may take bearings in low visibility or plot their courses, irrespective of weather conditions. For the radio-beacon service no longer operates exclusively as a dissipator of the terrors of fog and nightfall, but in charting the direction of mariners it serves an equally useful function.

The Makapuu radio-beacon station includes a vacuum-tube transmitter with a power rating of 500 watts. The antenna wires are supported by two steel masts, each eighty feet high. In addition to the radio "shack," there are three cement-block dwellings for housing the lighthouse keepers and their families, who are natives of the islands. Scarcely any vegetation is nurtured on these vast beds of black lava, and Americans who visit this region can appreciate the Hawaiian tune, so frequently heard from broadcasting stations in the United States, namely, "Don't Say Aloha When I Go Away, for I'm Coming Back to You."

However, the natives of the Hawaiian Islands have modern conveniences other than ukuleles and grass skirts. J. L. Preston, chief of the radio section of the Lighthouse Service, Department of Commerce, who traveled 10,400 miles—from Washington, D. C., to Honolulu and return—to install equipment in the Makapuu radio-beacon station, pictures conveniences if not luxuries on this upheaval of the earth's surface. For example, the bungalows of the three keepers at the Makapuu light-station are equipped with electricity and running water, the latter being pumped and relayed from a spring of water located on another mountain seven miles distant. Thus, barrenness and desolation offer no barriers to electrical and mechanical ingenuity, and with the entry of the radio beacon the mariner should find few terrors in the waters around the Hawaiian Islands.

Natives, however, are constantly subjected to the hazards of dangerous precipices and steep inclines overlooking the ocean. Rarely a month passes without the keepers of the lighthouse being called upon to perform heroic humanitarian services, saving persons from drowning after having tumbled down rugged mountainsides into a potential watery grave. Occasionally, too, the keepers of the lighthouse are exposed to great hazards.

On the Ground Floor.—"Did you get hurt while you were on the eleven?"

"No, it was while the eleven were on me."—*Boston Transcript.*

for sprains and bruises
relieve pain quickly
ABSORBINE JR
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THE ANTISEPTIC LINIMENT

DON'T wait for stiffness or lameness to set in. Rub in Absorbine, Jr. It immediately relieves the ache and pain. It reduces the inflammation. It stimulates nature to heal. It shortens the period of recovery.

There are many times you will need Absorbine, Jr. Keep it handy in the medicine cabinet. Use it for Sore Throat—Aches and Pains, Cuts, Scratches and Abrasions, Burns, Scalds—and as a daily gargle and mouthwash (diluted).

At all druggists' $1.25. Hospital size, $2.50
Send for free trial bottle

W. F. YOUNG, Inc. SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

INVESTMENTS ▾ AND ▾ FINANCE

THE "PRESIDENTIAL YEAR" BUGABOO

IT IS A TRADITION to look upon a Presidential year, like 1928, as containing something of a threat to business, and several financial commentators have been trying to look into this tradition and find out whether there is any justification for it. Let us say at the very outset that most of them find it an unjustified and outworn superstition. Outside of the fact that uncertainty is always detrimental to business, and an election naturally involves an element of uncertainty, *The Bache Review*, organ of a New York banking and brokerage house, can see no reason for worry, altho it adds that in estimating the course of economic progress we must all bear in mind that important elections will take place during the year in France, Germany, and the United States. Business men in general, notes *The Brookmire Forecaster*, published by the Brookmire Economic Service, take three attitudes toward the traditional election-year recession in business activity. Some, we are told, will regard it as unavoidable, and will govern themselves accordingly, "others will convince themselves that the whole thing is a baseless myth; the most clear thinkers of all will be those who realize that such tradition always has some basis of fact." Naturally, the question arises what has business been like in previous Presidential years, so *The Brookmire Forecaster* prints a reproduction of Carl Snyder's Clearings Index of Business, covering thirteen Presidential years. The chart, which is reproduced below, tells its own story. As the writer for the Brookmire Service comments:

> We have twice had business running along very close to normal without much fluctuation, as in 1876 and 1912. Twice Presidential years have seen the finish of a long decline, as in 1884 and 1896. Twice Presidential years have seen the finish of a long decline as in 1884 and 1896. Twice the Presidential year has marked the close of a long period of exceptional prosperity, as in 1892 and 1920. In 1916 the Presidential year was one of high and rapidly rising activity from which there was a reaction for several years. Once (in 1908) the Presidential year was a period of low activity following a money panic. Five times (1880-1888-1900-1904 and 1924) the Presidential year has seen a rising tide interrupted by a brief decline, after which the upward movement continued.
>
> This record shows that in about half of the Presidential years there was business reaction. This appears to offer reason for assuming that a Presidential year will cause a decline in business, altho in most of these cases there is a revival immediately afterward, and the full record shows very definitely that under some conditions the Presidential year can be one of actually rising business as compared with the one preceding.

But to assume that a Presidential election produces depression, we read on, is to assume that that election dominates business not only in the United States but throughout the entire world. For, with the single exception of the "sound money" campaign year of 1896, "the great depressions which have been coincident with Presidential elections have been world wide." It is added that "one other point in which the tradition seems to have a real basis is to be found in the fact that the five Presidential years of temporary reaction in long-rising movements have been years of more marked reaction in the United States than in the rest of the world." The general conclusion is reached that there is likely to be a depressing influence on business in a close campaign in which the two great parties are divided over a basic economic issue and that the very fear of a business reaction sometimes seems to bring about its own fulfilment, which would be otherwise unwarranted. Coming down to 1928, this commentator concludes:

> 1. It is still too early to be dogmatic relative to the probability of the two great parties dividing on a basic economic issue in an election whose outcome is doubtful. Such division is not now apparent.
> 2. Business is already at a very high level and has been at that level for a number of years; therefore, the conditions are about right for a temporary decline like that mentioned in the five cases. So far as we can determine most of the five cases were helped along by the definite tightening of money which does not seem probable at this time. The proper conclusion seems to be that the extent to which such reaction will develop will depend almost entirely upon the extent to which the fear of that reaction enters into the general business psychology. In other words, there is no reason at present to anticipate any important unsettling effect from the campaign.

The old tradition is treated even more disrespectfully by Mr. Herbert S. Hollander. Should business be uneasy this year because we are going to have nominating conventions this summer and a choice of President and Congress in November? In an article for the Ullman Feature Service, Mr. Hollander proceeds to answer this question by putting a few questions of his own

> Why should the fact that a President is to be elected in 1928 have the effect of slowing the volume of business transacted?
>
> Do either of the major parties reveal anything but the strongest desire to assure continued prosperity, and to bring the present standard to an even higher point than that at which it now rests?
>
> Are the wants of the people likely to be smaller during 1928 than they were during 1927, just because it is a Presidential year? Will less clothing be worn, less food eaten, fewer motorcars purchased, fewer buildings constructed, on account of the nation's political problem?
>
> Is it likely that America's export trade, of the most vital significance in relation to the country's economic well-being, will be reduced as a result of the election of a Chief Executive? Will South America buy fewer motor-cars, England less cotton, the world less wheat?
>
> It does seem clear that the answers to all these questions are plain—fundamentally the fact that 1928 is an election year will have no effect upon the progress of prosperity of the United States.

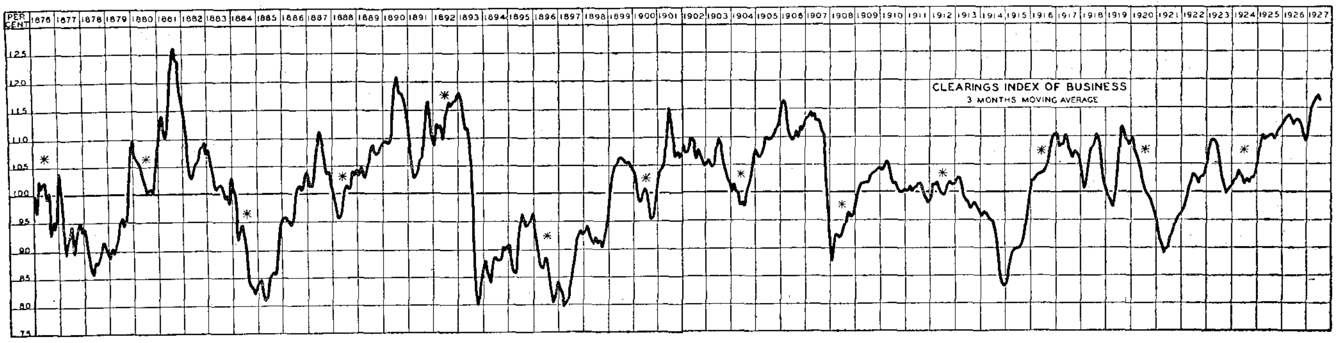
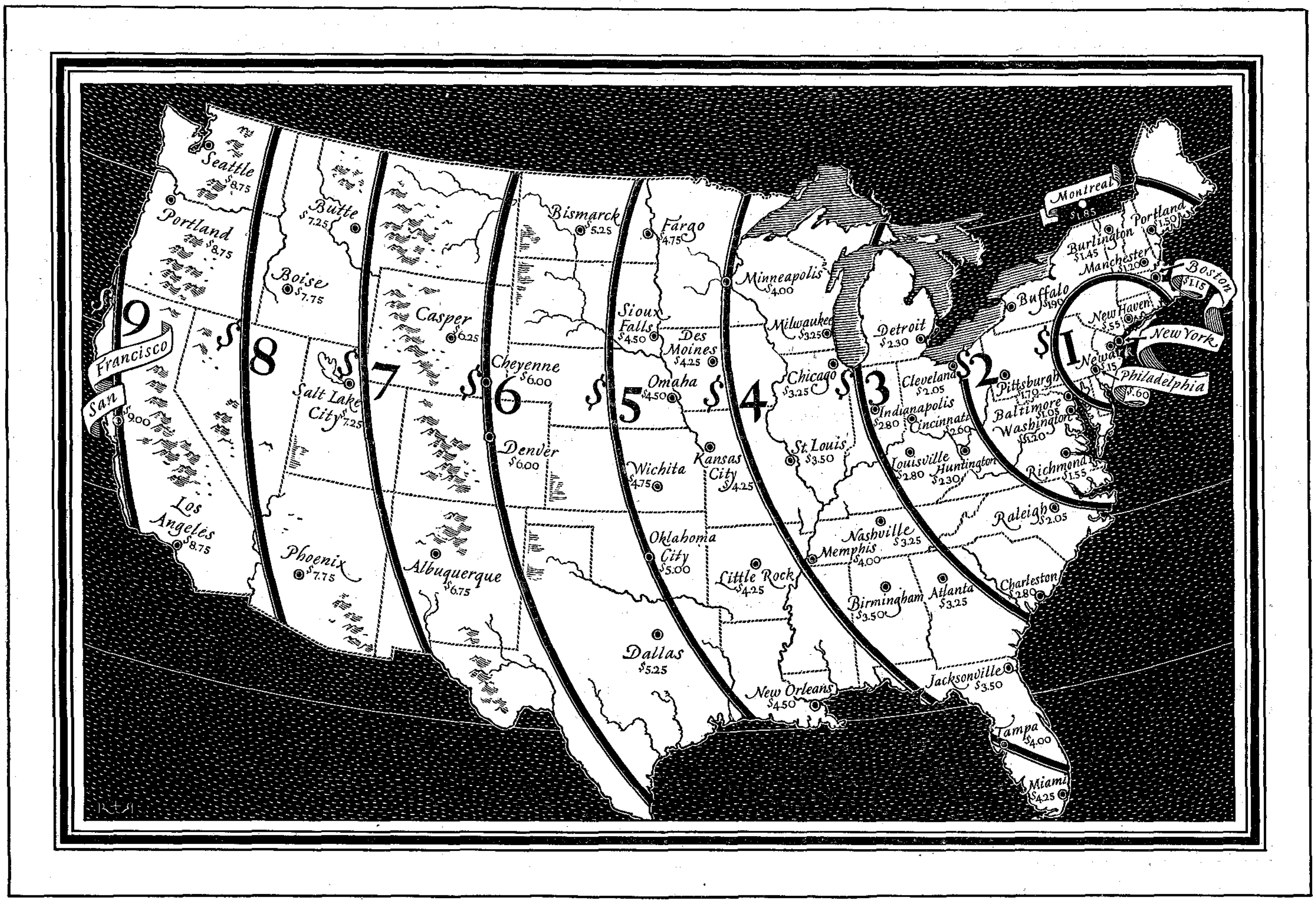


Chart by Carl Snyder. Reprinted by Courtesy of the Brookmire Economic Service

HALF A CENTURY OF BUSINESS UPS AND DOWNS, INCLUDING THIRTEEN PRESIDENTIAL YEARS

Note the varying position of the successive election years in the business cycle. The Presidential years are marked by asterisks. Normal = 100.

You can now Talk from Coast to coast for only $9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Denver $6.00
Bismarck $5.25
$5
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Des Moines $4.25
Omaha $4.50
Wichita $4.75
Kansas City $4.25
Oklahoma City $5.00
Dallas $5.25
$4
Minneapolis $4.00
Milwaukee $3.25
Chicago $3.25
St. Louis $3.50
Little Rock $4.25
Memphis $4.00
Nashville $3.25
Birmingham $3.50
Atlanta $3.25
New Orleans $4.50
Jacksonville $3.50
Tampa $4.00
Miami $4.25
$3
Detroit $2.30
Cleveland $2.05
Indianapolis $2.80
Cincinnati $2.60
Louisville $2.80
Huntington $2.30
Charleston $2.80
Raleigh $2.05
$2
Pittsburgh $1.70
Baltimore $1.05
Washington $1.20
Richmond $1.55
Buffalo $1.90
Montreal $1.85
Burlington $1.45
Manchester $1.20
Portland $1.50
Boston $1.15
$1
New Haven $.55
New York
Newark $.15
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An Advertisement for Bell Long Distance Telephone Service

On December 1, 1927, telephone rates on calls to points 390 miles or more away were again substantially reduced. The day station to station rate from coast to coast is now only $9. Other typical station to station day rates are: Baltimore to Los Angeles, $8.25. Seattle to Chicago, $6.50. Denver to New York, $6.00. Atlanta to San Francisco, $7.75. Cleveland to Omaha, $3.25. Minneapolis to St. Louis, $2.30. Night rates—less.

The greater the distance, the greater the saving by these new rates—in long trips, time and expense.

Says a large fruit, vegetable and produce house, "All of our buying is done by Long Distance."

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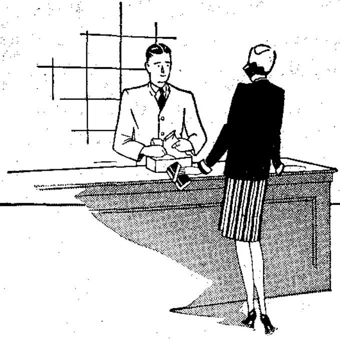
A large paper company, "Telephone selling has become a necessity. Hours are saved this way. Selling cost reduced."

What distant call now would make a needed appointment, close a pending purchase or make a sale? Calling by number takes less time. . . . . *Number, please?*

AMERICAN TELEPHONE & TELEGRAPH CO.
BELL SYSTEM
AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES

You can always tell a "maybe" store



YOU all know stores where the floors seldom look really clean. They "may be" scrubbed or polished. But you doubt it. Hence you wonder about the prices, the food, the clerks. They "may be" all right. But you are never really sure.

So too with buildings, bakeries, restaurants and other public places. If floors do not look clean you wonder about the other things that make for your comfort and satisfaction.

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Business men! FINNELL cleaned floors in your office, store, factory, hotel, will pay you dividends in increased patronage, greater public good will, improved employee morale. The FINNELL pays, too, in dollars and cents saved. It scrubs, waxes and polishes floors of all kinds—wood, mastic, tile, terrazzo, linoleum, etc.,—cleaner and faster than hand methods. Ten thousand satisfied users.

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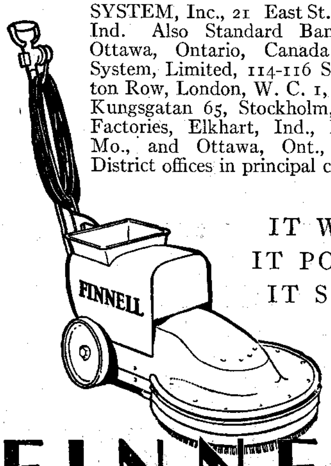

IT WAXES
IT POLISHES
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ELECTRIC FLOOR MACHINE

HOUSEHOLD FINNELL—There is now a FINNELL for home use. If interested, ask for booklet, *"Beautiful Floors."*

WHITE HOUSE WORDS ON WALL STREET LOANS

THE most important financial event of the first week of January, according to many press writers, was the statement of President Coolidge that there is no reason to be worried about the recent sharp advance in brokers' loans, because, as he sees it, after consulting the Treasury Department, it is only the result of larger bank deposits and the longer list of security issues handled in the stock market. Such a statement is considered unprecedented. The New York *World* observes that "the memory of Wall Street, which is neither brief nor feeble, did not run back to any statement by a President upon a market condition so purely technical as that covered by the Coolidge statement." The President's utterance was followed by the most active Saturday session the Stock Exchange has known and a sharp, tho temporary, up-turn in security prices.

Irrespective of the immediate effects, however, a number of our newspapers are inclined to regret the President's action. For instance, the New York *World* does not think such interference "in the old quarrel of the bulls and bears" was prudent. The Baltimore *Sun* agrees that the President ought to let the bulls and bears fight the thing out. "Ill-advised" is the word used by the Newark *News.* Here, says the New York *Times,* was a highly technical question, "partly bound up with dispute as to whether stock speculation had or had not been carried to excess; these are not matters which a Chief Executive should feel himself called on to discuss." On the other hand, the Boston *News Bureau* holds that such a reassuring statement, even tho unprecedented, was part of the President's duty to send out information about "the state of the Union," and that it was of a piece with the "refreshing courage and candor" revealed by the Morrow appointment.

The President's views, which were not quoted directly, were given to the press shortly after New York Stock Exchange figures had shown a record-breaking total of loans on securities amounting to $4,432,907,321 and the Federal Reserve report, covering a slightly different field, showed $3,810,023,000. These are roughly a billion dollars larger than the corresponding figures a year ago. The increase of loans on stock and bonds is certainly a striking phenomenon of the day, we read in the New York *Times.* At the beginning of 1926 the Federal Reserve Board and the Stock Exchange authorities began to make public regular periodical reports of such borrowings. The immense expansion during 1927, *The Times* reminds us, "occurred simultaneously with almost uninterrupted speculation for the rise in active stocks, altho the total is increased by borrowings for houses engaged in underwriting new securities." Controversy over the development is still going on, continues the New York paper, which concludes:

> In so far as the situation may be supposed to represent the use of credit in unprecedented sums to buy stocks at advancing prices and hold them for a further and greater rise, experience would hardly make it a reassuring sign of the times. The most hopeful consideration lies in the fact that the larger menace pictured in 1925, the spread into commodities and trade of speculation based on the huge credit fund, has not been realized. Industrial prices are in most cases lower than a year ago, and 1927 was a year of relaxing, not abnormally stimulated, trade activity.

Wall Street, we read in an Associated Press dispatch from New York, "is not so much concerned over the volume of loans itself, because they are regarded as relatively small compared to the total value of securities listed on the exchange, estimated at $80,000,000,000 to $90,000,000,000, but it feared that Federal Reserve authorities might regard them as excessive and endeavor to force their reduction through a raising of rediscount rates." We are reminded that:

> A general advance in rediscount rates preceded the drastic reaction in March, 1926, the only serious interruption to the current bull movement, which has been under way since the spring of 1924. President Coolidge's comment on the loan situation apparently had done much to reassure operators working for higher prices.

But the White House statement, insists the Baltimore *Sun,* "was received by the conservative-minded with regret"—

> Many stocks are selling at a figure which neither earnings nor rates of dividends paid justify. The future is being discounted to an extent that many sound financiers believe to be wholly unwarranted. Reaction would mean heavy loss to those who think the Wall Street game is easy to beat. Certainly it does not need any encouragement from the White House.

That the President "has entered upon a dangerous field from which both prudence and propriety should dictate that he remain absent" is the definite opinion of the New York *Journal of Commerce,* which asks why he adopts this course of action—

> He must admit that he is adopting a controversial position in a highly controversial discussion. Moreover, he is taking that position at a time when a great many persons are in a fair way to lose heavily if he should be wrong. What he has said is, rightly or wrongly, interpreted as giving the word to go ahead with larger and more active trading. The average man would be inclined to interpret it so in any event, but this construction is being definitely placed upon it by many brokerage houses and other authorities in the market.

The public has become so accustomed to reassuring statements from the Treasury Department, suggests *The Journal of Commerce,* that now "the President is brought into the situation, and his utterances are availed of as tonic for a market that is already pretty badly overstrained." We read further—

> It would undoubtedly be unfortunate, from a political standpoint, to have any serious reaction of values occur between now and the next election, a fact which probably has had its weight in producing low discount rates and heavy advances at Reserve banks to members who were engaged supplying stock market funds. The market habitually relies upon keeping the call rate between 3½ and 4 per cent., and to that end some of the larger banks are frequently requested to put more funds into the market. When they are not in possession of such funds, they must, of course, get them by borrowing or rediscounting at the Reserve banks. Thus forces of many different kinds have been enlisted in the effort to keep prices high.
>
> But the question whether this effort can be maintained with success until after the autumn election, dubious as such effort is, is by no means as difficult or as worrying as the question what will happen after the election is over. Reaction must come at some time, and the leaders of the banking community have stated that, unless the situation is carefully and conservatively managed, it is likely to be very serious when it does come.

But this rather pessimistic utterance can be balanced by more cheerful observations from other financial authorities. High loan figures need not necessarily mean inflated speculation, notes a writer for the New York *World:*

> Many brokers argue that loans are high because of a constantly growing number interested in the stock market, rather than because of extravagant professional speculation.
>
> If cited as a proof of speculative soundness, the argument has decided limitations. On the other hand, brokers generally report that margins were never stronger than at present.

A strong statement defending the President comes from the Boston *News Bureau,* which declares it to be part of his business to inform us all about the economic and financial "state of the Union":

> In the present instance there occurs the laying of a specter or a bogey. There had been considerable worriment created—much of it deliberately instigated—by the upward course of brokers' loans. At nearly four billions did not this total portend an early crash? Many a bear helped spread that whispered question.
>
> Calmly and clearly it is given as the White House conviction, buttressed by Treasury and Reserve Board judgment, that no cause for alarm resides here. The proper relation is express between these figures and the other yet greater figures of number and size of securities, bank deposits, etc.
>
> Conceivably the total of brokers' loans could be further expanded till some day danger dawned. But the sober assertion is made that such loans could be augmented by yet other billions before strain developed. The banks might, in fact, be put to it to place their surplus funds were such loans to shrink a billion or two just now. It is speculative margins alone that may become vulnerable; and such margins were never so strong.
>
> It was another occupant of the White House who spoke of condition as contrasted with theory. Here is a Coolidge application of the Cleveland apothem.

When rubber slips Weed Chains *Grip*

Only one thing is worse than getting stuck in the mud—and that's getting stalled in the snow. It takes tough *steel* WEED Chain cross links to make safe traction at such times. No substitute for steel, no variation of the Weed Tire Chain principle can grip as well as WEEDS. Remember "There can be no compromise with safety." So always keep WEEDS handy in your car until you need them —then put them on for *dependable* traction.

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EVERYBODY uses Psychology—consciously or unconsciously.

The child uses Psychology by waiting until its parent is smiling and in a good humor before asking for a penny.

The newsboy uses Psychology when he cries, "Extra! extra!" in order to sell more papers.

The salesman uses Psychology when he knows which prospect to approach with a smile and a cheery greeting.

The doctor uses Psychology by saying to his patient, "Why, you're looking much better to-day."

Every successful man, whatever his occupation—consciously or unconsciously—uses Psychology in dealing with his family, his employees, his associates, his customers.

One of the outstanding applications of Psychology occurred when the United States Government used Psychological Tests on nearly two million men to determine their mental fitness for army service.

Everybody uses Psychology. Few people realize that they are using it. The great mass of the people use only the few rules of Psychology which they have learned through hard experience. They usually call these rules "Common Sense."

What Is Psychology?

Psychology is the Science of the Mind—the most fascinating—the most surprising—the most practical—the most valuable science of all. It teaches you how your own mind works. At the same time it teaches you exactly how other peoples' minds work. It gives you sure and scientific rules for influencing men and women in your favor.

Psychology teaches you how ideas are created—how instincts are formed—how to use the vast power of the subconscious—how to develop will power—how to strengthen the memory—how to banish timidity and self-consciousness—how to gain business daring—how to develop the Success Habit.

Psychology teaches you how to make a good impression—how to influence your employer favorably—how to read and test men—how to outgrow your present job—how to manage men—how to enthuse men and win their loyalty.

Few people indeed, realize that Psychology is a simple and practical science—that it can be studied—that it can be easily mastered—that it can be used in every-day life to bring health, happiness, and success. Once you learn to use the simple laws of Psychology—once you know the secrets of influencing people and the secrets of forging ahead which Psychology gives you—you make your success in life almost a mathematical certainty.

How Applied Psychology Can Help You

The practical application of Psychology—that is, the Psychology that the newsboy uses—that the salesman uses—that the business and professional man uses—all these practical applications are called APPLIED Psychology.

Psychology as a whole deals with every phase of the mind. It covers such things as hunger, thirst, mental images, and continuity of consciousness. Much of this is of no practical value to the average man. But APPLIED Psychology *is* of value—yes, of almost incalculable value. It is Psychology applied to every-day life. Applied Psychology takes up only the phases of this wonderful science that apply directly to YOU in your daily life and in your daily relations with men and women.

Applied Psychology means the application of Psychology to Business—Industry—Education—Medicine—and Salesmanship. Applied Psychology teaches you the motives which make men and women behave in certain ways. It teaches you to foresee how people will act under certain conditions.

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- **—to have more time for play**

Applied Psychology is a splendid aid to the business man in selling—in effective advertising—in dealing with customers. Applied Psychology teaches employers many secrets about special aptitudes which help them in selecting workers. These same secrets also help men and women to find out for themselves just what work they are best fitted for.

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Realizing the need for a popular understanding of the priceless truths of Applied Psychology, an organization was founded by Mr. Warren Hilton some years ago to simplify the principles of Psychology and apply them to every-day life. Thus the Society of Applied Psychology came into being. Among the members of the Advisory Board, who also contribute to the Society's literature, are such well-known men as Henry A. Buchtel, D.D., LL.D., Chancellor, University of Denver, former Governor of Colorado; Hudson Maxim, D. Sc., Inventor and Mechanical Engineer; George Van Ness Dearborn, M.D., Ph.D., Psychologist and Author; Harry S. Tipper, Chairman National Educational Committee, Associated Advertising Clubs of the World, and others.

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CURRENT EVENTS

FOREIGN

January 4.—A holiday is declared in Tegucigalpa, Honduras, in honor of Col. Charles A. Lindbergh, and he is formally received by President M. Paz Baraona and presented with a gold medal.

Gen. Chiang Kai-shek accepts the post of generalissimo of the Chinese Nationalist armies.

January 5.—Colonel Lindbergh arrives in Managua, Nicaragua, from Tegucigalpa, Honduras.

The International Aeronautical Federation announces in Paris the award to Colonel Lindbergh of a gold medal for accomplishing the greatest aviation feat in 1927 by his transatlantic flight.

January 6.—The Congress of Nicaragua in joint session awards a diploma of valor and a medal of "merit and honor" to Colonel Lindbergh, who is afterward entertained at dinner by General Chamorra, former President of Nicaragua.

January 7.—Fifteen persons are drowned when the river Thames breaks through its embankments in London and rushes through the low-lying district of the city.

Thirty thousand people welcome Colonel Lindbergh on his arrival at San José, Costa Rica.

The Argentine Association for the League of Nations suggests in a statement handed to the American Ambassador, Robert W. Bliss, a suspension of American military operations in Nicaragua, and proposes the appointment of a commission to conciliate "the divergent views" of the United States and Nicaragua.

January 8.—Colonel Lindbergh is entertained by various clubs and societies in San José, Costa Rica.

The Amir of Afghanistan, Amanullah Khan, with his Queen and a large company, arrives in Rome, to be the guest of the King and Queen of Italy for three days.

January 9.—Colonel Lindbergh arrives at Campo Lindbergh, Panama City, from San José, Costa Rica, and is welcomed by President Chiari and other high officials of the Government, after which the President confers upon him the national medal.

Lyman F. Barber, American mining engineer, reaches Mexico City after slaying four bandits who, with others, had held him captive three weeks in the hope of obtaining a ransom.

January 10.—Pope Pius declares in an encyclical that real Church unity can be achieved only through the return of all "would-be Christians" to the Roman Catholic Church and their complete acceptance of and obedience to "the supreme authority of Saint Peter and his legitimate successor."

Col. Louis Mason Gulick, commanding the United States Marines in Nicaragua, announces that the situation in the town of Somotillo, which was threatened by the desertion of Nicaraguan National Guardsmen, has been relieved by loyal guards.

Semi-official information received in Riga, Latvia, says that Joseph Stalin, Secretary-General of the Communist party, has disposed of his political enemies, including Leon Trotzky, by giving some of them minor posts in remote villages and by banishing others.

Colonel Lindbergh takes President Chiari of Panama for a fifteen-minute flight over Panama City, Ancon, and Balboa.

DOMESTIC

January 4.—The experts employed by William Randolph Hearst inform the Senate special committee that the sensational Mexican documents recently printed in the Hearst newspapers are forgeries.

Miss Ruth Nichols, of Rye, New York, arrives at Miami Beach, Florida, from New York, having made the flight in 11 hours and 59 minutes.

Three of the *S-4's* forty dead are recovered from the shattered submarine by divers.

Senators Nye, Progressive Republican, of North Dakota, and Heflin, Democrat, of Alabama, introduce resolutions on the Nicaraguan situation, the one asking the President to declare a doctrine of self-determination for small nations and the other calling for the withdrawal of American forces in Nicaragua.

Hanford McNider resigns as Assistant Secretary of War, and President Coolidge nominates Col. Charles Burton Robbins, of Cedar Rapids, Iowa, to succeed him.

In a message to Congress, President Coolidge urges the appointment of a special commission to investigate the sinking of the *S-4*, and also to study all submarine safety appliances.

Att.-Gen. Arthur L. Gilliom, of Indiana, files suit in the Marion County Circuit Court demanding the eviction of the Ku Klux Klan from the State.

January 5.—Foreign Minister Briand, of France, writes to Secretary of State Kellogg, suggesting that outlawed wars should be restricted solely "to wars of aggression."

January 6.—Four more bodies are recovered from the submarine *S-4*.

January 7.—Senator-elect Frank L. Smith, of Illinois, defies the Senate special committee to inquire into his campaign expenditures unless he is first sworn in as a member of the Senate.

Ten more bodies are recovered from the submarine *S-4*.

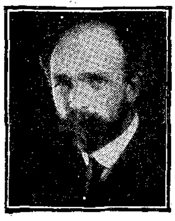
January 9.—The Senate Commerce Committee recommends Senator Wesley L. Jones's measure to expand the Merchant Marine under Government operation, in opposition to the policy of the Administration.

Twenty miners are killed in a gas explosion which wrecks a one-mile chamber in the Industrial Coal Company's mine No. 18 at West Frankfort, Illinois.

Senator Johnson, of California, introduces a resolution for an investigation into conditions in the soft-coal fields of central and western Pennsylvania, West Virginia, and Ohio. The resolution contemplates an inquiry into allegations as to the evictions of men, women, and children from their homes, and other alleged abuses.

January 10.—President Coolidge, it is announced, reiterates the Administration's policy that the present Government-owned Merchant Marine should be transferred to private ownership.

Do You Make these Mistakes in ENGLISH?


Sherwin Cody

MANY persons say "Did you hear from him today?" They should say "Have you heard from him today?" Some persons spell calendar "calender" or "calander." Still others say, "between you and I" instead of "between you and me." It is astonishing how often "who" is used for "whom," and how frequently the simplest words are mispronounced. Few persons know whether to spell certain words with one or two "c's" or "m's" or "r's," or with "ie" or "ei," and when to use commas in order to make their meaning absolutely clear. Most persons use only common words—colorless, flat, ordinary. Their speech and their letters are lifeless, monotonous, humdrum. Every time they talk or write they show themselves lacking in the essential points of English.

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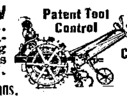
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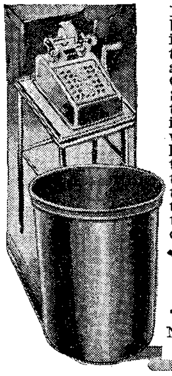

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Her Short Suit.—Wife (at breakfast)—"Our new girl is a cooking-school graduate."

Hub—"She must have flunked badly in biscuits."—*Boston Transcript.*

Give Him a Cheer, Too.—"ASKS MEDAL FOR LINDBERGH"—*Head-line.* There's a splendid idea. He should have a medal.—*Aviation* (*New York*).

Queering the Game.—The rain falls alike on the just and unjust, but the Seattle *Times* objects that too often the unjust purloins the just's umbrella. — *Christian Evangelist.*

Dolling Up the Freaks.—"You say your sister makes up jokes; then she's a humorist?"

"No; she works in a beauty parlor." — *Boston Transcript.*

Nize Baby. — "I vant some powder."

"Mennen's?"

"No, vimmens."

"Scented?"

"No, I vill take it mit me."—*Columbus Dispatch.*

Or Dress in a 'Phone Booth.—"A dancer spun round on her toe thirty-eight times—of all the useless stunts!"

"Oh, I don't know. It would come in handy if she ever had to get the dinner in a kitchenette."—*Life.*

Tribute to a Martyr.—"He was a man who had indeed suffered much," says a country paper, in a short obituary notice; "he had been a subscriber to this paper since its first number."—*Christian Evangelist.*

Blissful Bow-Wows.—The largest picture ever painted by the old masters is the "Paradise" of Tintoretto, which hangs in the palace of the Dogs at Venice.—*Minnesota paper.*

Met His Match.—

RATTLER BITES
MAN, THEN DIES!

—*Quoted from a Western paper by the Journal of the American Medical Association.*

No Encumbrances.—Farmer—"If I were as lazy as you, I'd go and hang myself in my barn."

Hobo—"No, you wouldn't. If you were as lazy as me you wouldn't have any barn."—*Boston Transcript.*

Fighting for the Check.—An article in The Literary Digest states that The Royal Scot, an Edinburgh express train, holds the world's non-stop record with a distance of 299¼ miles. This, of course, gives their dining-car patrons a chance to outfumble each other.—*Judge.*

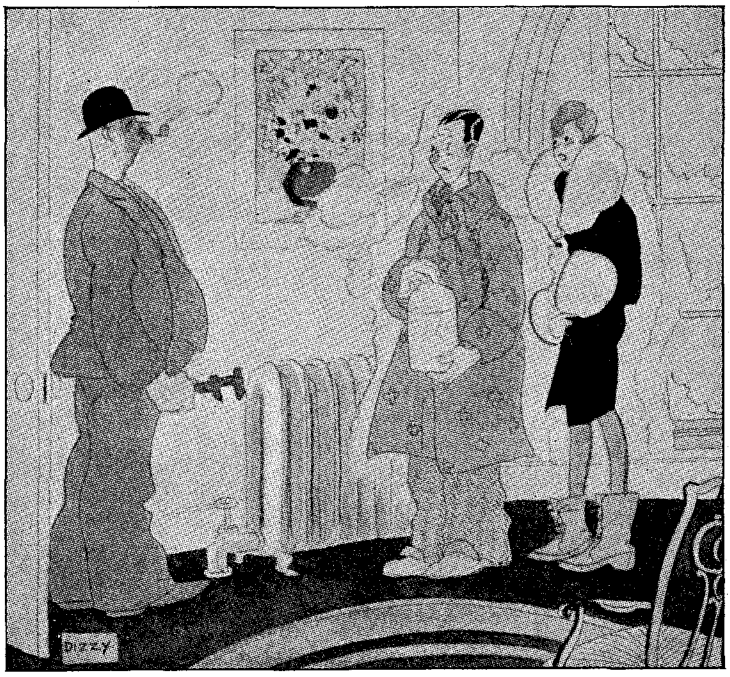
Richesse Oblige.—Mr. New-Rich (to butler)—"James, bring me something to jade my appetite."—*Life.*

Sedentary Hero.—Don't despair if your boy is lazy. He may become the world's champion flagpole sitter.—*Florence* (*Ala.*) *Herald.*

Port for Human Wrecks.—

PERMANENT GUESTS SOLICITED
RENOVATED THROUGHOUT

—*Hotel ad in the Oakland* (*Cal.*) *Tribune.*



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Janitor—"Did youse send for me?"

Tenant—"I just wanted you to help me put some anti-freeze mixture in this radiator." —*Life.*

Gosh All Hemlock!—

GOV. DERN ASKED
TO EXPLAIN HIS
DAM ATTITUDE

—*Head-lines on a Washington dispatch in a San José* (*Cal.*) *paper.*

Lathered Language.—Two women met while down at the corner shopping. Said one:

"I made an awful mistake this morning. I gave my husband a dish of Lux by mistake for cornflakes!"

The other was properly horrified. "Was he mad?" she asked.

"Was he mad?" repeated the first: "I'll say he was mad. He foamed at the mouth."—*Boston Herald.*

Raising the Ante.—The auctioneer, who had been whispering excitedly to a man in his audience, held up a hand for silence.

"I wish to announce," he said, "that a gentleman here has had the misfortune to lose a wallet containing five hundred pounds. He tells me that a reward of twenty-five pounds will be given to any one returning it."

After a silence a man in the crowd shouted: "I'll give thirty pounds!"—*Tit-Bits.*

Pretty Dears.—

BEAUTIFUL YOUNG MEN'S TOP
COATS—$14.25

—*Ad in a Tamaqua* (*Pa.*) *paper.*

Make It Snappy.—Patient—"Doctor, what are my chances?"

Doctor—"O, pretty good, but don't start reading any long-continued stories."—*New York State Lion.*

More Likely a Straphanger.—"What will become of a child who constantly clings to his mother's skirts?"

"He may become a trapeze artist." — *Buen Humor* (*Madrid*).

Gaping Cavity.—Null—"I started out on the theory that the world had an opening for me."

Void—"And you found it?"

Null — "Well, rather. I'm in the hole now."—*Notre Dame Juggler.*

Power of Thrift. — Baldwin — "Well, we've stopt the crime wave in Edinburgh."

George V.—"Fine. How did you do it?"

Baldwin—"By charging for room and board in the jails."—*Judge.*

Dad Knows the Breed.—Dorothy—"Dad, Jack and I have gone together nearly two years. He has finally graduated from Yale and to-night he wants to have a long, serious talk with you."

Her Father — "I'm sorry, Dot, but it won't do the young man any good. My mind is firmly made up. I've bought all the bonds I can afford this year."—*Life.*

Try a Beanshooter.—Clerk—"Did you get rid of any moths with those moth-balls you bought?"

Mrs. Dun—"No, I tried for five hours, but I couldn't hit a one."—*Open Road.*

Time to Retire.—"Freddy hasn't been out at night or played poker for three weeks."

"Turned over a new leaf?"

"No; turned over a new car."—*Good Hardware.*

Too Much Protein.—York, Pa.—Mrs. R. C. P—— 38, hashed seven husbands in twenty years.—*Hornell* (*N. Y.*) *paper.*

GRAND LEDGE BOYS COOK
AND SERVE SENIOR GIRLS

—*Grand Rapids Press.*

Slow But Sure.—

PATRICK PREDICTS
SAFE AIR TRAVEL

Army Air Chief Says Dirigibles Will Take
Passengers Overseas in 3 Years

—*Washington Star.*